

POLICE

10¢

COMICS

JUNE No. 106

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES OF DARING EXPLOITS AGAINST CRIME!

"Would the next minute bring a bullet crashing through my brain?"

DON'T MISS-

KEN SHANNON

Sensational PRIVATE EYE

in **MUSEUM OF MURDER!**



HE'S ROUGH, TOUGH AND READY FOR
ANY WORLD-WIDE ASSIGNMENT...

T-MAN

IN

"MEXICAN SLAY RIDE!"

PETE TRASK, THE TREASURY
DEPARTMENT'S MOST
RESOURCEFUL AGENT



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

★ ★ GET YOUR PRIZE ★ ★



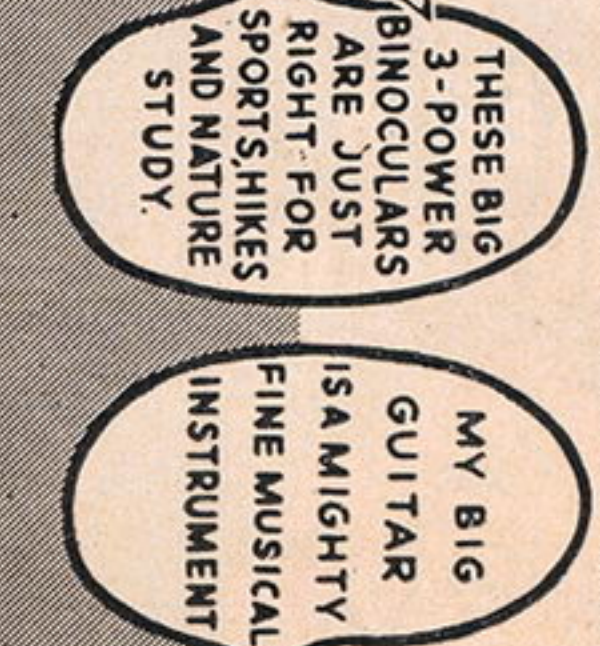
HEY FELLOWS! GET DAISY'S BIG COWBOY CARBINE AND GET IN ON THE FUN.



THIS DANDY, EASY-TO-USE CAMERA TAKES CLEAR, SHARP PICTURES



THESE BIG 3-POWER BINOCULARS ARE JUST RIGHT FOR SPORTS, HIKES AND NATURE STUDY.



MY BIG GUITAR IS A MIGHTY FINE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT



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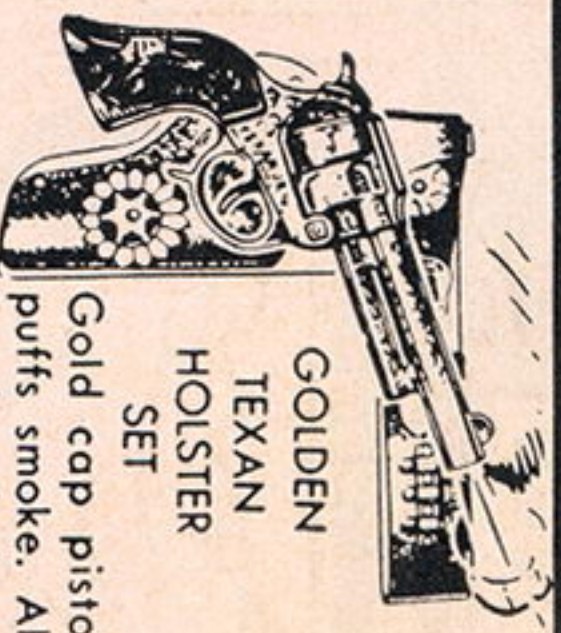
Films of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy and Woody Woodpecker, included with each set. Sell one order plus \$5.00.

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3-POWER BINOCULARS Matched lenses. Special shoulder strap. Sell one order of American Seeds.

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Gold cap pistol puffs smoke. All leather holster and belt. Sell one order.

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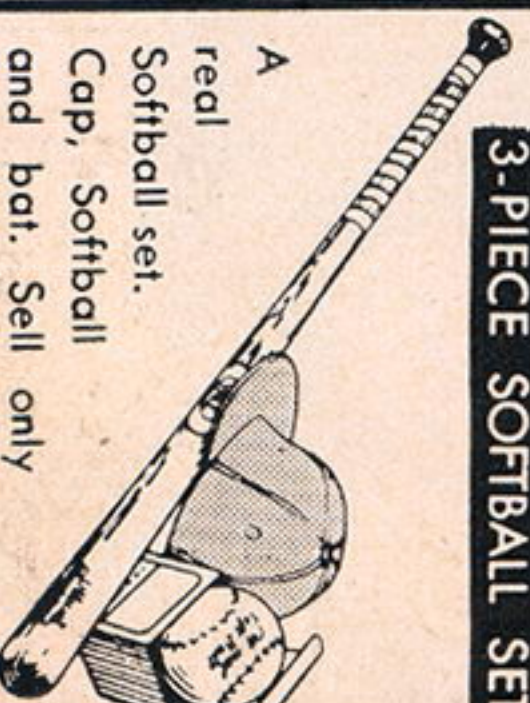


Full size guitar with delightful, mellow tone. Has Gene Autry's signature. Sell one order plus \$5.00.



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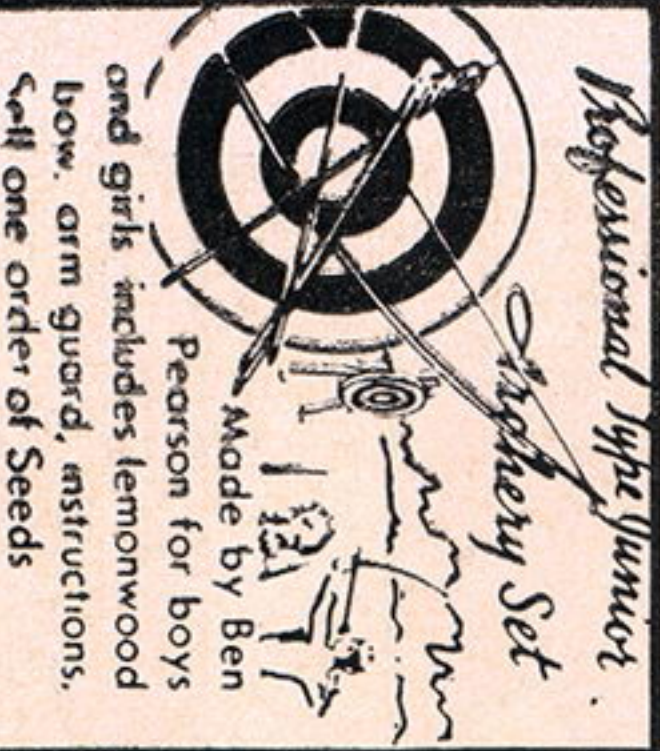
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A real Softball set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



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Professional Type Hunter. Made by Ben Pearson for boys and girls includes lemonwood bow, arm guard, instructions. Sell one order of Seeds

KEN SHANNON

PRIVATE EYE



I'VE HAD ALL KINDS OF CASES IN MY DAY... BUT BELIEVE ME, NONE OF THEM COULD HOLD A BLACKJACK TO THIS JOB! WHEN A KILLER HIRES ME TO COVER ANOTHER KILL, I FIND MYSELF NECK DEEP IN MYSTERY... WITH ME AND MY GORGEOUS GLAMOUR-PUSS SECRETARY, DEE DEE DAWSON, SLATED TO HANG UP EXHIBIT A IN A SCREWBALL'S...

MUSEUM OF MURDER!



SHARA SHANLEY

JUST A SWEET GAL WITH MURDER ON HER MIND!



DON SHANLEY

MADE MURDER HIS HOBBY BUT HE WAS DUE TO GET THE BUSINESS!



HONEY HOSKIN

CARELESS WITH LOVE, CARELESS WITH GUNS!

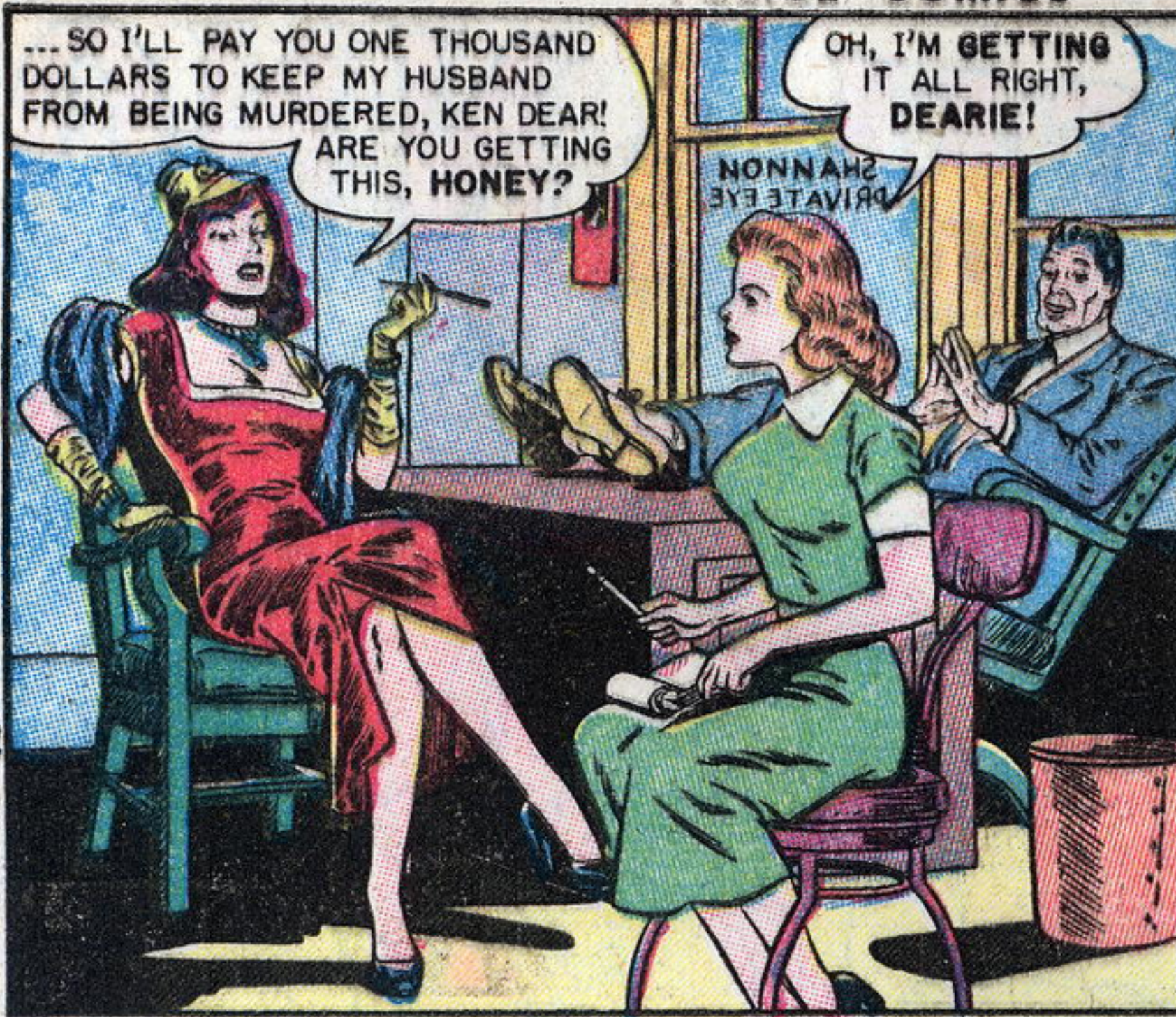


MARTY LUGER

A GUY WITH IDEAS, AND A DATE WITH THE UNDERTAKER!

POLICE COMICS

THE DAY SHARA SHANLEY BLEW IN, I TOOK ONE LOOK AND INSISTED ON DEE DEE'S STAYING IN THE OFFICE TO TAKE NOTES! BR-R-ROTHER!



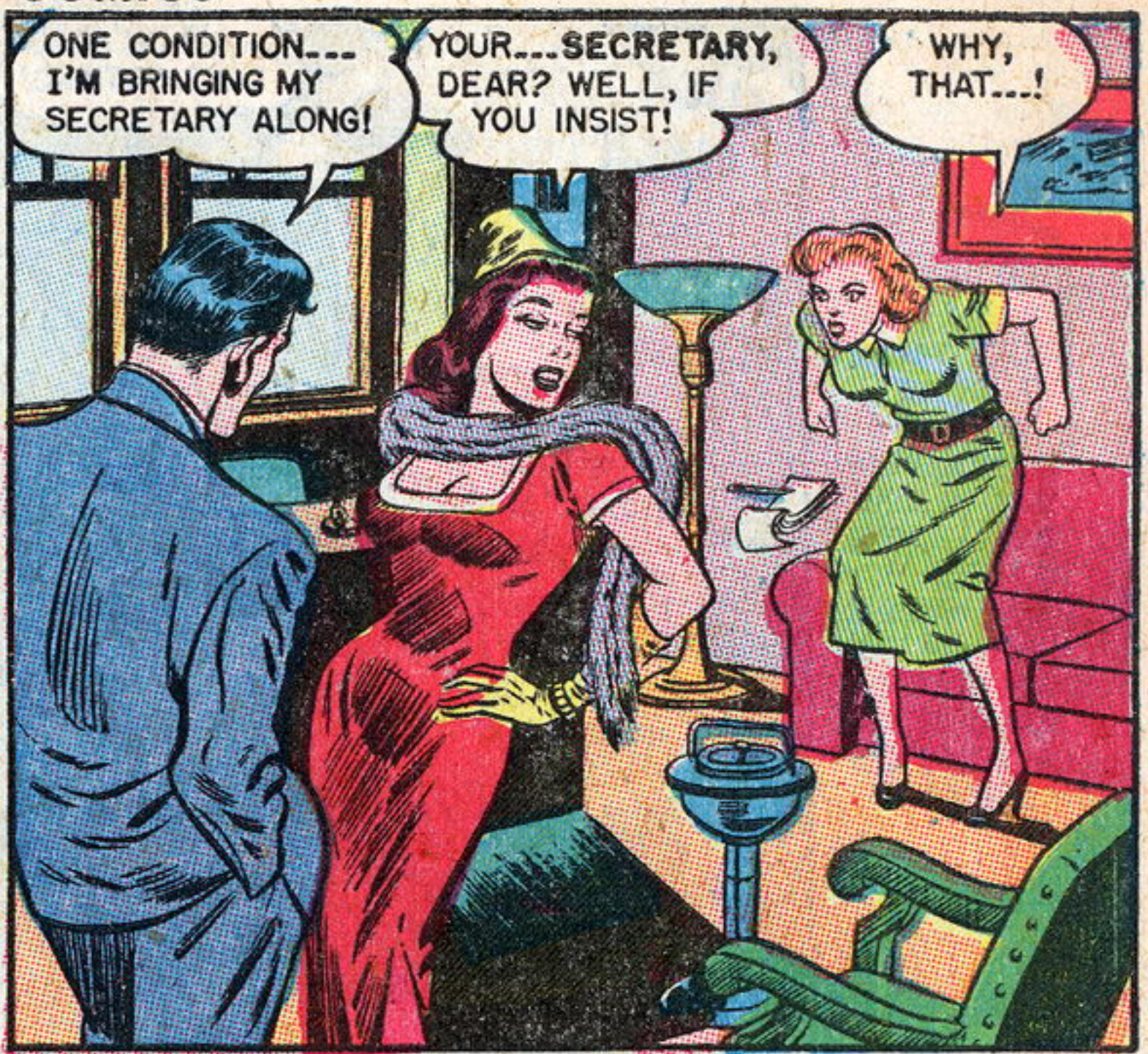
POLICE COMICS

I REMEMBERED THAT CASE --- AND I REMEMBERED NOW WHY SHARA SHANLEY LOOKED FAMILIAR! SUDDENLY I KNEW SHE WASN'T KIDDING!



I'LL TAKE IT! BUT SO HELP ME, SISTER, IF I CATCH YOU ONE INCH OUT OF LINE, I'LL SLAP YOU IN THE CAN BEFORE YOU CAN WIGGLE A HIP!

SPLENDID! YOU'LL KEEP ME ON MY TOES EVERY MOMENT, KENNY-BOY!



ONE CONDITION... I'M BRINGING MY SECRETARY ALONG!

YOUR... SECRETARY, DEAR? WELL, IF YOU INSIST!

WHY, THAT...!



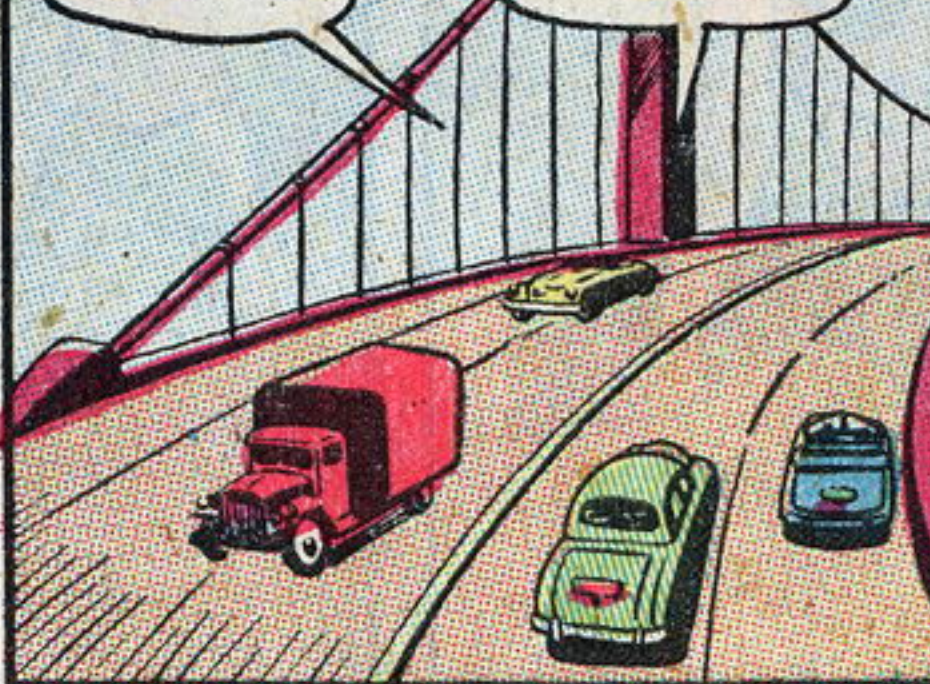
I'LL CLAW HER EYES OUT! I'LL... I'LL...!

UH-UH-UH! SCRATCHED CLIENTS PAY NO BILLS, SUGAR-PUSS! UNLAX AND PREPARE TO CLOSE SHOP! WE'RE IN BUSINESS, TOOTS!

EARLY THAT AFTERNOON WE SET OFF FOR THE SHANLEY COUNTRY ESTATE AND A DATE WITH THE PROSPECTIVE CORPSE!

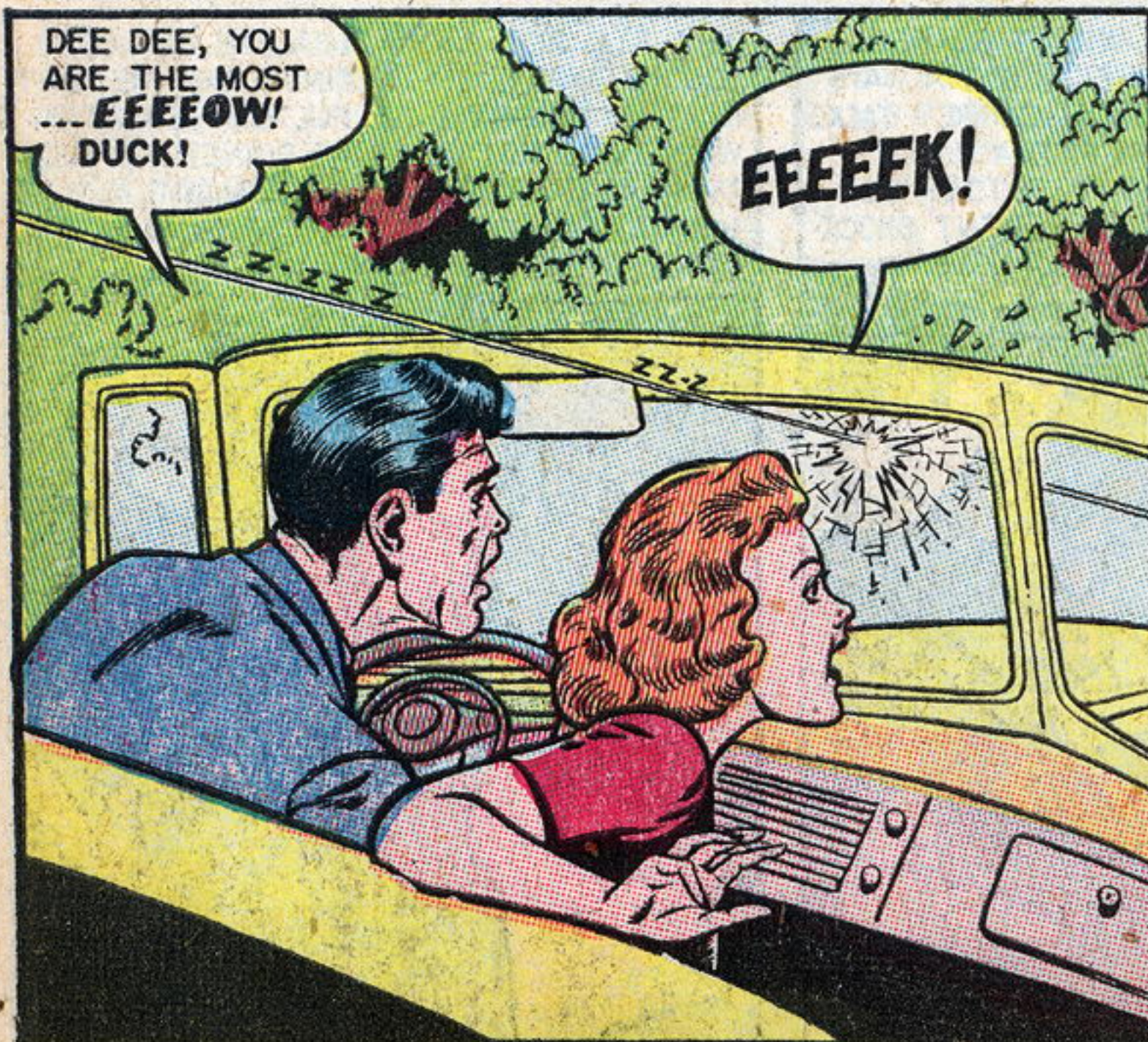
DON SHANLEY'S A PRIZE SCREWBALL HIMSELF, I HEAR! WHEN HE ISN'T DOING RADIO COMMENTATING, HE COLLECTS MURDER WEAPONS!

IF HE DOESN'T LOOK OUT, HE'S DUE TO COLLECT HIS LAST ONE TONIGHT! I LOOKED UP THAT CONOVER CASE! SHE REALLY KILLED HER FIRST HUSBAND!



YOU GLUE YOURSELF TO DON SHANLEY TONIGHT AND I'LL STICK WITH SHARA! WE MUSTN'T LET EITHER ONE OUT OF OUR SIGHT!

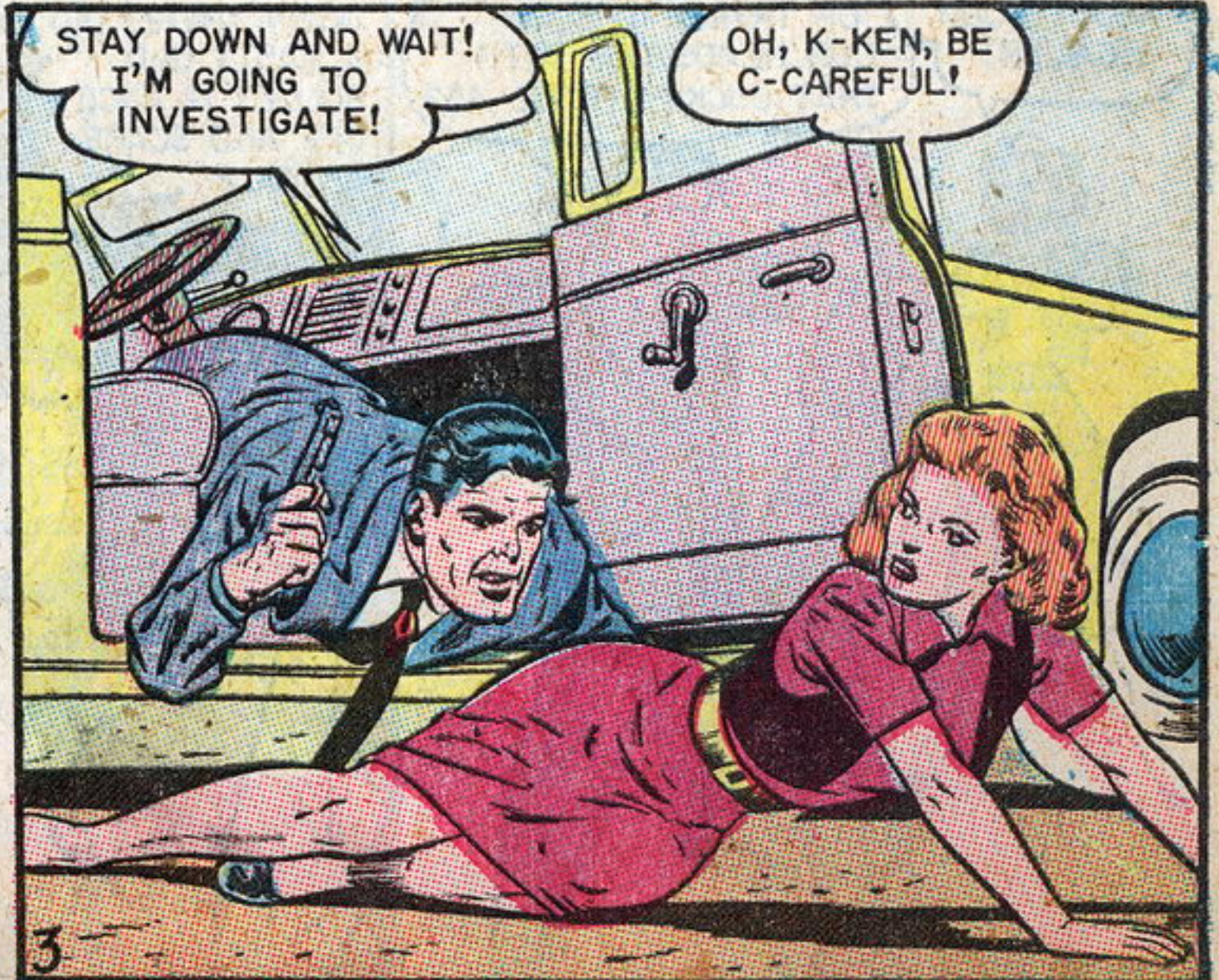
OKAY! BUT IF I CATCH YOU ENJOYING YOUR WORK TOO MUCH, I'LL BEAT YOU SENSIBLE WITH A BALL BAT!



DEE DEE, YOU ARE THE MOST... EEEOW! DUCK!

EEEEEEK!

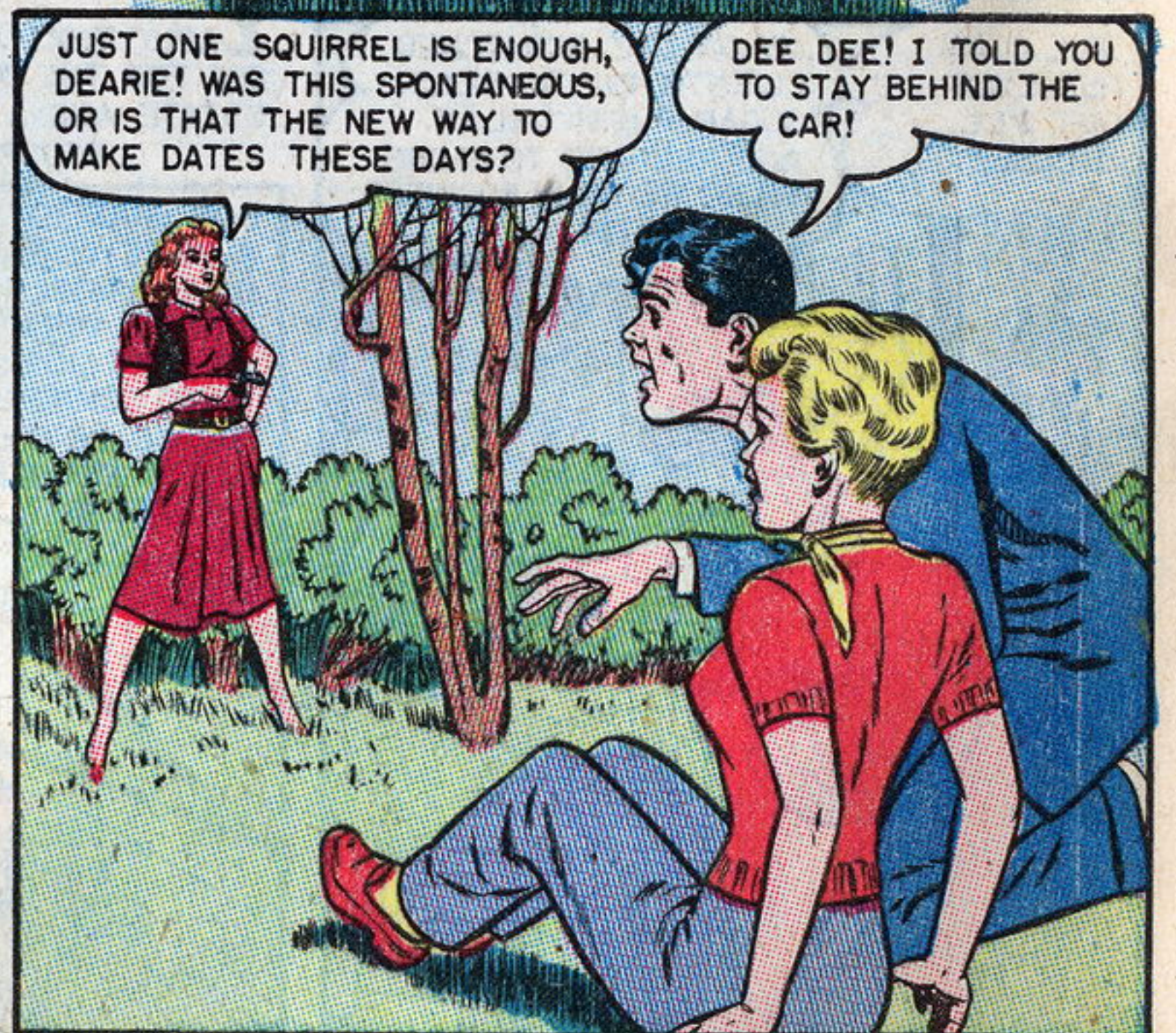
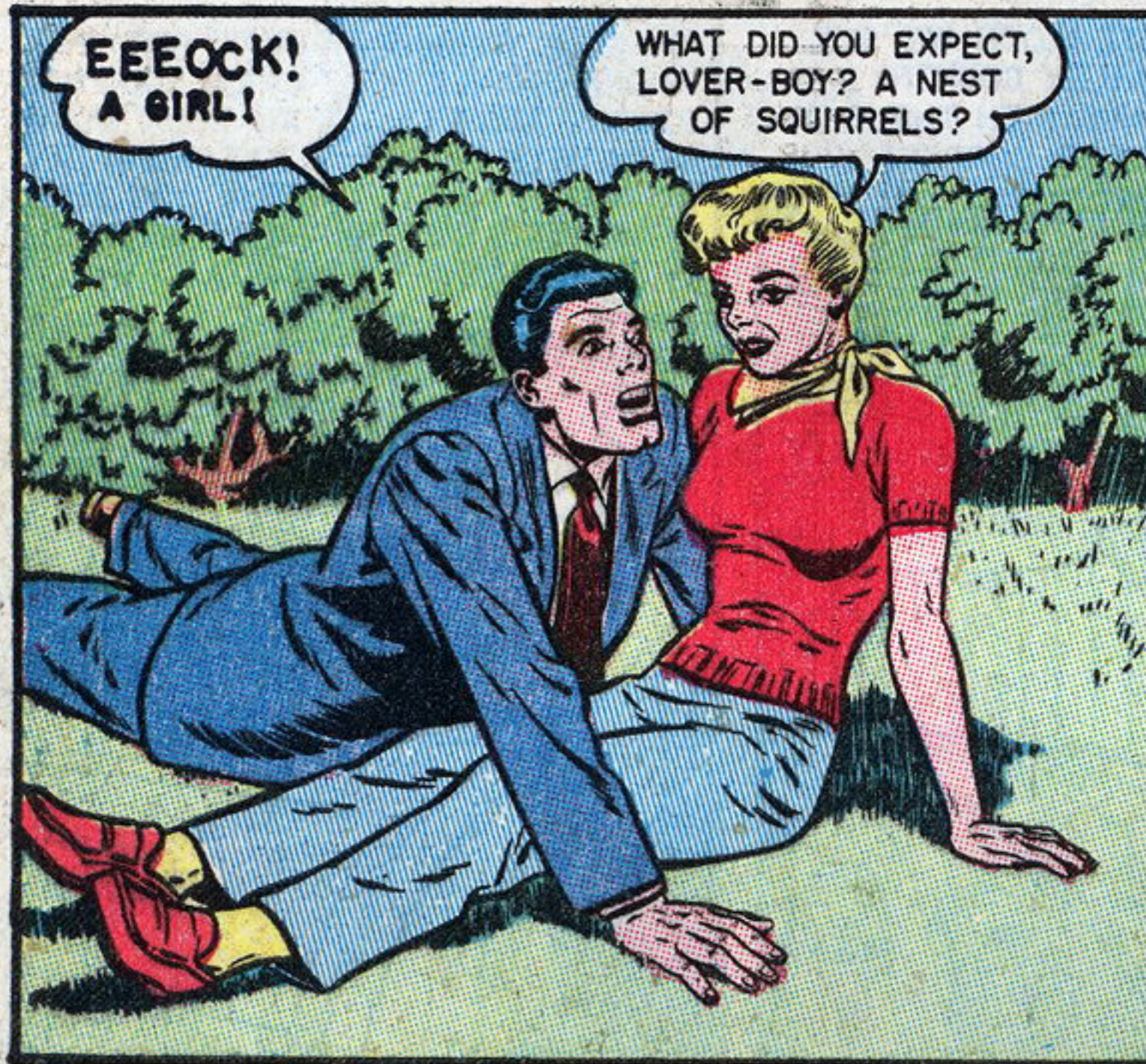
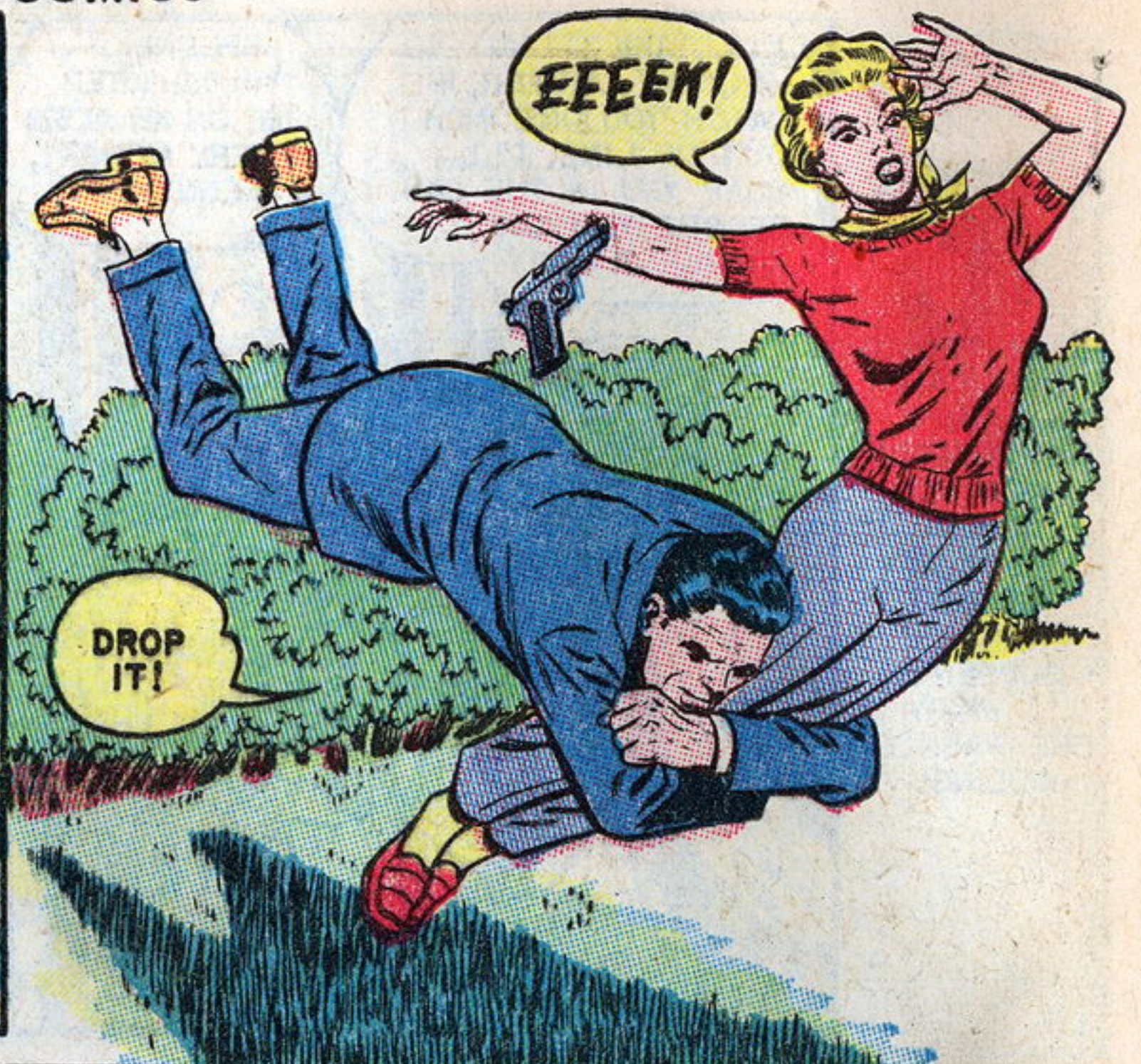
IT HAPPENED TOO FAST FOR THOUGHT! DEE DEE HIT THE DIRT AND I SLID AFTER HER, GUN IN HAND, HEART IN THROAT! IT WAS THAT CLOSE!



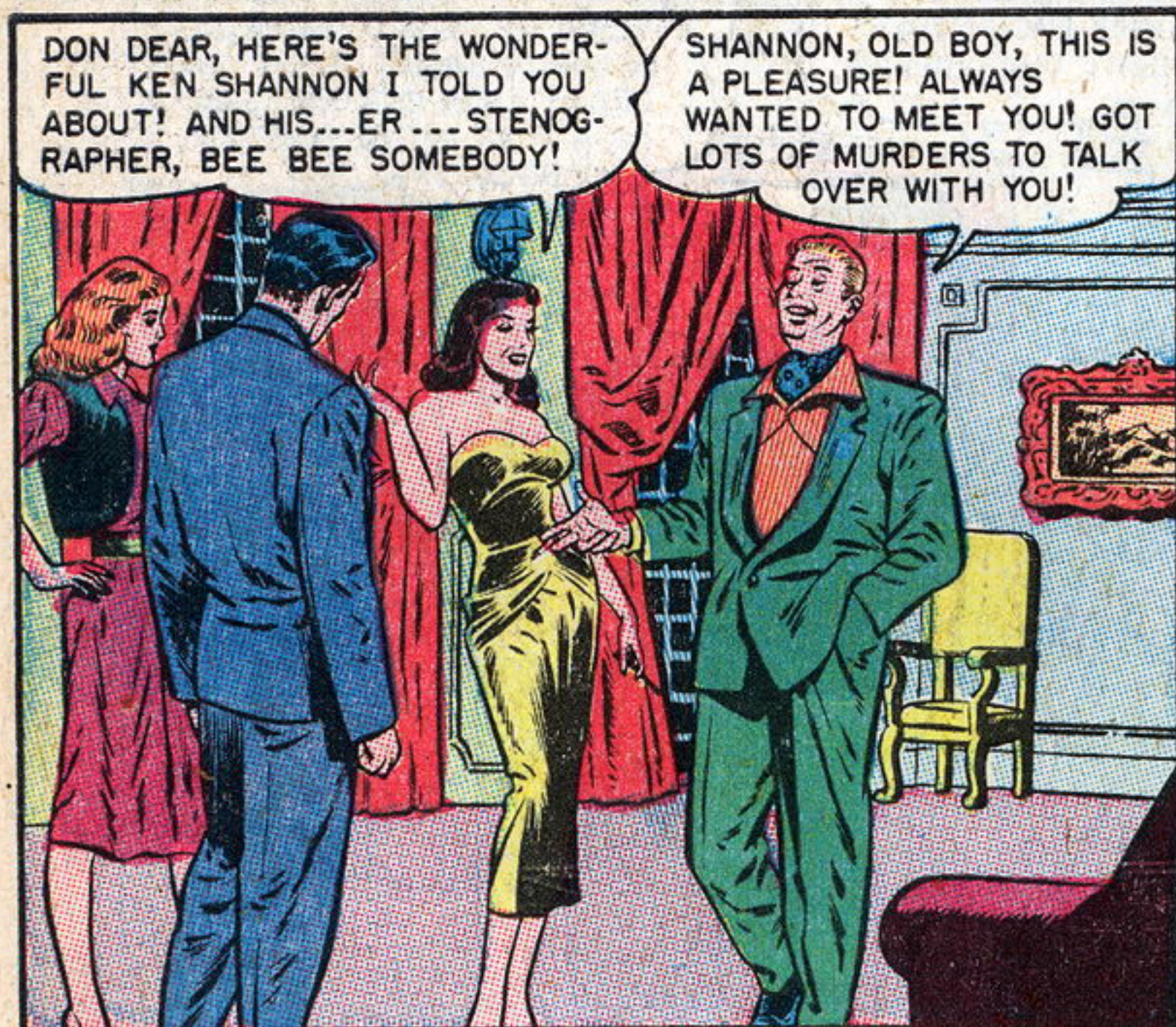
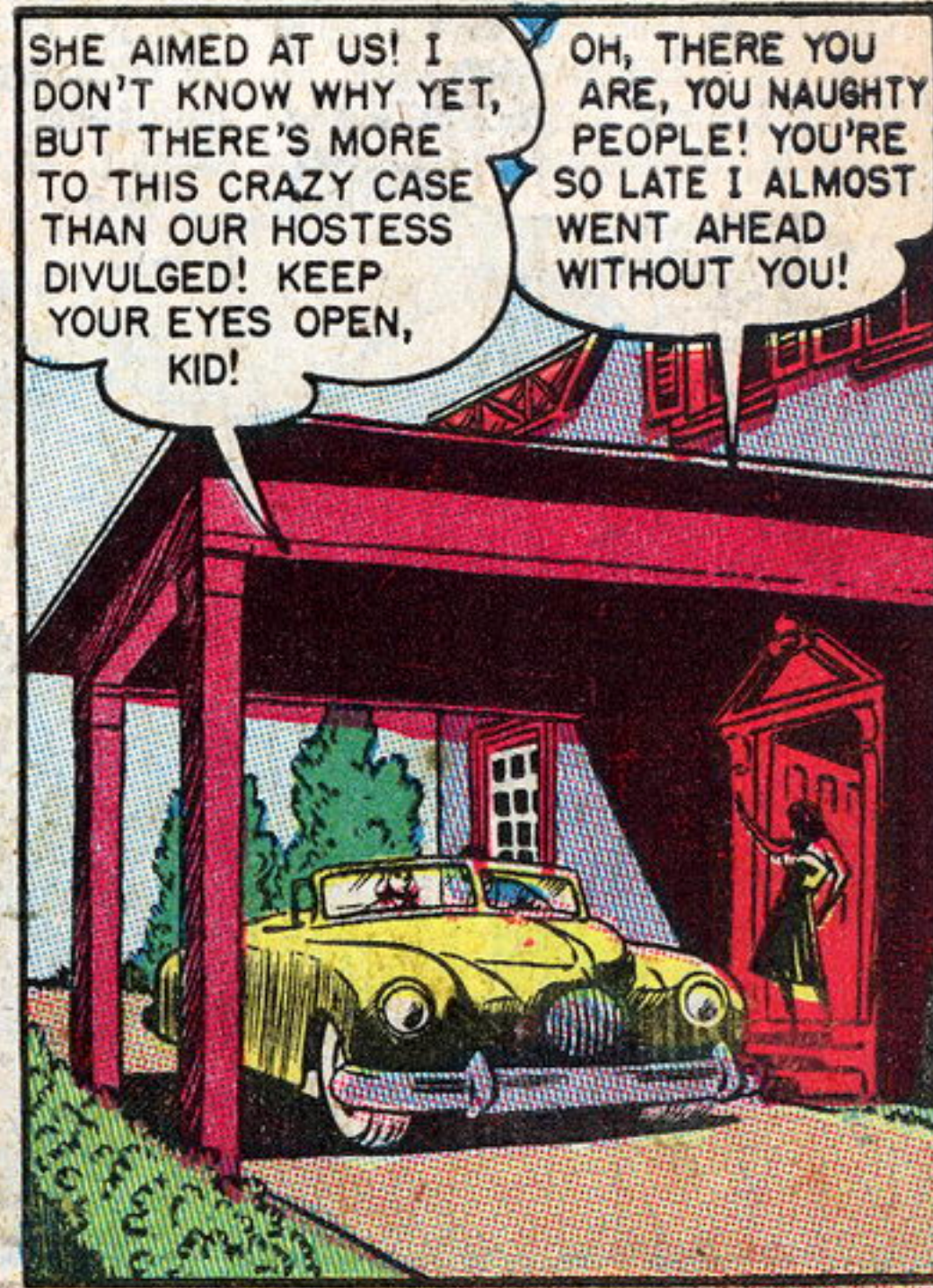
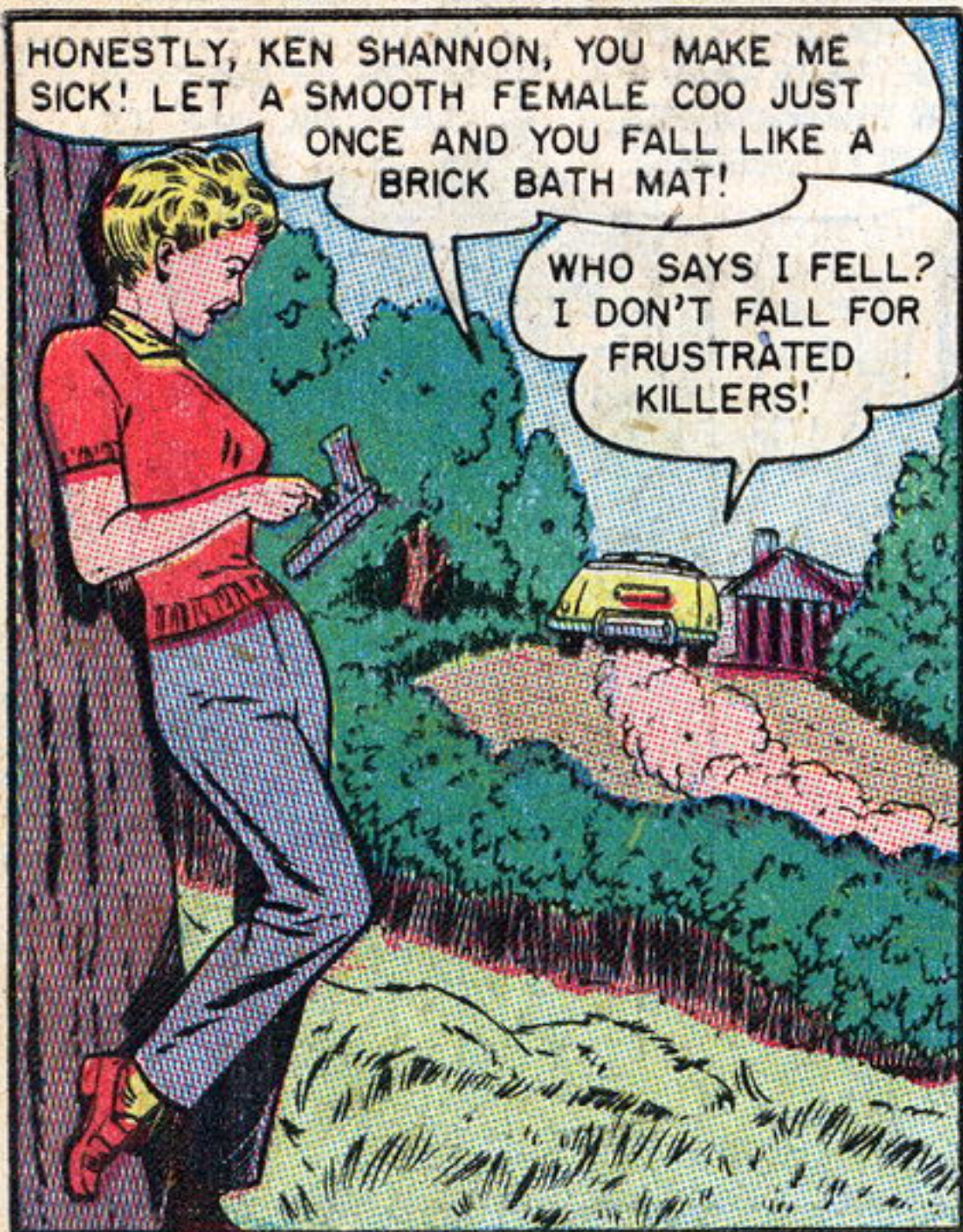
STAY DOWN AND WAIT! I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!

OH, K-KEN, BE C-CAREFUL!

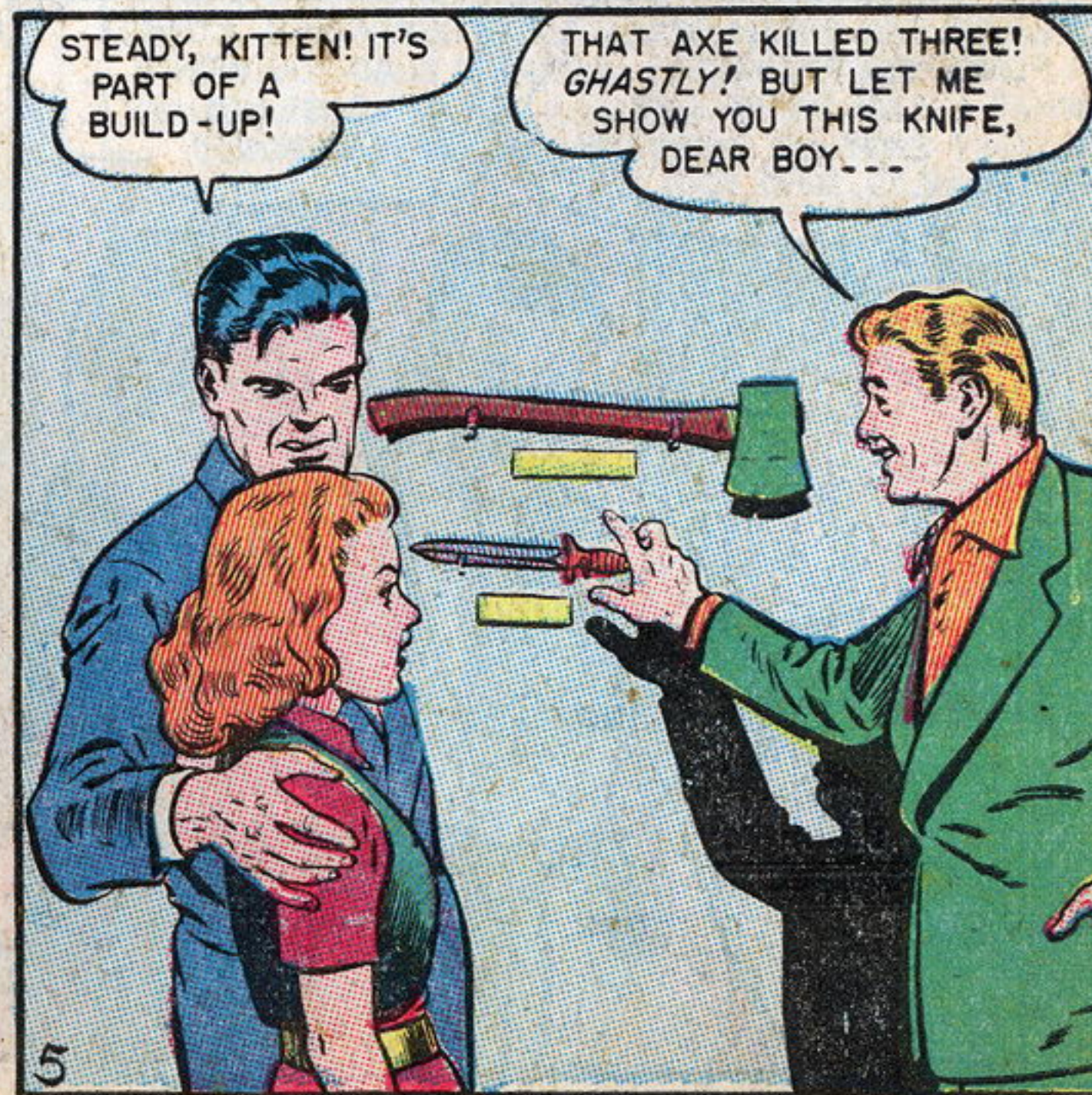
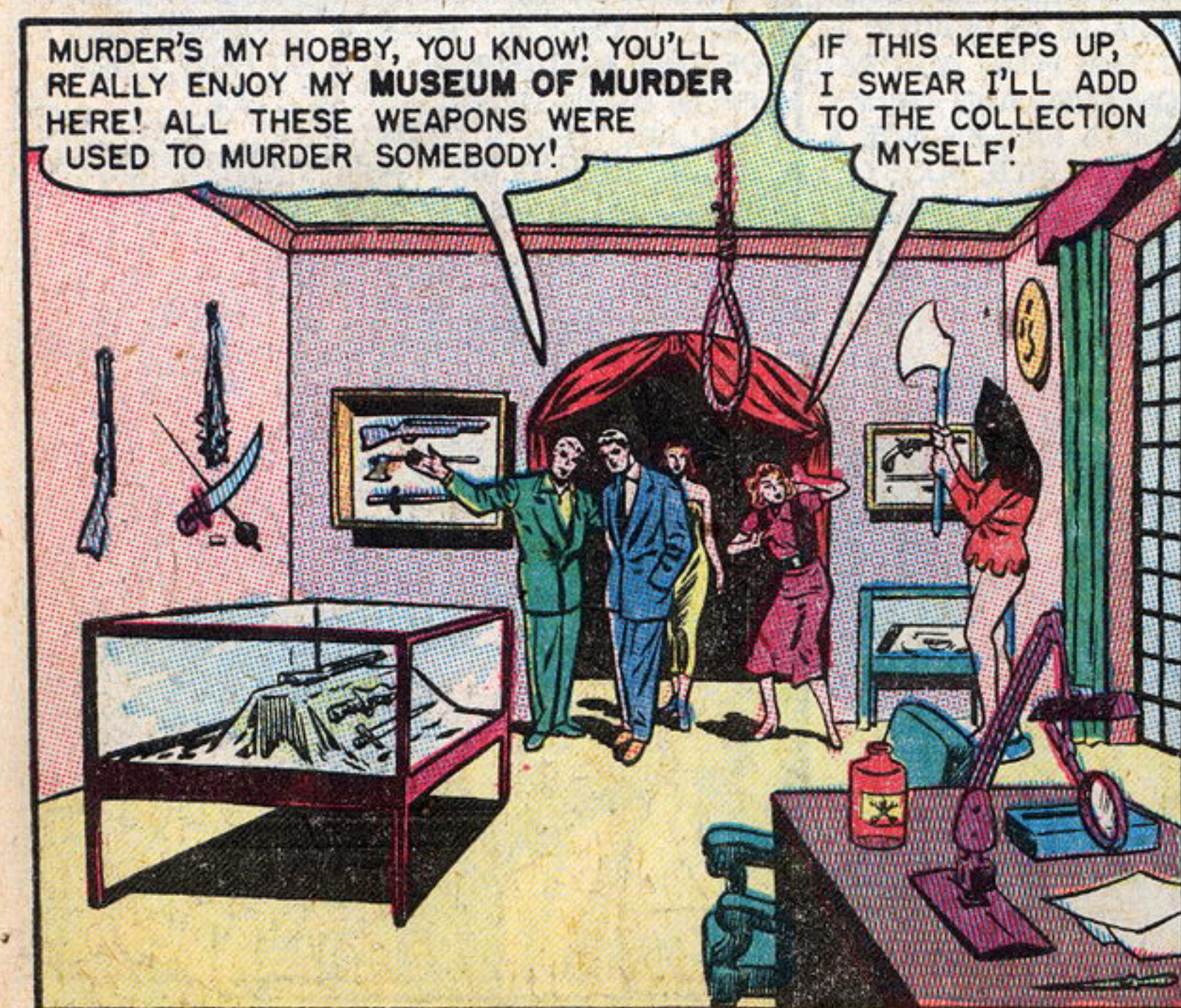
THERE WASN'T A SOUND WHILE I CREPT AROUND THROUGH THE WOODS LIKE DAN'L BOONE AFTER A B'AR! THEN SUDDENLY I HEARD THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF AN AUTOMATIC'S SLIDE!

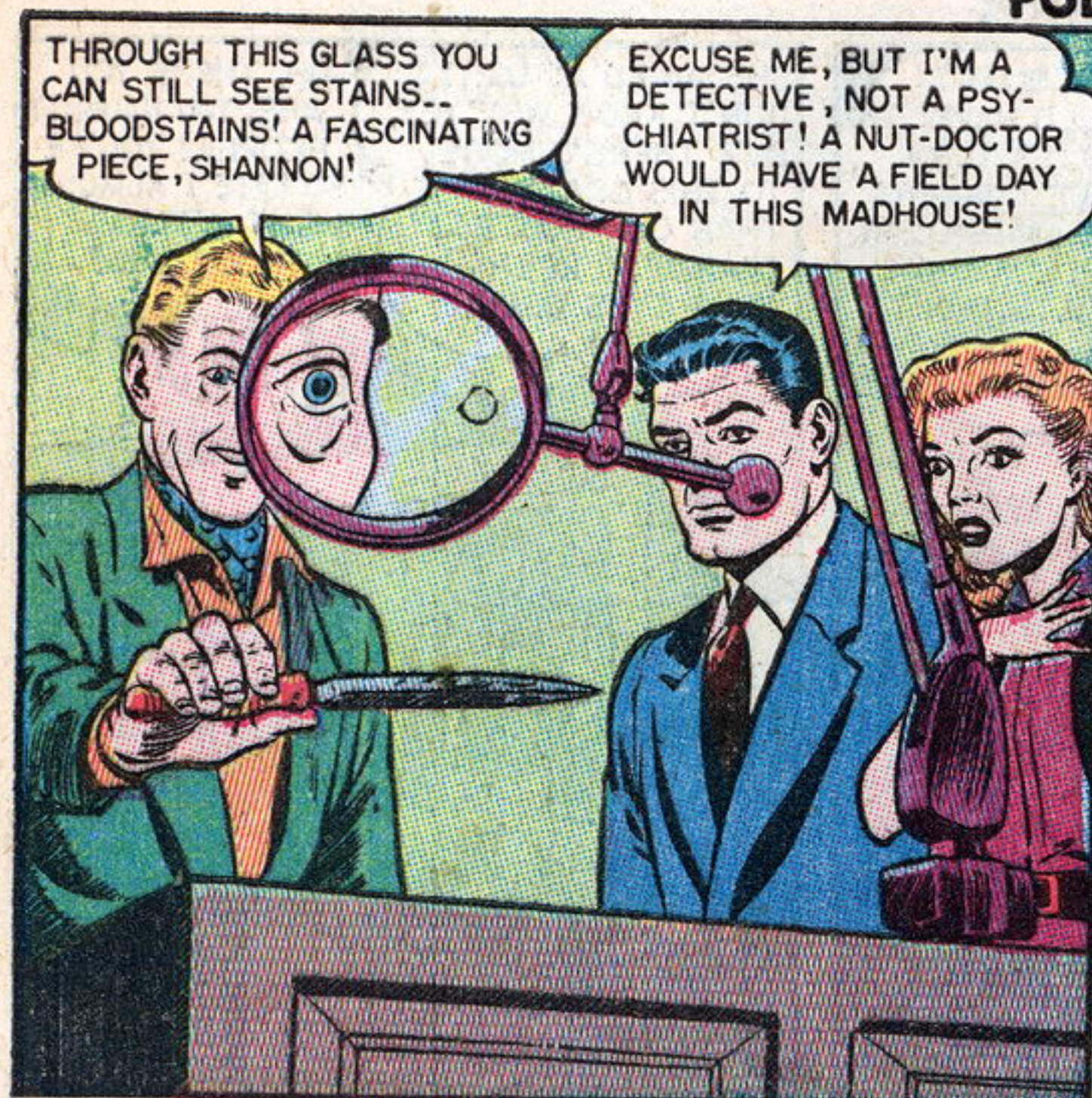


POLICE COMICS

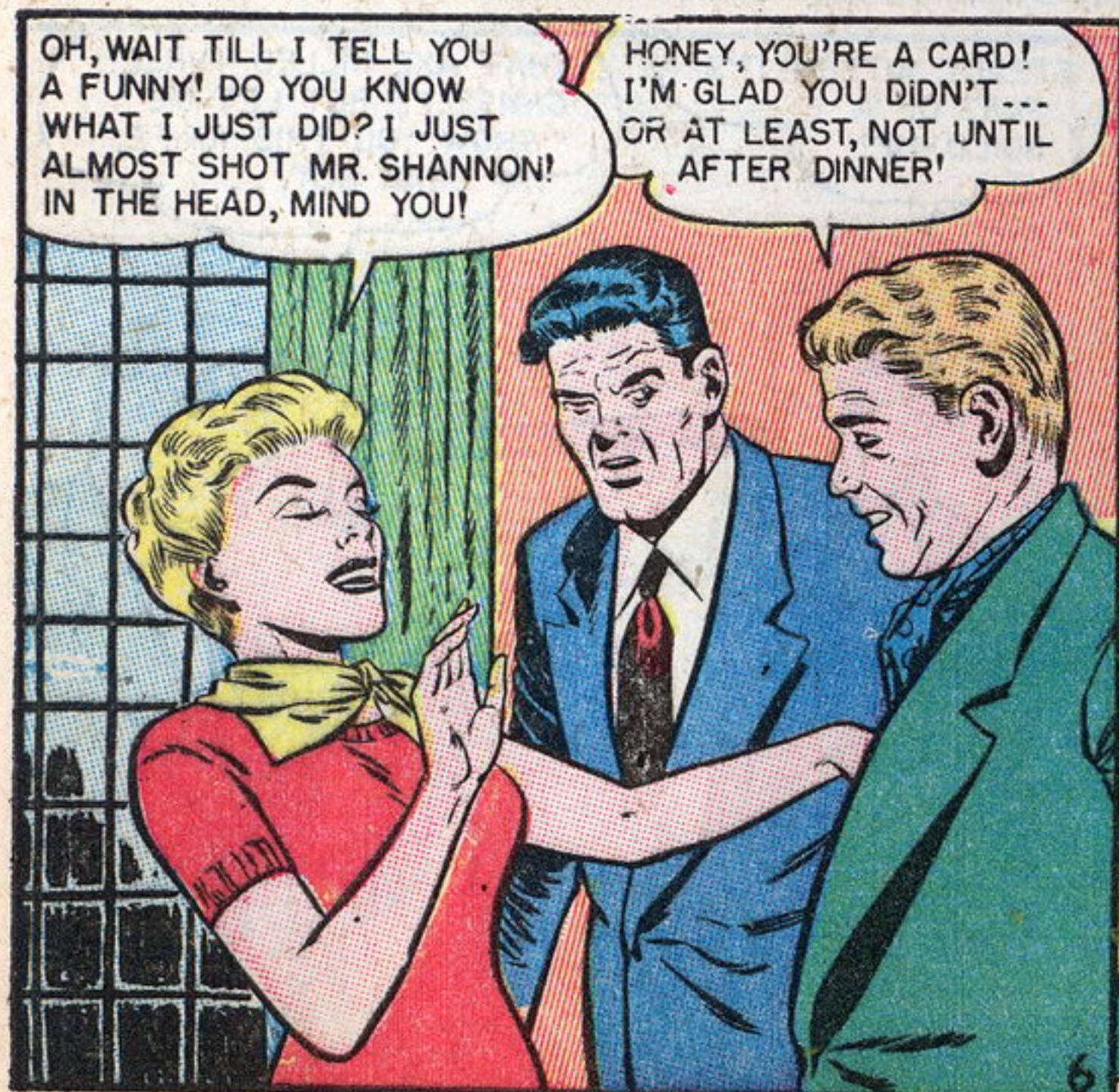
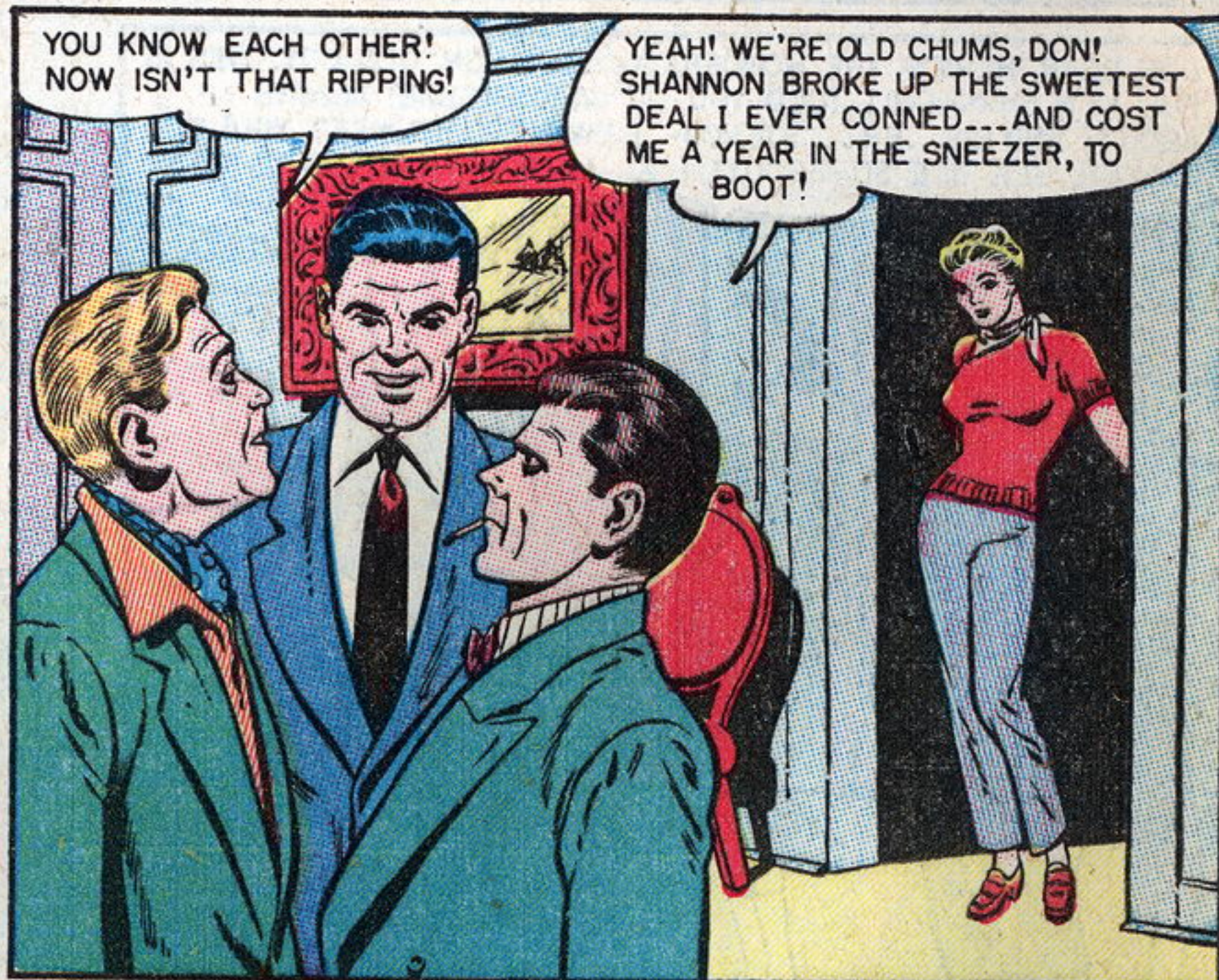


MAYBE ALL THIS DOUBLE-TALK WAS GETTING UNDER MY SKIN! OR MAYBE I FIGURED STIRRING THINGS UP WOULD BRING OUT THE DIRT...

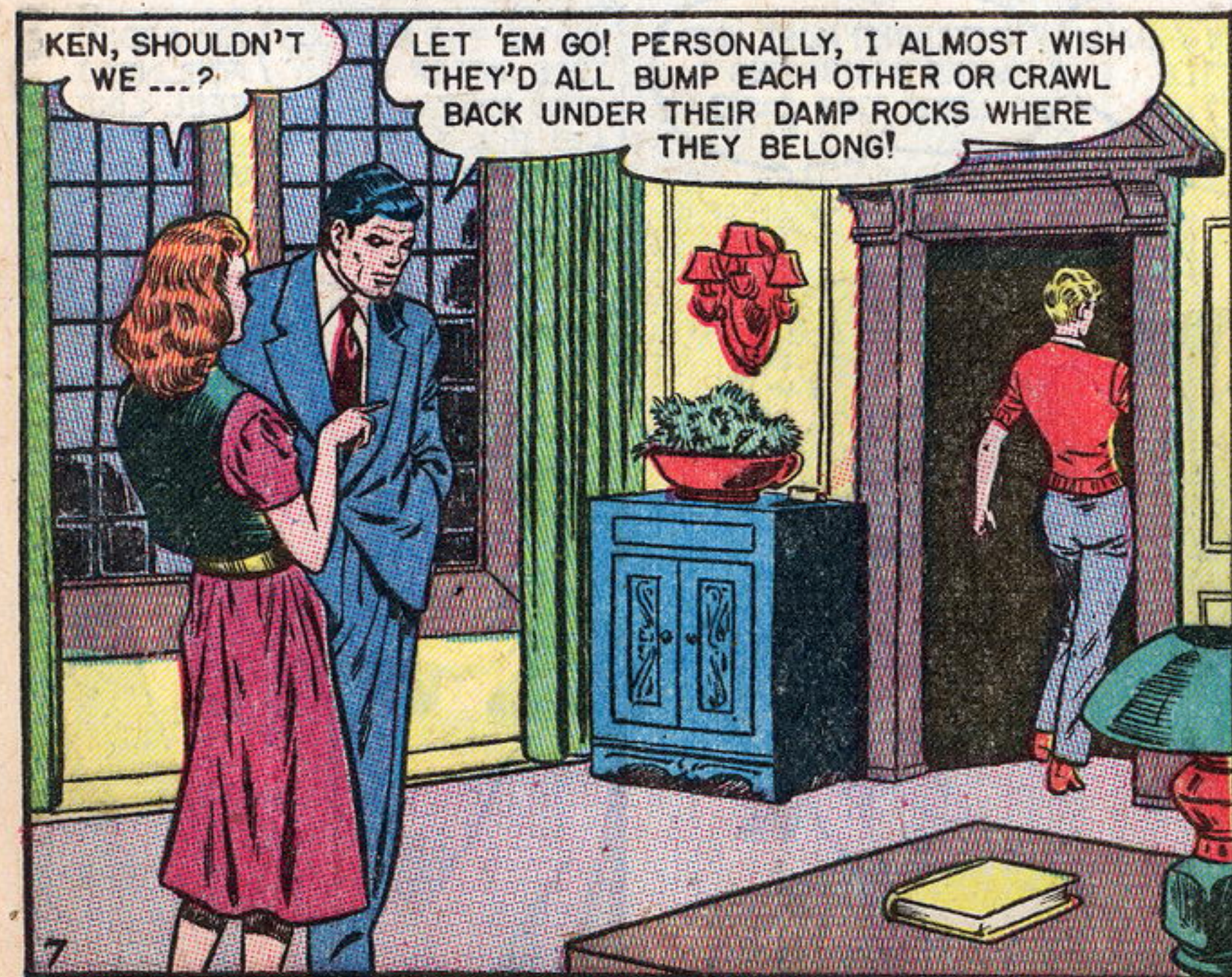
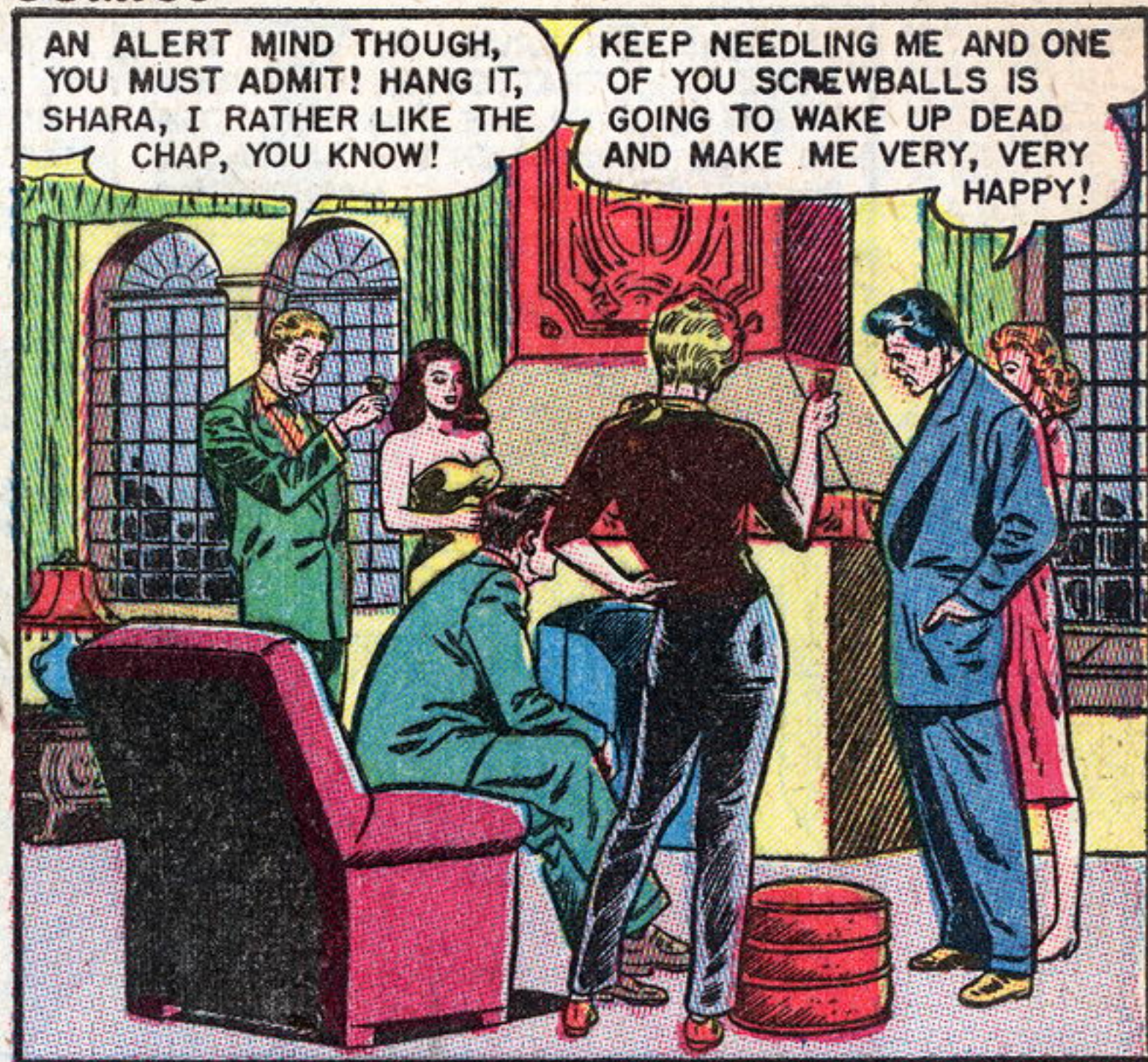
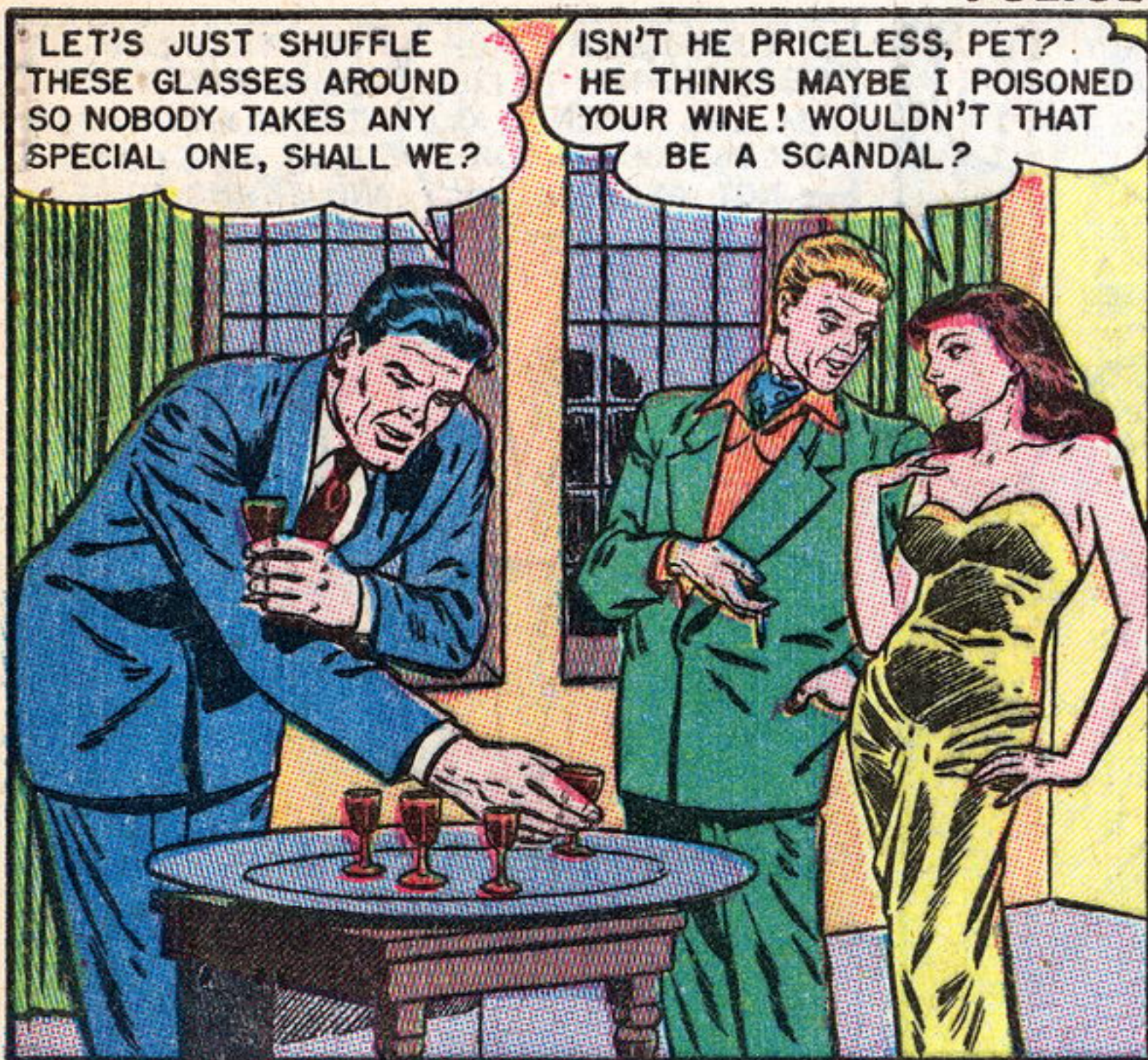




DON SNICKERED AS IF I'D CRACKED A JOKE! THEN WE WERE INTERRUPTED BY A NEW ARRIVAL! I GUESS MY EYES BUGGED OUT A LITTLE!

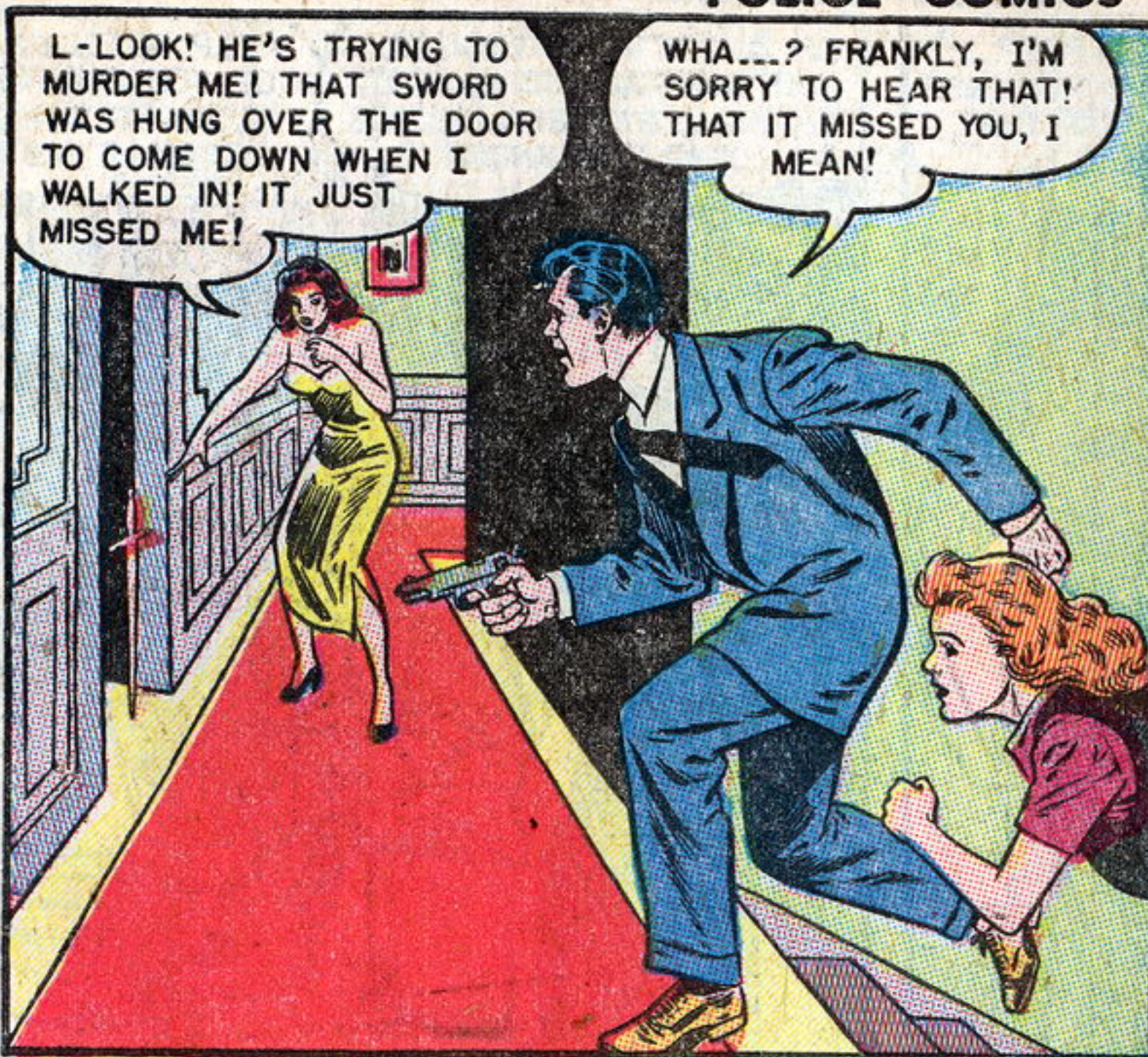


POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

I BURST UP THE STAIRS, READY FOR ANYTHING...ANYTHING, I GUESS, BUT WHAT I MET!



L-LOOK! HE'S TRYING TO MURDER ME! THAT SWORD WAS HUNG OVER THE DOOR TO COME DOWN WHEN I WALKED IN! IT JUST MISSED ME!

WHA...? FRANKLY, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! THAT IT MISSED YOU, I MEAN!

SO TURN-ABOUT'S FAIR PLAY! YOU TRY TO KILL HIM...HE TRIES TO KILL YOU! PARDON ME FOR NOT WEEPING!

WHY, THAT LOW-DOWN BUM! TWO-TIMING AROUND WITH THAT HONEY BABE AND TRYING TO GET RID OF ME!



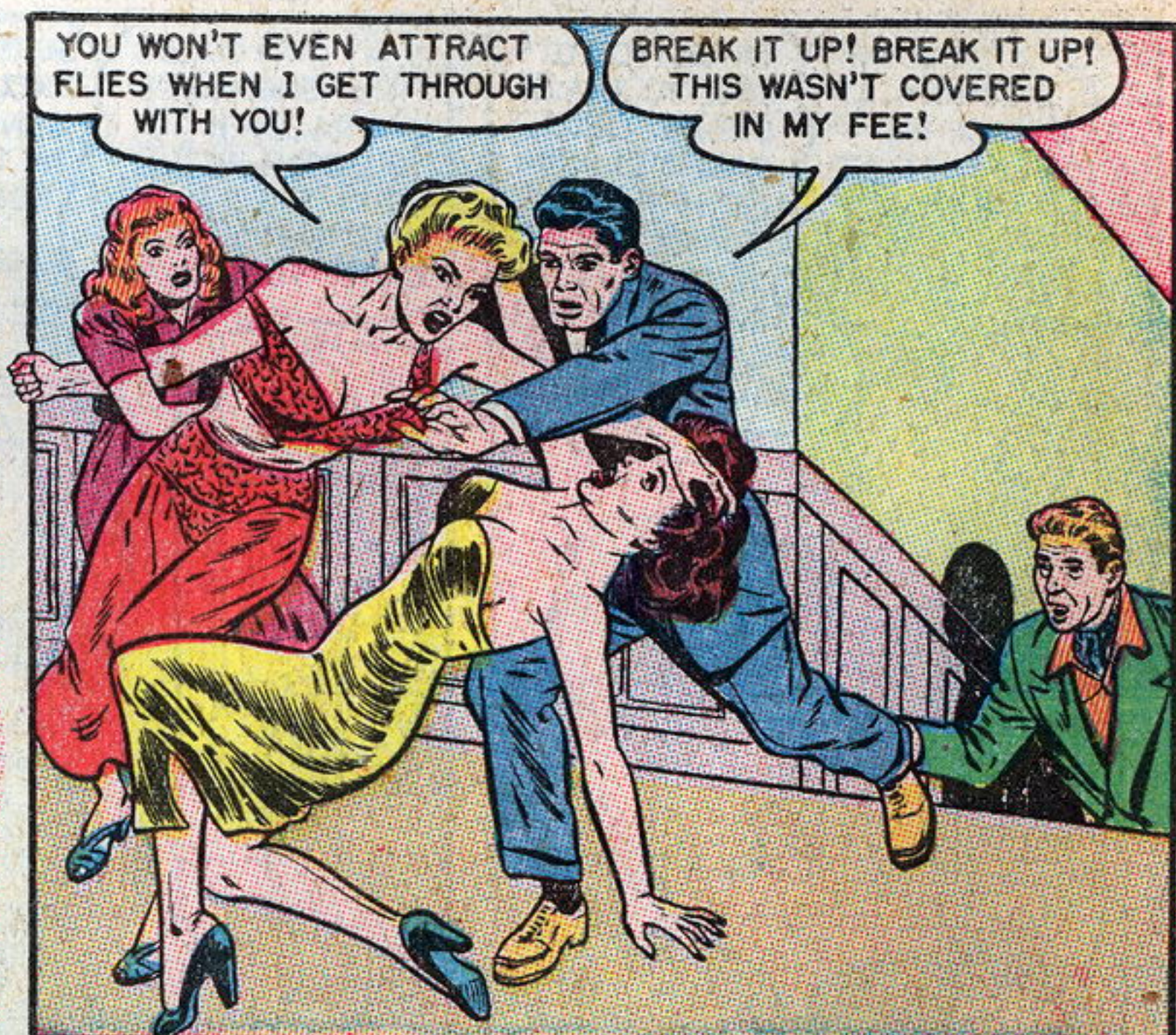
I HEARD THAT, YOU SHE-VULTURE! MAYBE YOU THINK WE DON'T KNOW ALL THE BOY FRIENDS YOU CHASE!

I CHASE? CAN I HELP IT IF I ATTRACT MEN?



YOU WON'T EVEN ATTRACT FLIES WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!

BREAK IT UP! BREAK IT UP! THIS WASN'T COVERED IN MY FEE!



FIGHTING OVER ME? SHANNON, ISN'T THAT JUST THE CUTEST THING? WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL, AREN'T THEY?

IS THAT WHY YOU PLANT SWORDS TO DROP ONTO THEM FROM DOORWAYS?

OH, THAT? HA-HA-HA! QUITE A LITTLE JOKER, DON'T YOU THINK?

FETCHING! MORE AND MORE I'M HOPING I LOSE THIS CASE!



YOU'RE THE NERVOUS TYPE AFTER ALL, KEN! COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR ROOMS! YOU TWO WILL WANT TO FRESHEN UP A BIT!

YOU AREN'T FOOLING! I FEEL LIKE I NEED TWO BATHS AFTER RUBBING ELBOWS WITH THIS CROWD!



POLICE COMICS

SHE SHOWED US TO CONNECTING SUITES AND WENT AWAY, LAUGHING GAILY! DEE DEE RUSHED IN TO TALK TO ME!



KEN, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I'M REALLY SCARED!

YOU'RE SCARED! SUGAR, EVEN MY GOOSE PIMPLES HAVE GOOSE PIMPLES! IT'S BUILDING UP, AND I CAN'T PUT A FINGER ON THE GIMMICK!

THERE IS MURDER IN THE AIR, KEN! I CAN FEEL IT!



ME, TOO, AND I'M BEING SUCKERED INTO IT WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN! ONE MORE CASE LIKE THIS AND I'LL QUIT THE RACKET!

IT'S ALL AS PHONEY AS A LEAD NICKEL! EVEN SHARA'S FIGHT WITH HONEY HOSKIN DIDN'T RING TRUE! I TELL YOU, I'M GOING NUTS GUESSING!



HONEY DOES GO FOR DON! I COULD SEE THAT, AND FOR A MOMENT THAT SHARA HAD PURE MURDER IN HER EYES! NOT MAKE-BELIEVE MURDER!

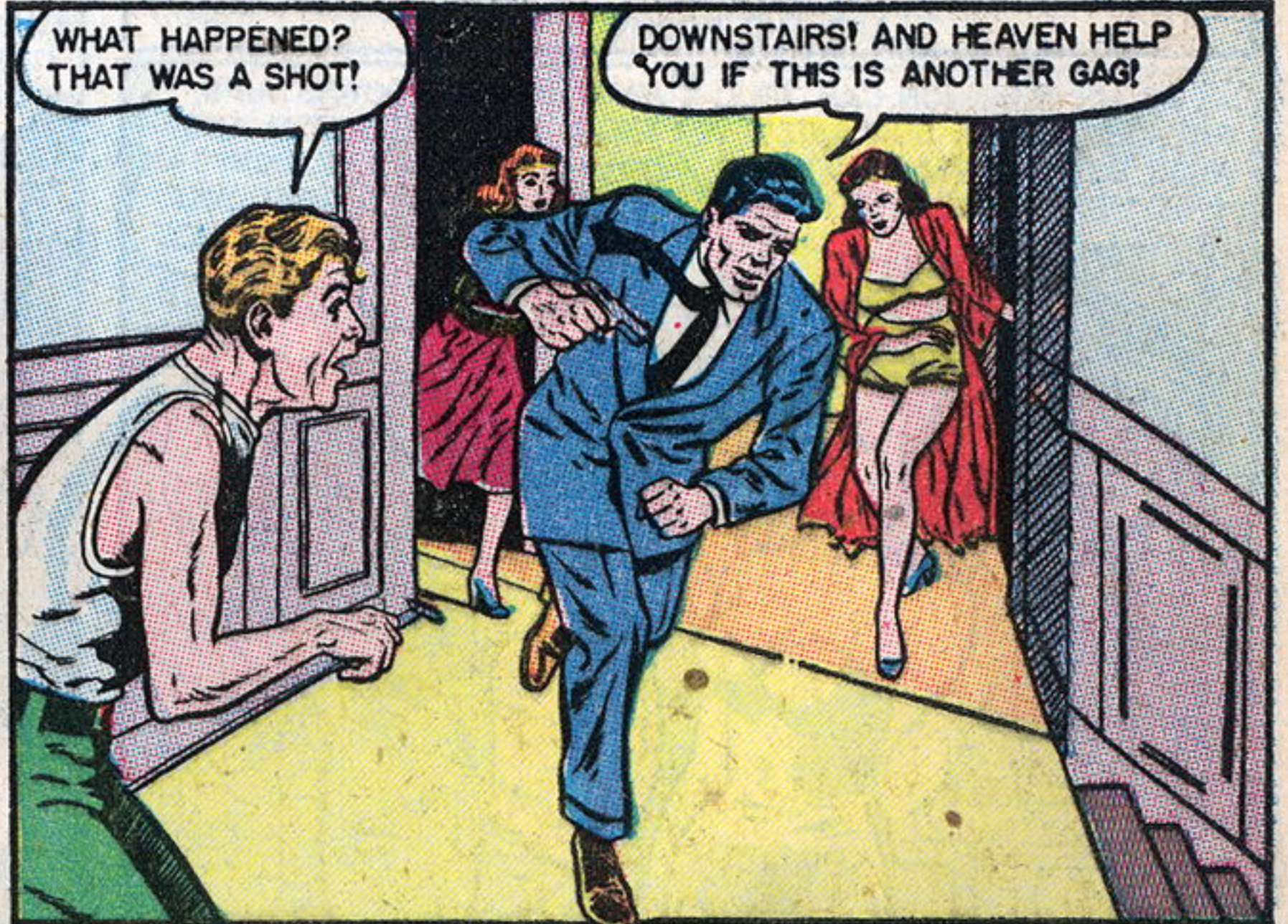
AND THEN THE WHOLE DIZZY MESS BROKE WIDE OPEN WITH THE CRASH OF A GUN SHOT!



KEN...!

GET YOUR GUN OUT! THIS IS THE PAYOFF!

MY FIRST THOUGHT EVAPORATED AS DON BURST FROM HIS ROOM AND SHARA FROM HERS!



WHAT HAPPENED? THAT WAS A SHOT!

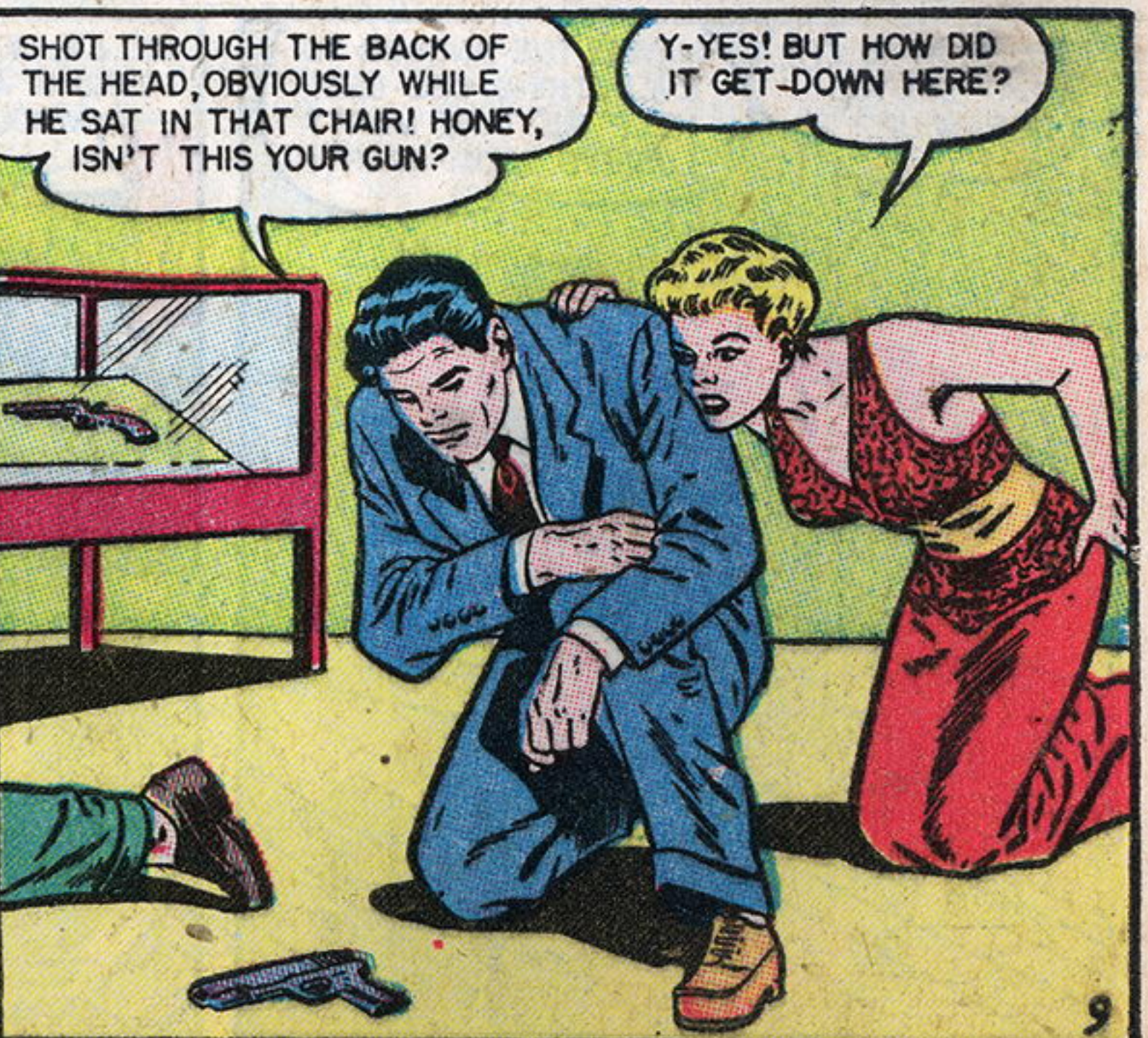
DOWNSTAIRS! AND HEAVEN HELP YOU IF THIS IS ANOTHER GAG!

IT WAS NOT A GAG! NOT FOR MARTY LUGER, WHO WAS BEING VERY, VERY DEAD ON THE FLOOR OF THE MUSEUM OF MURDER!



EEK! HE'S D-DEAD!

DON'T ANYBODY TOUCH ANYTHING!

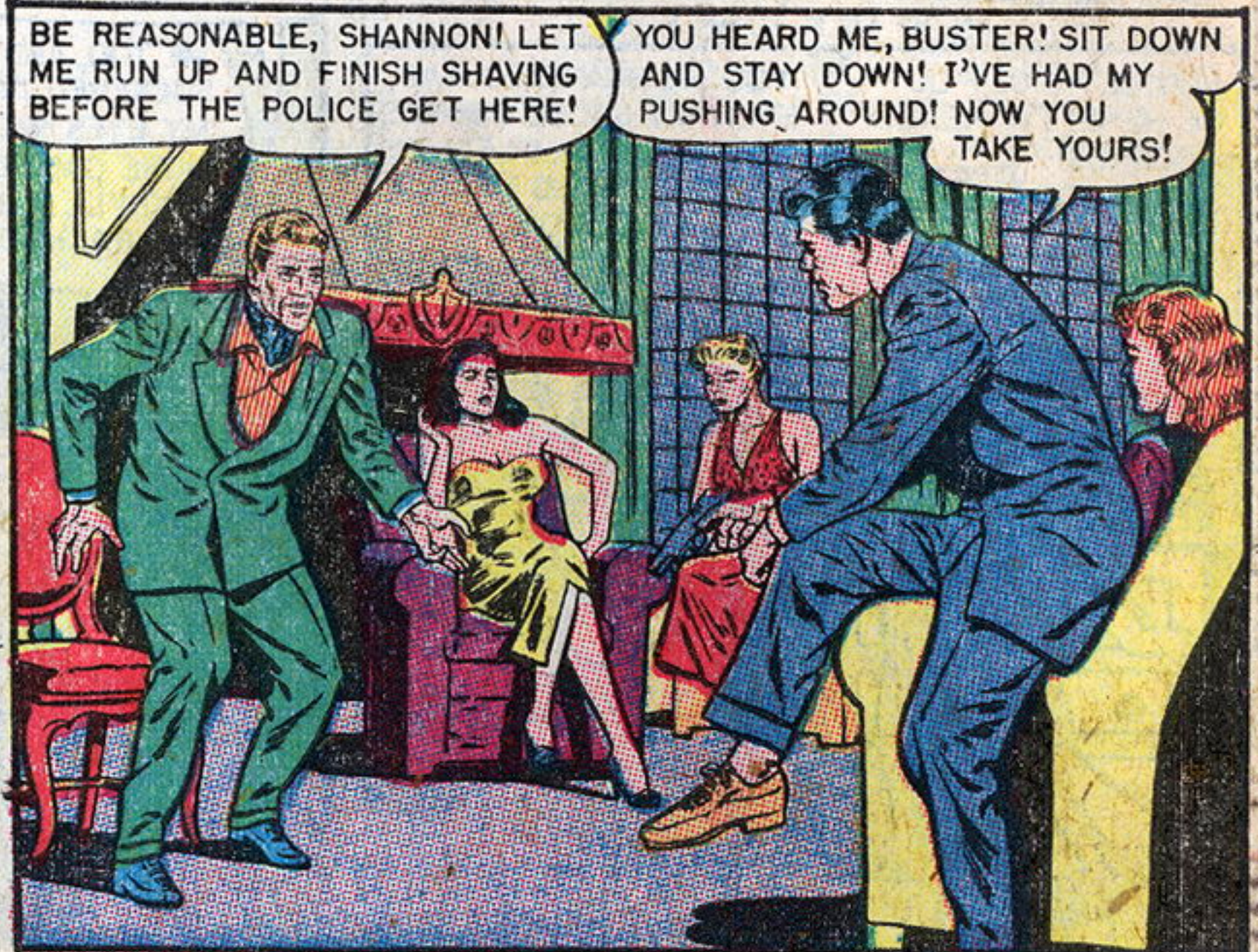


SHOT THROUGH THE BACK OF THE HEAD, OBVIOUSLY WHILE HE SAT IN THAT CHAIR! HONEY, ISN'T THIS YOUR GUN?

Y-YES! BUT HOW DID IT GET DOWN HERE?

I CALLED THE LAW AND MY PAL, LIEUTENANT CLYDE OF HOMICIDE, SAID HE'D BE RIGHT OUT!

NOW THAT SOMETHING SOLID HAD REALLY HAPPENED, I'D LOST MY JITTERS AND FELT ALMOST NORMAL AGAIN!



BEFORE TOO LONG ART CLYDE CAME AND TOOK OVER! HE QUESTIONED WHILE HIS BOYS WENT TO WORK ON THE CORPSE AND THE ROOM!

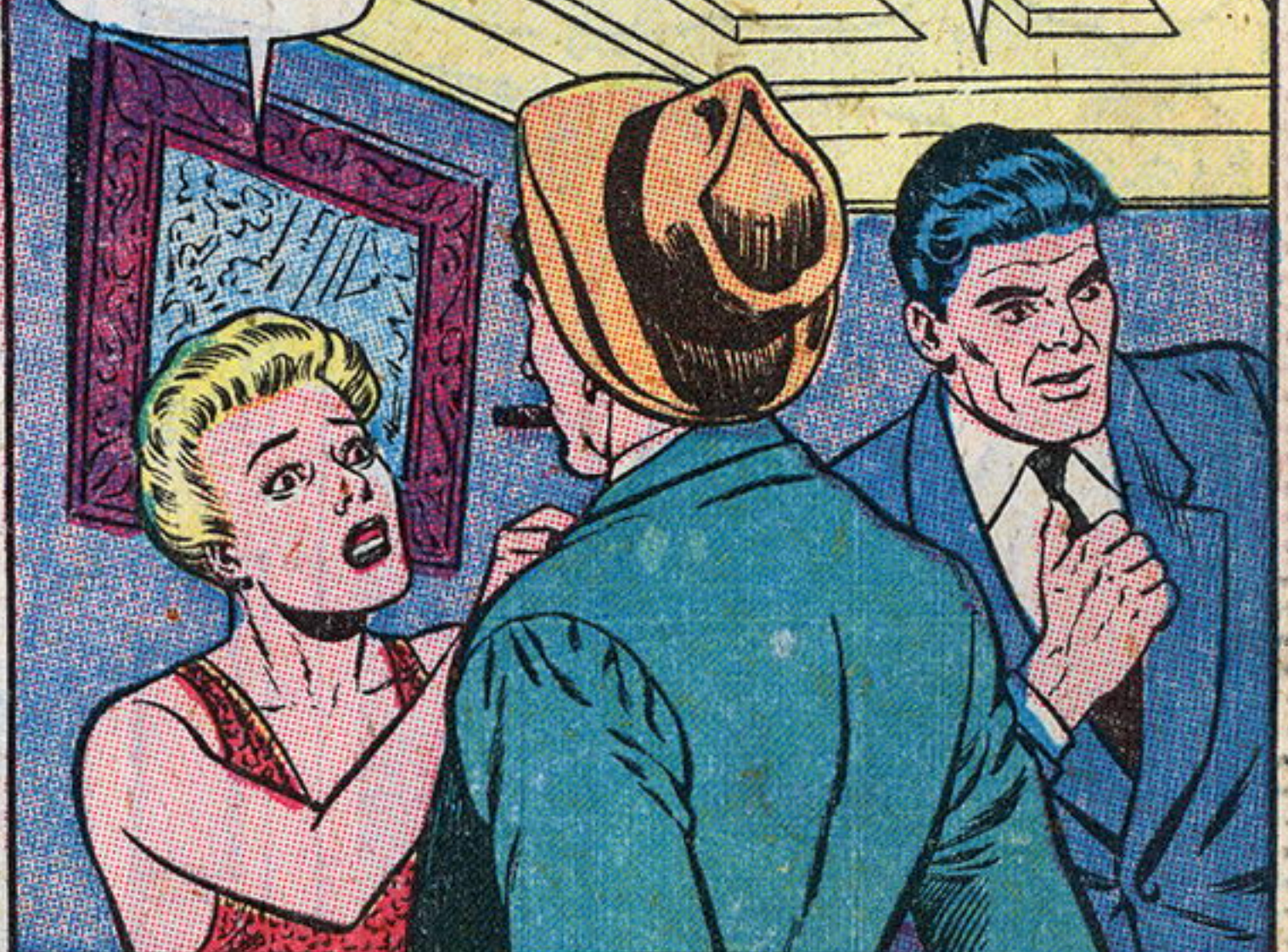
SO, AS MR. SHANNON CAN TELL YOU, LIEUTENANT, DON AND I WERE BOTH UPSTAIRS WHEN WE HEARD THE SHOT!

HMM! NOBODY DOWNSTAIRS, THEN, BUT THE VICTIM AND HONEY HOSKIN! THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL SIGNIFICANT, EH?



STOP THAT! IT'S A FRAME-UP! I ALWAYS PRACTISE MY DANCING IN THE STUDY AT THIS TIME! I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM!

HOLD EVERYTHING, ART! I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO SEE DAYLIGHT! COME ALONG, DEE DEE!



KEN, WHAT IS IT? WHAT DID YOU DREAM UP?

MAYBE THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING, DEE DEE! HELP ME TAKE MARTY LUGER'S ROOM APART!



RELAX, DEE DEE! I'VE FOUND IT AND IT'S THE WHOLE DEAL!

OH, YOU WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL PERSON, YOU!



WHAT IS IT? TELL ME BEFORE I BLOW UP!

NOT YET, SWEET! LET ME HAVE YOUR GUN... QUICK! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! JUST STAY BACK AND PRAY FOR MY LUCK TO HOLD!



POLICE COMICS



K-KEN! THAT SET GUN
...IN SHARA SHANLEY'S
ROOM! I DON'T GET IT!

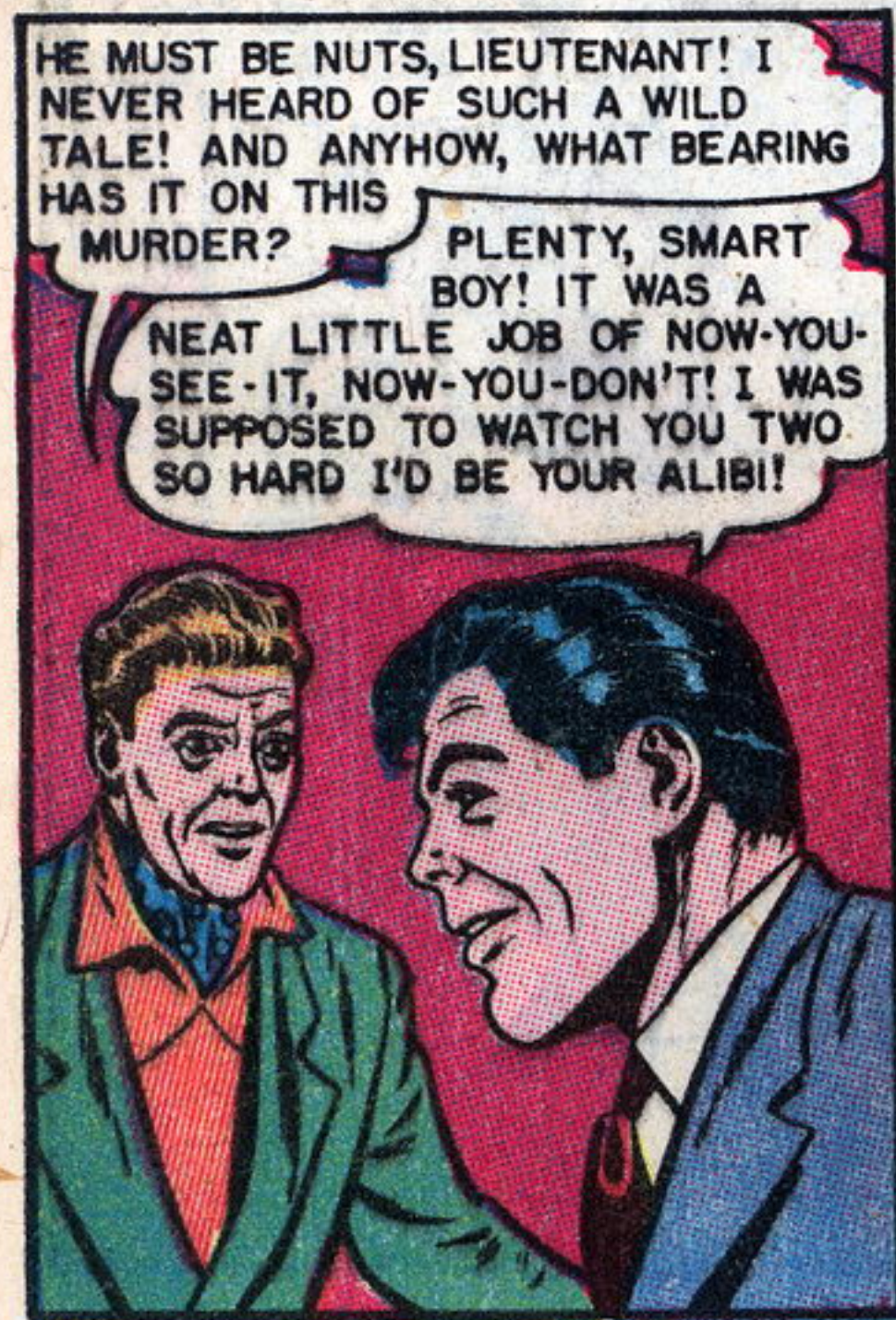
YOU WILL WHEN I'VE
LOADED THE GUN AND
STARTED THE BALL
ROLLING!

WE WENT
DOWNSTAIRS
AND I TOLD
ART CLYDE
THE WHOLE
STORY OF
HOW AND WHY.
SHARA SHANLEY
HIRED US!



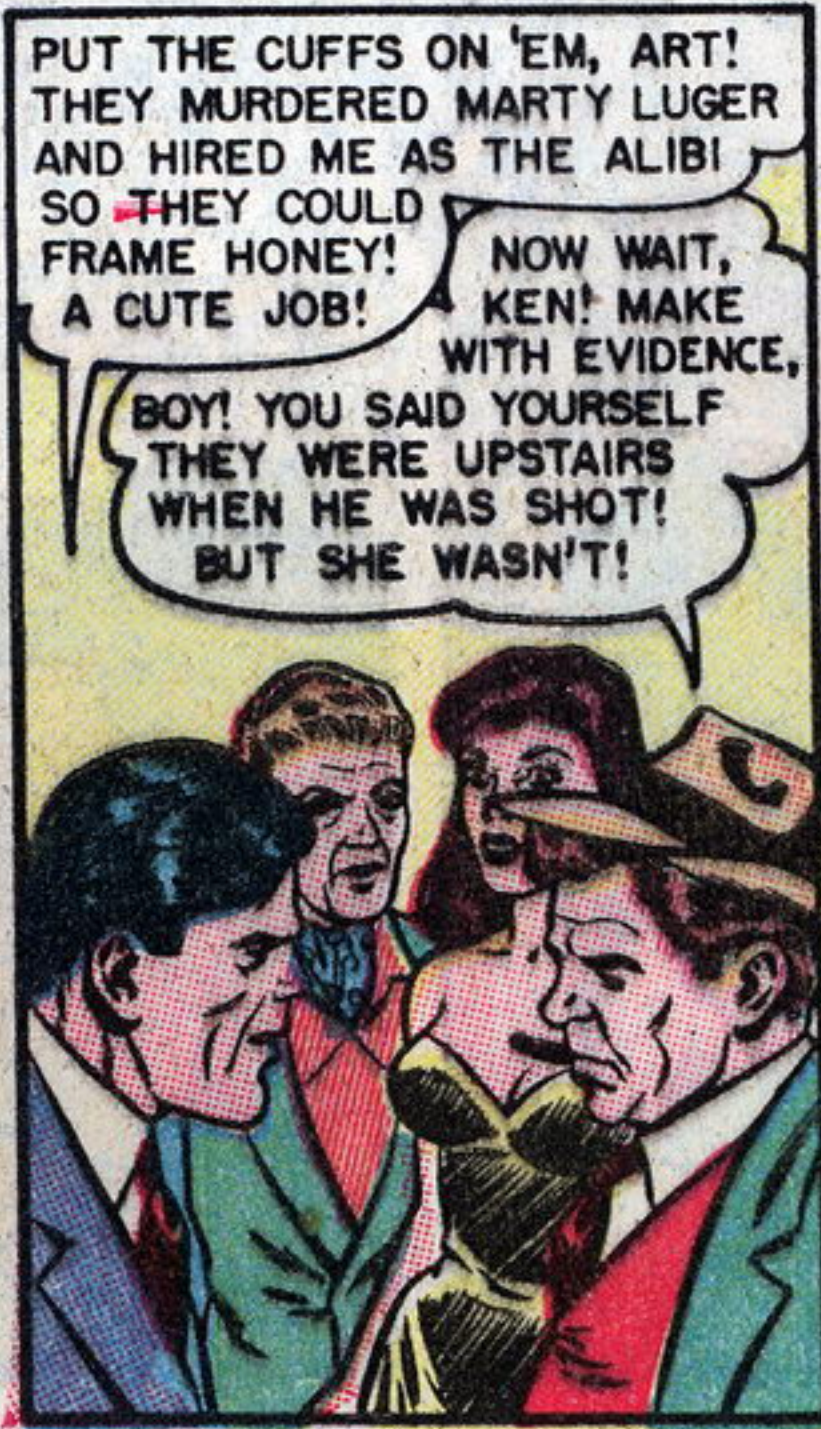
SO, FOR A THOUSAND
BUCKS, I WAS TO KEEP
HER FROM MURDERING
HIM!

WHY, HOW UTTERLY FANTASTIC!
THE MAN IS MAD, LIEUTENANT!
ISN'T THAT SIMPLY INSANE,
DON DEAR? IMAGINE SAYING I'D
KILL YOU!



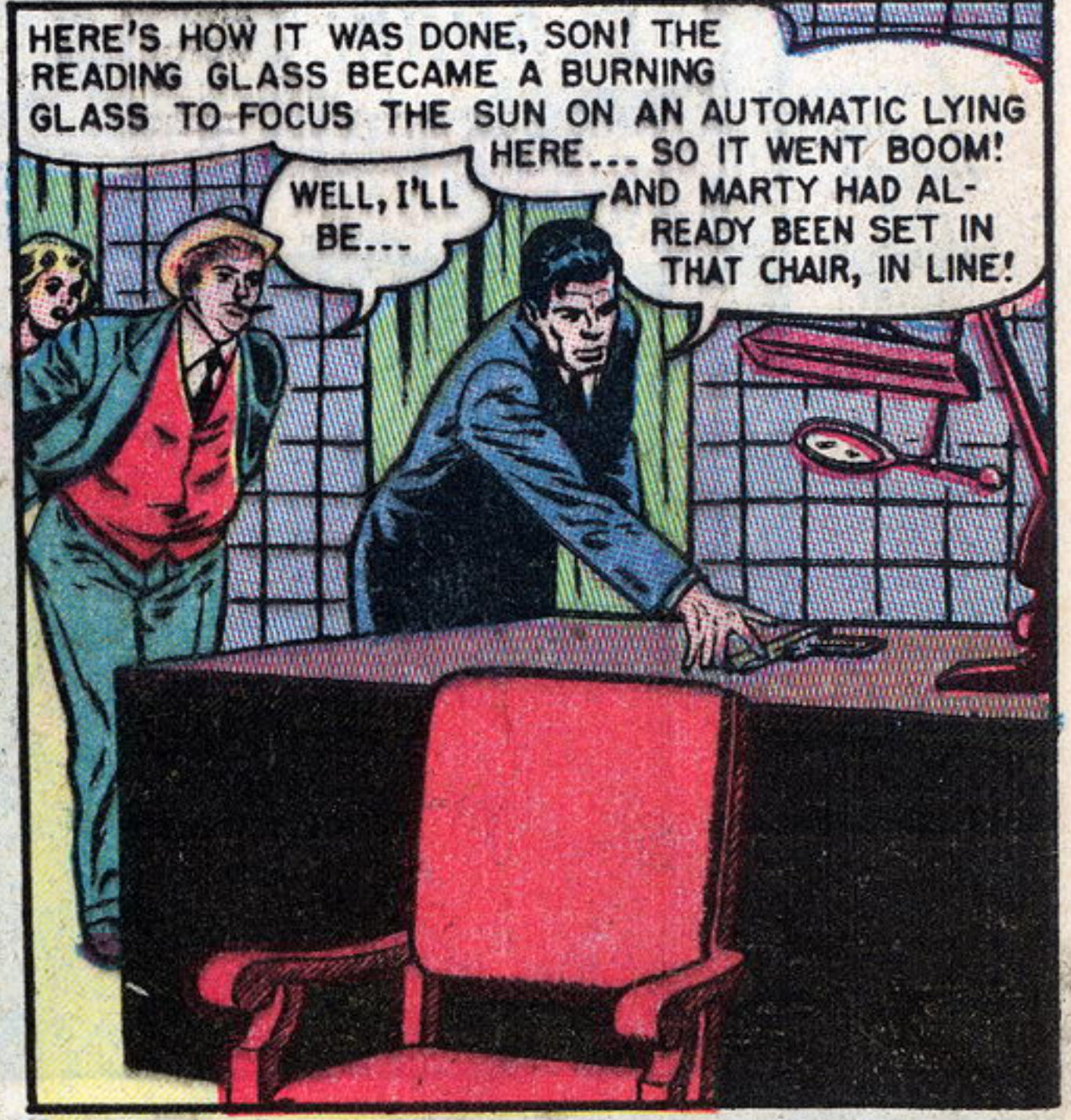
HE MUST BE NUTS, LIEUTENANT! I
NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A WILD
TALE! AND ANYHOW, WHAT BEARING
HAS IT ON THIS
MURDER?

PLENTY, SMART
BOY! IT WAS A
NEAT LITTLE JOB OF NOW-YOU-
SEE-IT, NOW-YOU-DON'T! I WAS
SUPPOSED TO WATCH YOU TWO
SO HARD I'D BE YOUR ALIBI!



PUT THE CUFFS ON 'EM, ART!
THEY MURDERED MARTY LUGER
AND HIRED ME AS THE ALIBI
SO THEY COULD
FRAME HONEY!
A CUTE JOB!

NOW WAIT,
KEN! MAKE
WITH EVIDENCE,
BOY! YOU SAID YOURSELF
THEY WERE UPSTAIRS
WHEN HE WAS SHOT!
BUT SHE WASN'T!



HERE'S HOW IT WAS DONE, SON! THE
READING GLASS BECAME A BURNING
GLASS TO FOCUS THE SUN ON AN AUTOMATIC LYING
HERE... SO IT WENT BOOM!

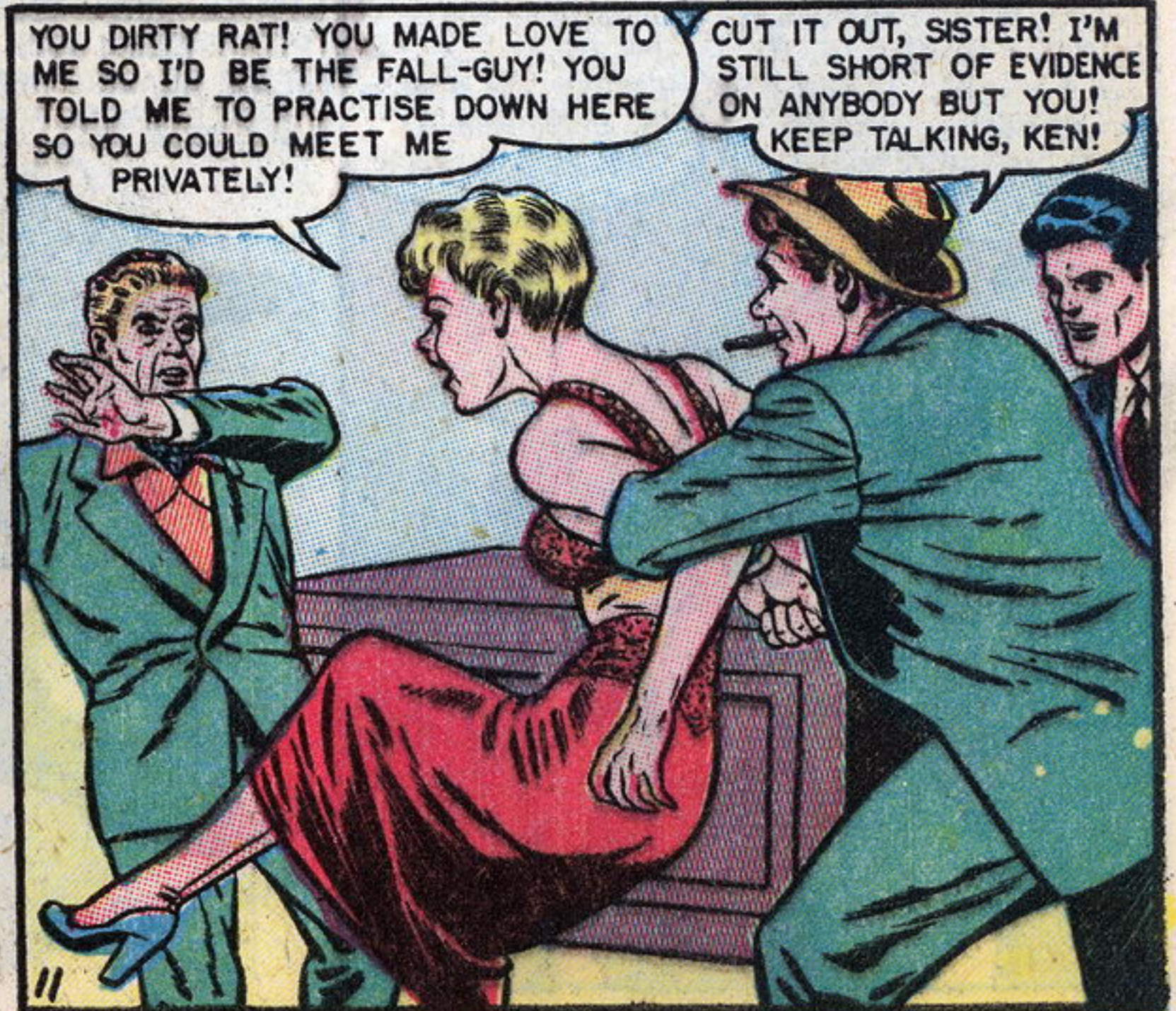
WELL, I'LL
BE...

AND MARTY HAD AL-
READY BEEN SET IN
THAT CHAIR, IN LINE!



THE RECOIL KICKED THE GUN OFF THE DESK!
SEE THE SCRATCHES ON THE DESK TOP...
AND WHERE THE BURNING GLASS BLISTERED
THE DESK AFTER THE GUN FLEW OFF?

WHA...!
I GET
IT...



YOU DIRTY RAT! YOU MADE LOVE TO
ME SO I'D BE THE FALL-GUY! YOU
TOLD ME TO PRACTISE DOWN HERE
SO YOU COULD MEET ME
PRIVATELY!

CUT IT OUT, SISTER! I'M
STILL SHORT OF EVIDENCE
ON ANYBODY BUT YOU!
KEEP TALKING, KEN!

POLICE COMICS



LOOK, OUR LITTLE JOKE OF INVITING A DETECTIVE AND A GANGSTER FOR AN AMUSING DINNER HAS BACKFIRED! THE MAN IS MAD, I TELL YOU!

UTTERLY INSANE! MAKE HIM PROVE THESE WILD ACCUSATIONS OR MAKE HIM STOP!



YEAH? YOU PRETENDED TO BE PUTTING ON MAKEUP! HOW COME NONE OF YOUR MAKEUP IS LAID OUT OPEN IN YOUR BEDROOM, SWEETIE?

BUT IT IS! I'LL SHOW YOU IT IS...



I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, MASTER-MIND! THIS COULD END UP AWFUL SMELLY!

IT WILL, CHUM... BUT NOT FOR HONEST FLAT-FOOT LIKE US! WATCH!



EEEAAHHH!

WHAT TH...?

BANG



YOU DIRTY RAT! YOU DID PLAN TO KILL ME AND RUN OFF WITH HER! YOU SET THAT TRAP! I'LL CONFESS! IT WAS HIS IDEA TO KILL LUGER!

SHARA, YOU FOOL! SHUT UP!



LUGER WAS BLACKMAILING HIM! DON BEGGED ME TO HELP HIM KILL LUGER AND FRAME HONEY! HE SAID SHANNON WOULD BE OUR ALIBI!

AND HERE'S THE PROOF, ART... ENOUGH ON DON TO SEND HIM TO JAIL FOR PLENTY!



WHEN HONEY TOLD HOW SHARA HAD PRETENDED I WAS HIRED TO GET EVIDENCE AGAINST HER, DON MADE A WILD BREAK FOR THE DOOR!

BOY, FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET THIS PLEASURE!



SO SUDDENLY IT WAS ALL WOUND UP NEAT AND TIGHT AND OUR BIG NIGHT WAS OVER! OR WAS IT?

DEE DEE, I FEEL SO GOOD OVER SOLVING THAT, I'D BE A SOFT TOUCH FOR A BEGGAR TONIGHT!

YOU WOULD? THEN LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELEGANT AND HAVE THAT DINNER WE MISSED AND DANCE A LITTLE!

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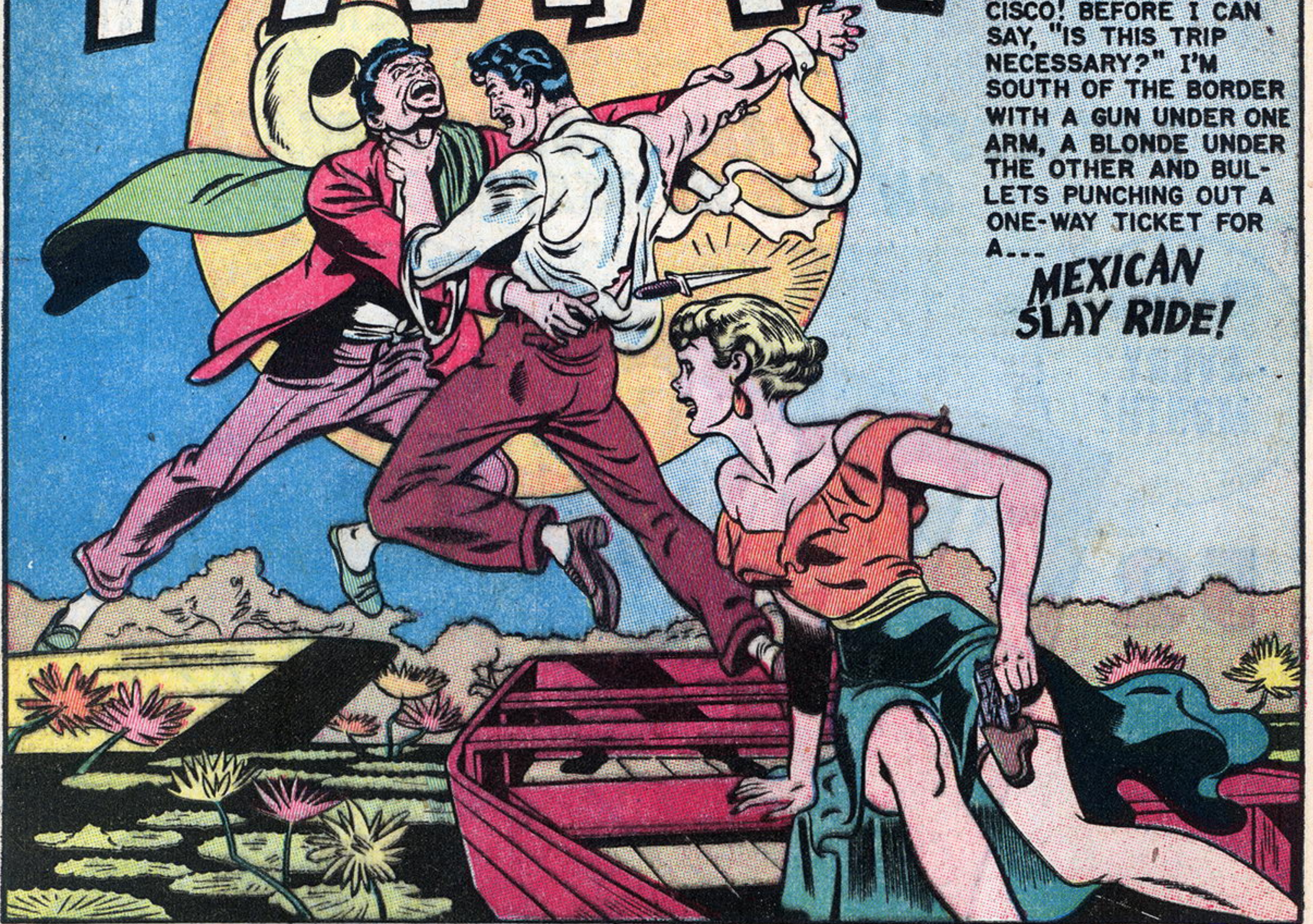
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EVER GROWING IN POPULARITY!

T-MAN

WHAT WON'T SCIENCE DO NEXT? A GUY CLOSES A SWITCH IN NEW MEXICO AND I AM KNOCKED OUT OF MY NICE WARM BED IN SAN FRANCISCO! BEFORE I CAN SAY, "IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?" I'M SOUTH OF THE BORDER WITH A GUN UNDER ONE ARM, A BLONDE UNDER THE OTHER AND BULLETS PUNCHING OUT A ONE-WAY TICKET FOR A...

**MEXICAN
SLAY RIDE!**



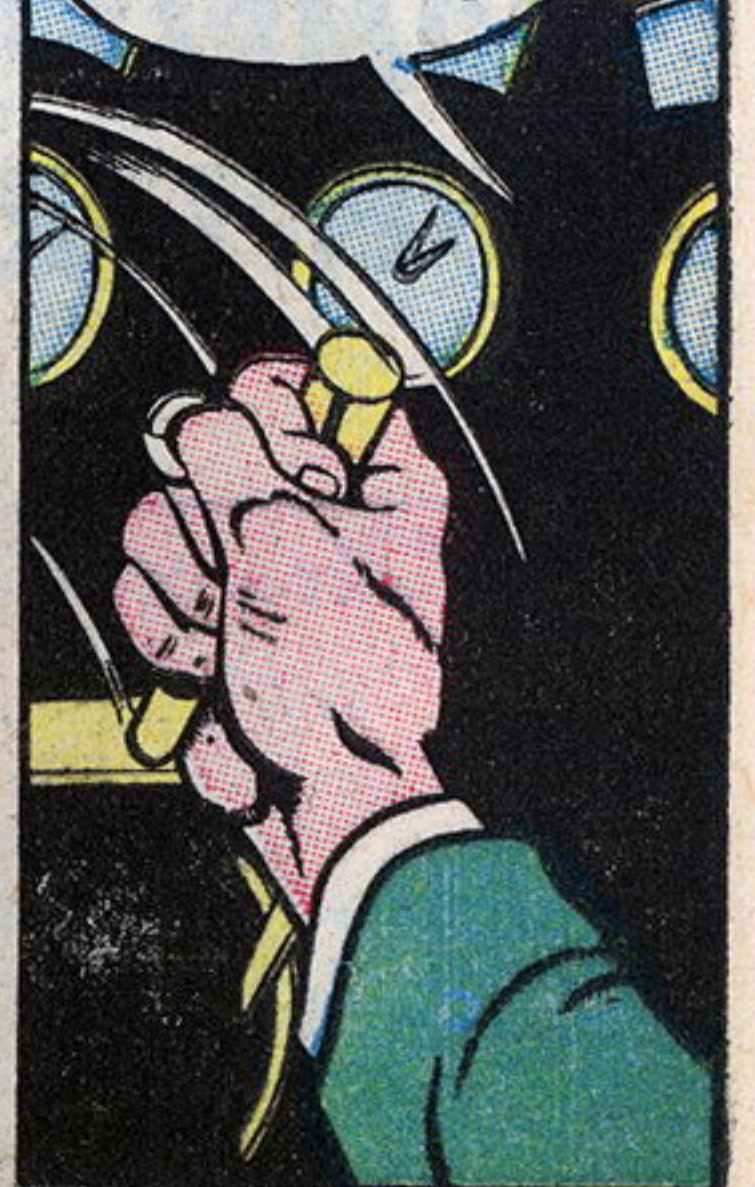
WHEN ALL THIS RUCKUS STARTED, I WAS PEACEFULLY SNORING IN A SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL!



WHILE, TWELVE-HUNDRED MILES AWAY ON THE WHITE SANDS OF ALAMAGORDO, A GROUP OF HUSH-HUSH SCIENTISTS WATCHED A CLOCK!

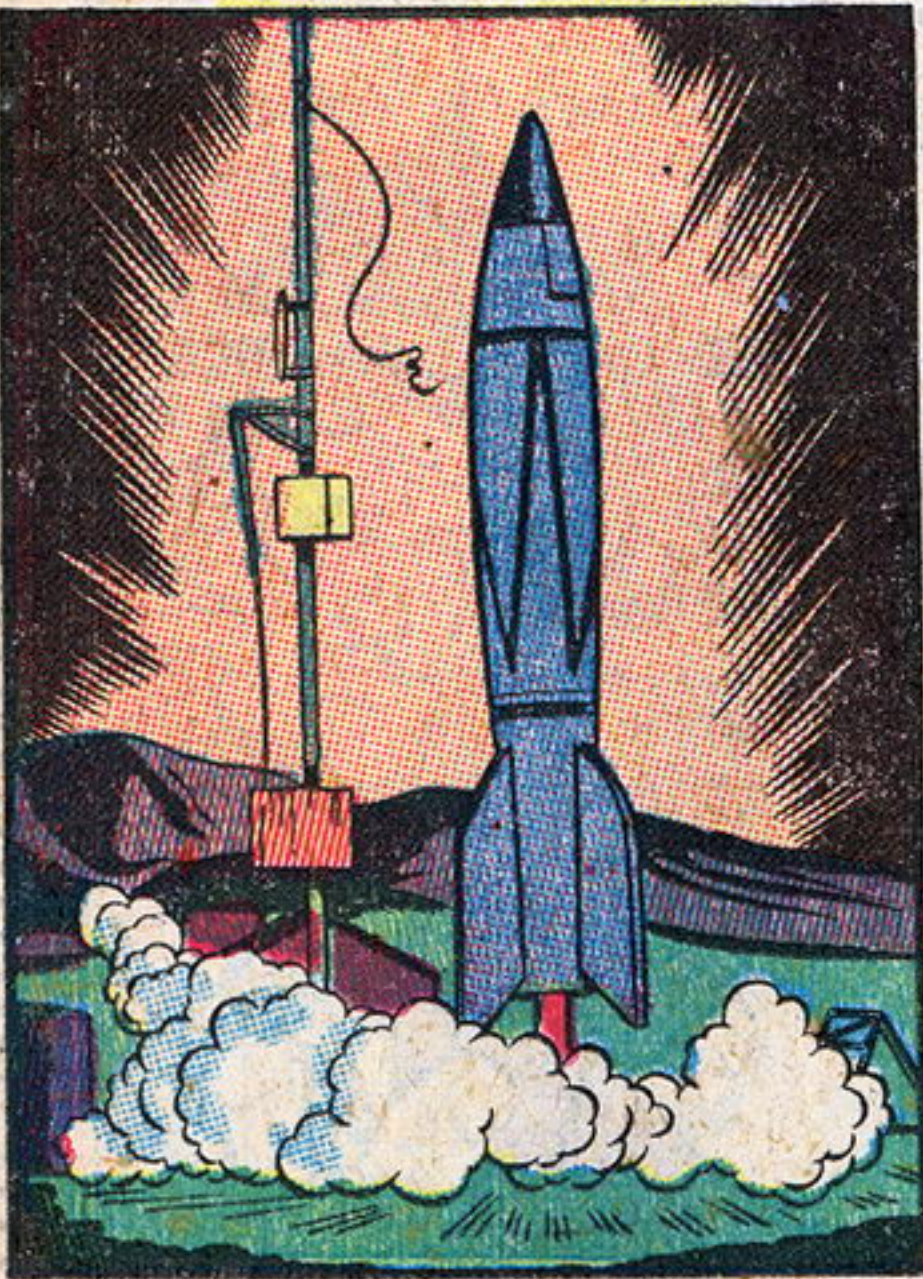


FIRE!



POLICE COMICS

AND THREE MILES AWAY A BRAND NEW SUPER-SECRET FLAME-TAIL TOOK OFF LIKE A HOMESICK ANGEL!



IT'S TRACKING PERFECTLY, GENTLEMEN! TWO HUNDRED MILES UP AND STILL GOING STRONG!

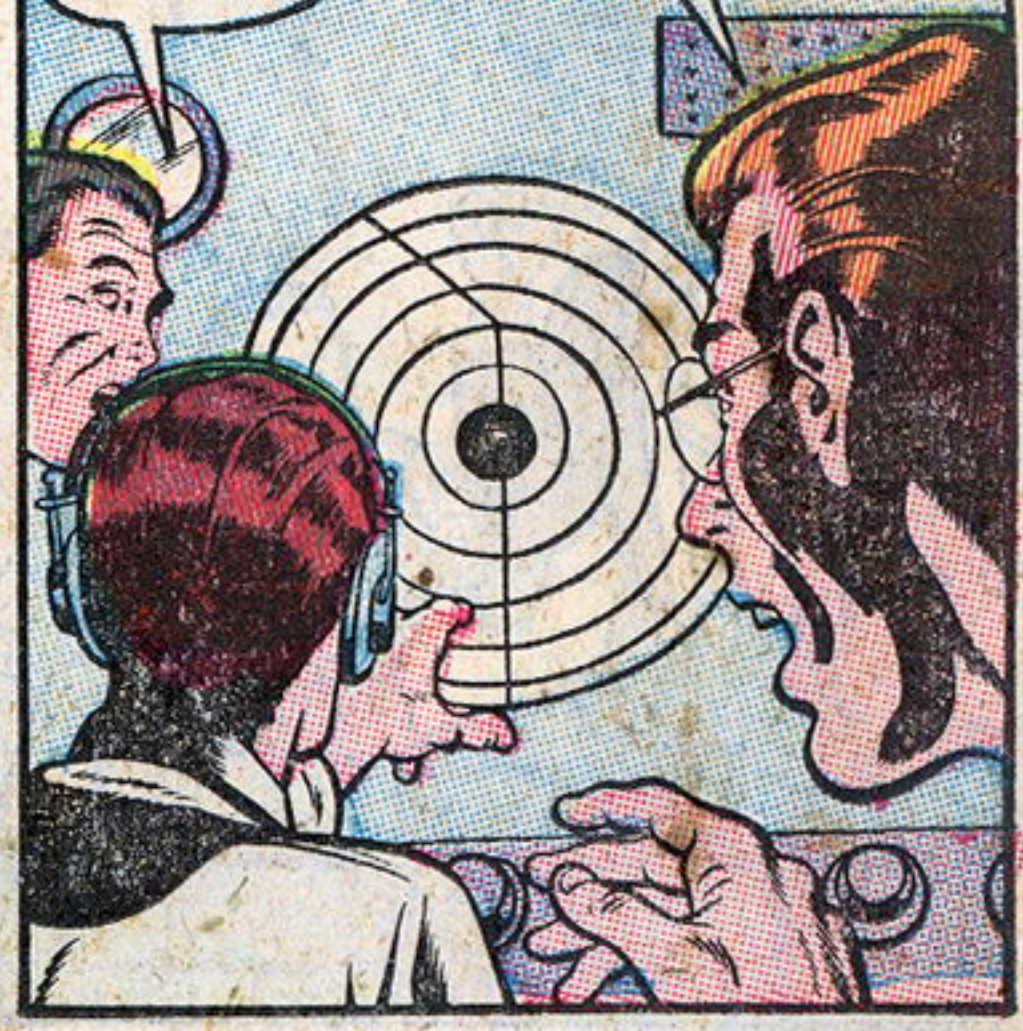
THIS WILL BEAT ALL PREVIOUS FLIGHT RECORDS! EVERY INSTRUMENT IS RECORDING BEAUTIFULLY!



SUDDENLY...

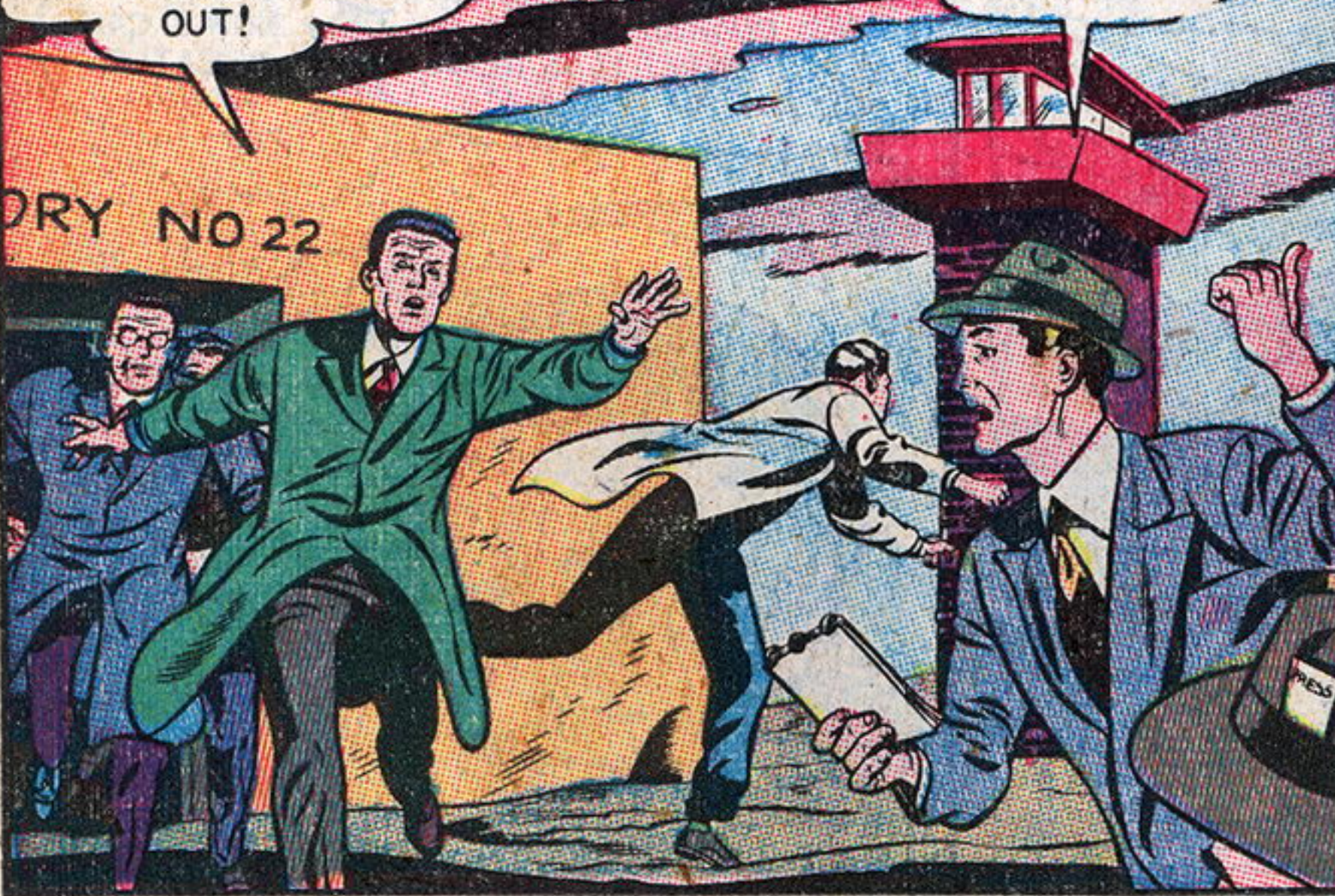
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE CONTROLS! IT'S HEADED SOUTH!

TRACK IT WITH THE RADAR! IF ENEMY AGENTS FIND THAT ROCKET, WE MIGHT AS WELL WALK WEST UNTIL OUR HATS FLOAT!



CLAMP A SECURITY LID ON THIS OPERATION! DON'T LET A WORD OF WHAT HAPPENED GET OUT!

YOU'RE TOO LATE, SIR! CARSON OF NEWS SERVICE JUST LIT OUT TO TELEPHONE THE STORY! HE HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SECRET!



AND THAT WAS THAT! WITHIN AN HOUR THE STORY WAS ALL OVER THE WORLD! EVERYBODY KNEW IT BUT ME!



BUT MY IGNORANCE DIDN'T LAST LONG!



I MADE OUR FIELD OFFICE IN SEVEN MINUTES FLAT! THE MINUTE I'D SEEN THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, I KNEW WHAT THE CHIEF WAS UPSET ABOUT!



GOOD! I SEE YOU'VE READ THE STORY, PETE! NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FIND THAT ROCKET! AND FIND IT FIRST!

OH, FINE! ANYBODY SEEN ANY LITTLE OLD HUNDRED-TON ROCKET KICKING AROUND HIS BACKYARD? CAN YOU BE A LITTLE MORE SPECIFIC, CHIEF?

POLICE COMICS

YOU'LL FLY TO NOGALES WHERE YOU'LL BE PICKED UP BY LIEUTENANT ALVAREZ, OF THE MEXICAN AIR FORCE! THE MOMENT A SEARCH PLANE SIGHTS THE ROCKET, HE'LL FLY YOU THERE!



BEFORE OUR RADAR LOST IT, IT WAS HEADING DOWN HERE! WE'VE CONCENTRATED A HUNDRED SEARCH PLANES IN THIS AREA, NOW!



AND CHANCES ARE, A LOT OF FOREIGN AGENTS IN MEXICO ARE DOWN THERE, TOO! WHAT DO I DO WHEN I FIND IT?

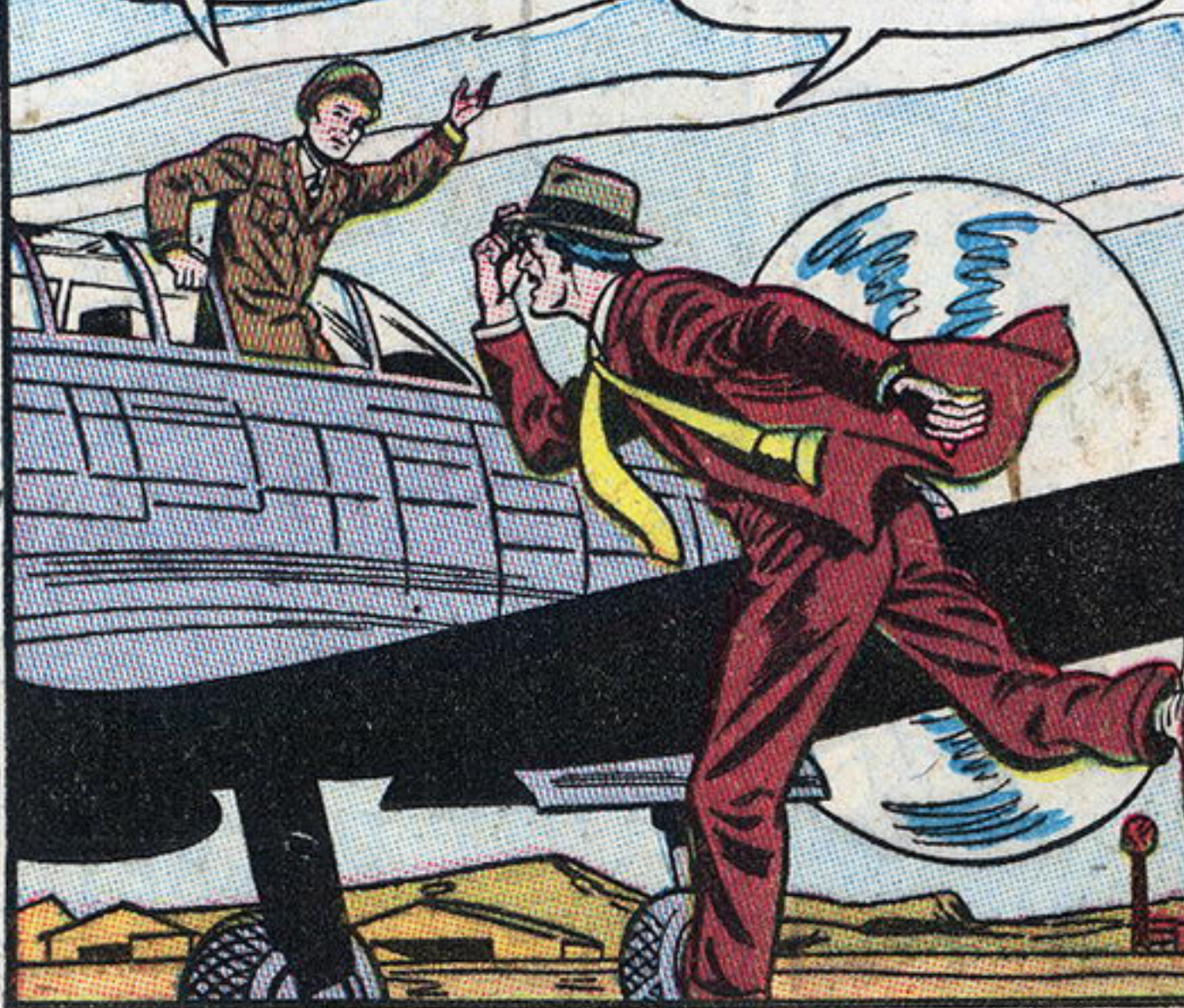
ALL YOU DO IS GET A LITTLE TUBE LIKE THIS OUT OF THE NOSE! THAT TUBE HOLDS THE KEY TO AMERICA'S FUTURE, PETE! IF ENEMY AGENTS GET IT FIRST---



THEY'LL GET IT OVER MY DEAD BODY, CHIEF! I'M ON MY WAY TO NOGALES NOW!

SEÑOR, MY PLANE IS READY! SHALL WE LET NO GRASS GROW BENEATH OUR FEET?

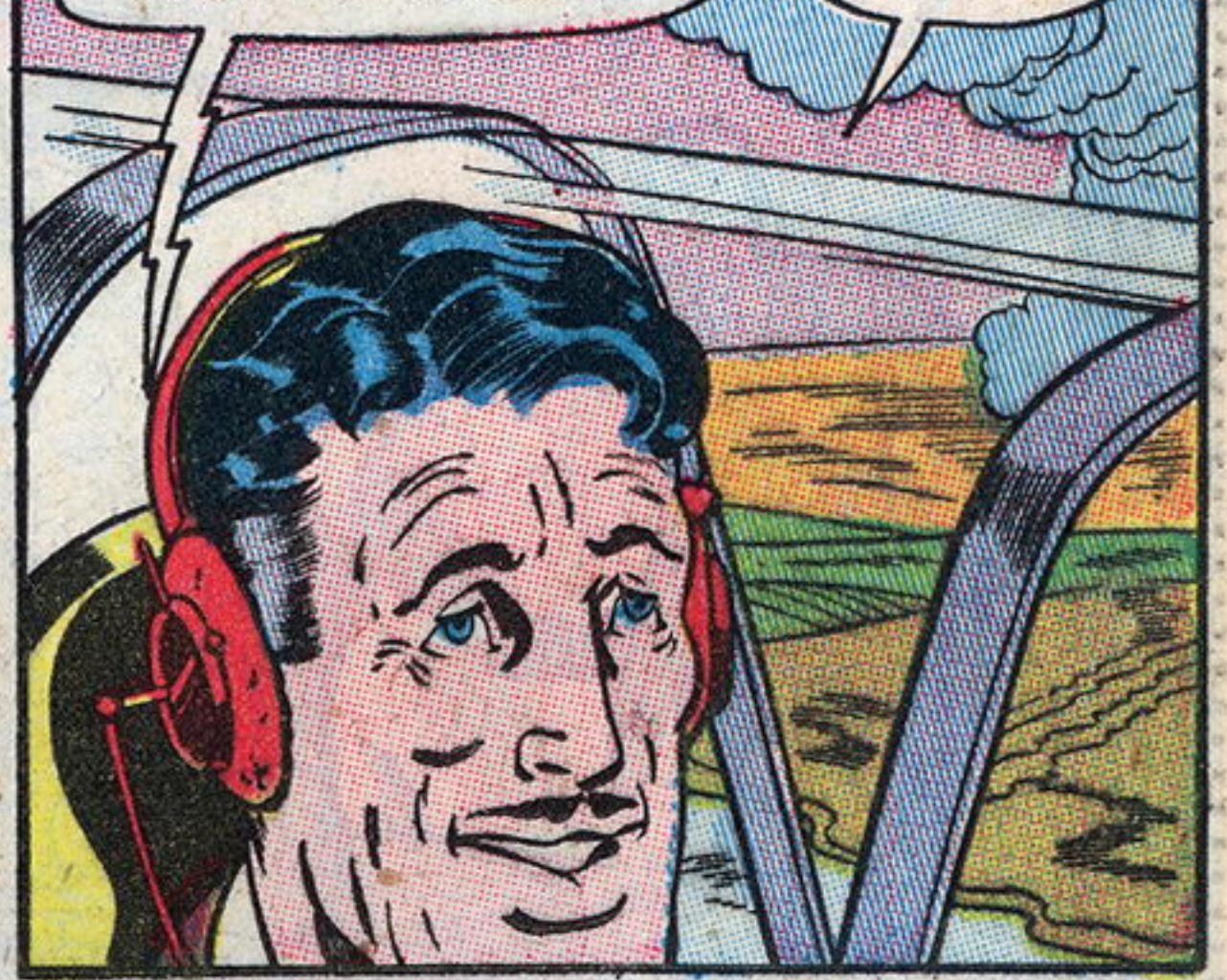
I'M ALL FOR IT, LIEUTENANT! THE SOONER THIS IS SETTLED, THE BETTER I'LL FEEL!



WE WERE AN HOUR BELOW NOGALES WHEN THE WORD CAME OVER THE RADIO!

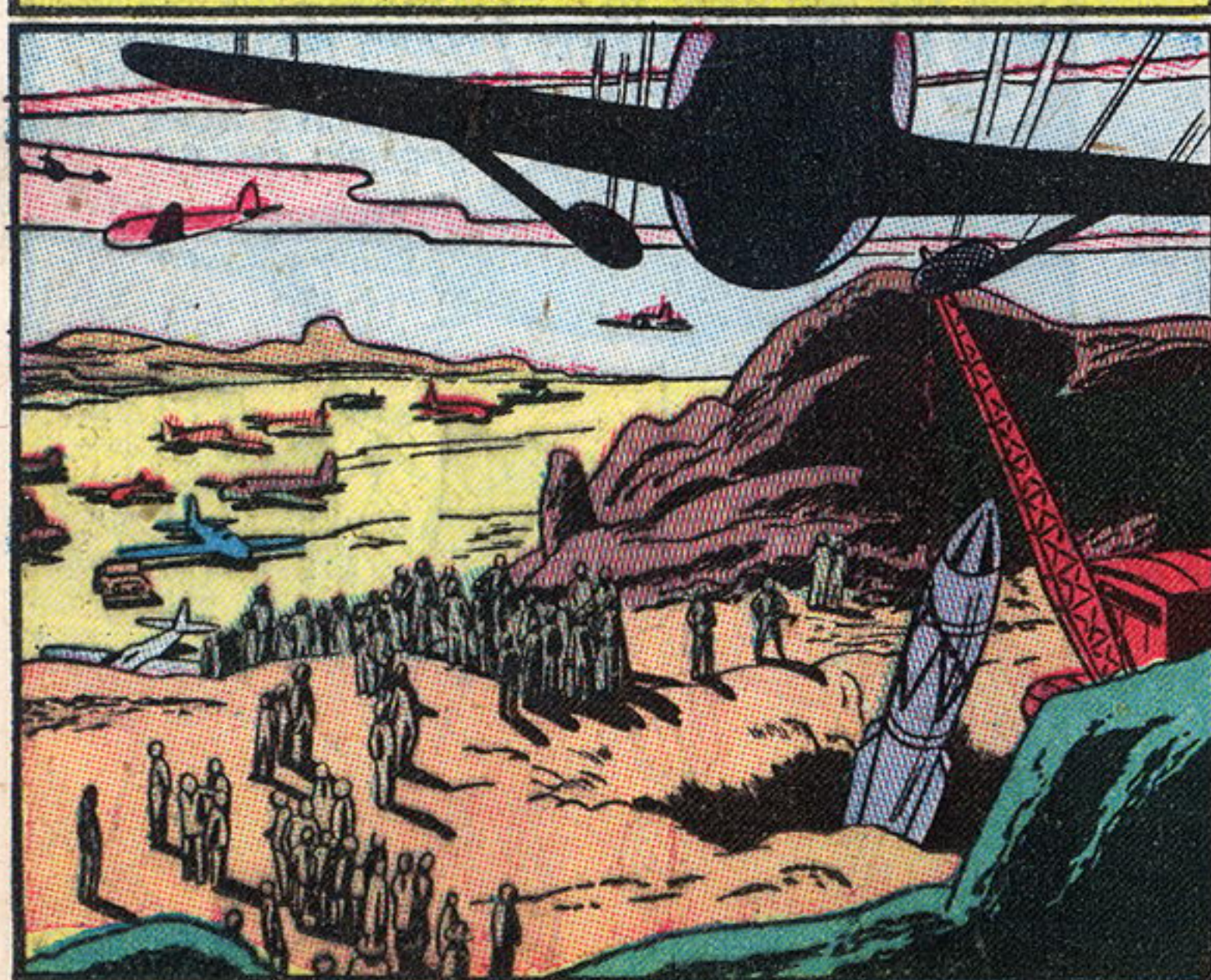
CAPTAIN SANDS, U.S. AIR FORCE! HAVE LOCATED ROCKET AND PLACED GUARDS AROUND IT! COME AT ONCE! IT IS NEAR VILLAGE OF TUCULA!

OH!! BROTHER! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN!



NEVER MIND WHAT WAS INSIDE THAT TUBE! JUST TAKE IT FROM ME, WHAT I HEARD MADE ME SWEAT! IN NOGALES I MET LT. ALVAREZ...

WHEN WE GOT THERE THE PLACE LOOKED LIKE THE CLEVELAND AIR RACES!



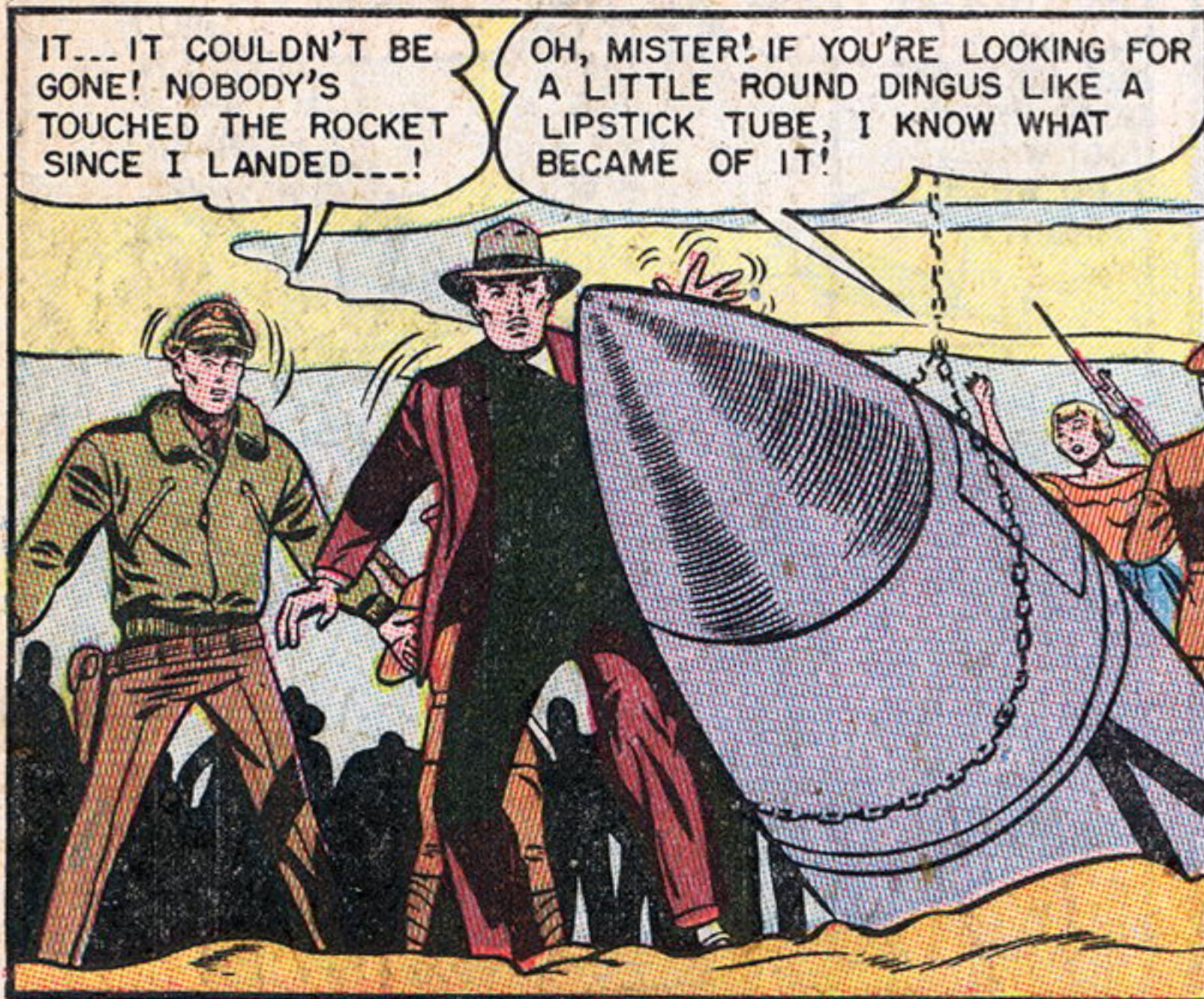
HOLD IT! NOBODY'S ALLOWED...

TRASK, TREASURY DEPARTMENT! GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN!



POLICE COMICS

I RAN TO THE ROCKET'S NOSE...AND COLD CHILLS RAMBLD DOWN MY SPINE!

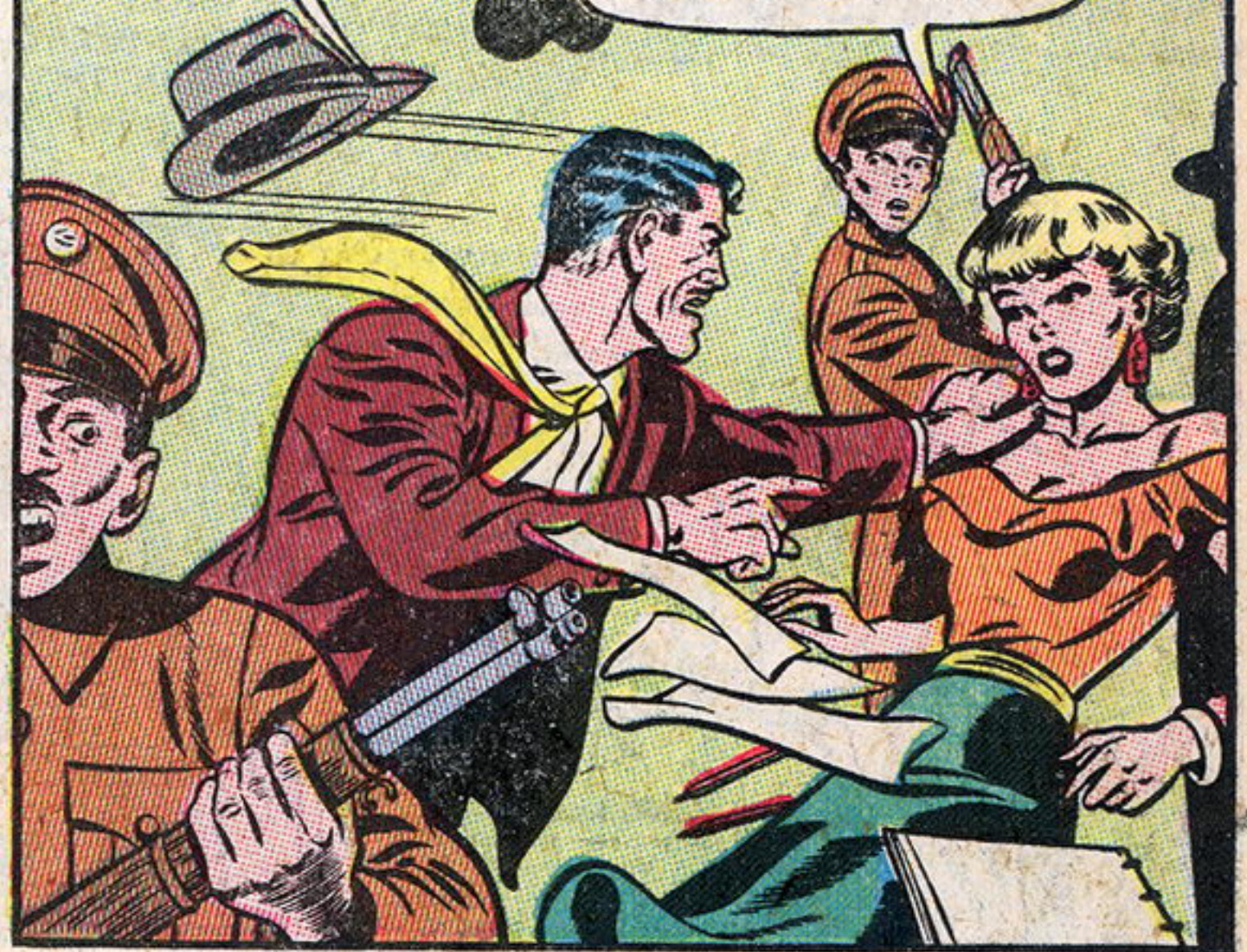


IT...IT COULDN'T BE GONE! NOBODY'S TOUCHED THE ROCKET SINCE I LANDED...!

OH, MISTER! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ROUND DINGUS LIKE A LIPSTICK TUBE, I KNOW WHAT BECAME OF IT!

TALK FAST, SISTER! WHERE IS IT? WHO GOT IT? WHO ARE YOU?

PUL-LEASE, MISTER! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BEAT IT OUT OF ME! I'LL COME CLEAN, COPPER! I'M AUDREY THANE, AN ARTIST SKETCHING MEXICO!



LONG BEFORE THE ARMY PLANES FOUND THE ROCKET, ANOTHER PLANE SPOTTED IT! THREE MEN GOT OUT AND ONE OF THEM TOOK THE TUBE AND LEFT!

ENEMY AGENTS! THEY WERE HUNTING IT, TOO, AS SOON AS THE NEWS LEAKED OUT! SOME OF THEM OPERATE OUT OF MEXICO CITY! GO ON...!



TWO WERE TYPICAL HOODS! THEIR BOSS WAS A BIG, FAT MAN, LIKE SYDNEY GREEN-STREET, IN THE MOVIES! HE WENT BACK TO MEXICO CITY!

THEN WE'RE GOING, TOO! I'M NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT UNTIL YOU'VE IDENTIFIED THAT CHARACTER FOR ME!



YOU KNOW, IT MIGHT BE KIND OF FUN, PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS WITH YOU!

TRASK IS THE NAME, HONEY! PETE TRASK, TREASURY DEPARTMENT! AND COME TO THINK OF IT, I'VE HAD WORSE ASSIGNMENTS MYSELF!



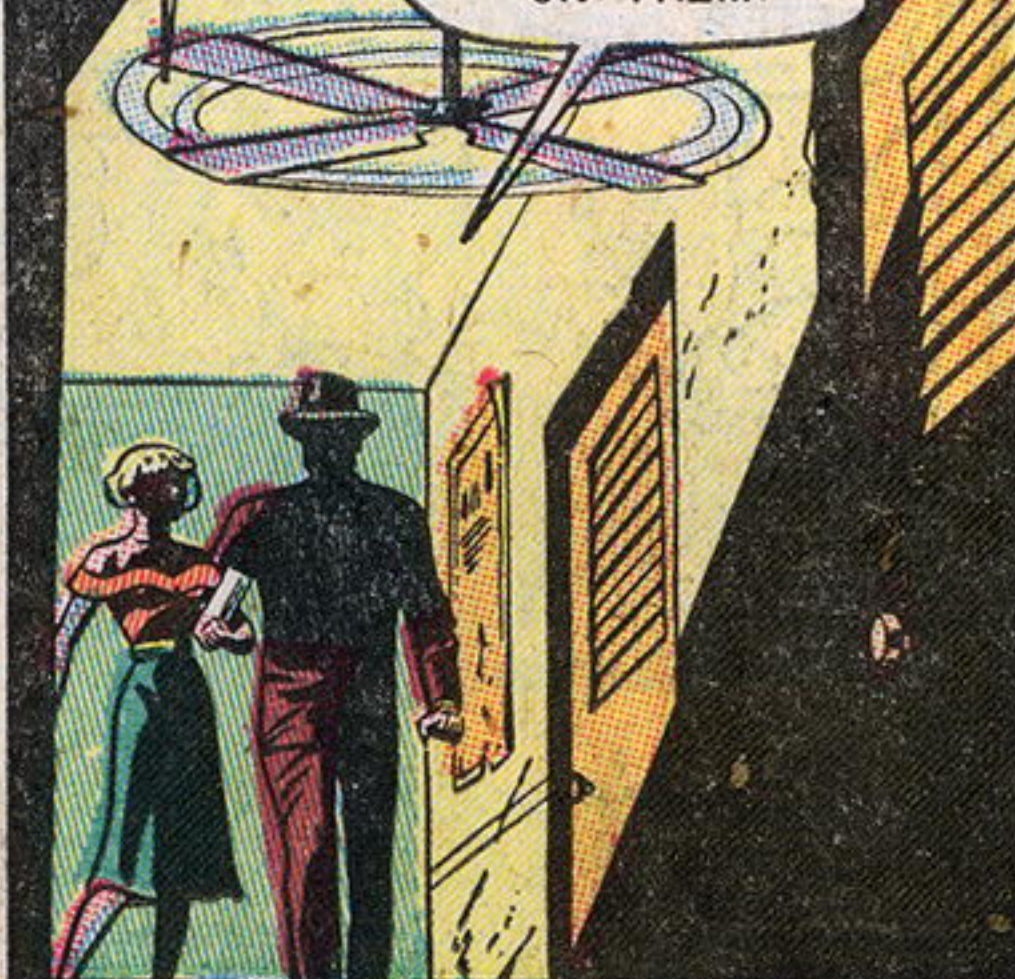
WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK, AS SOON AS AUDREY'S PACKED A TOOTHBRUSH, LIEUTENANT! BE READY TO TAKE OFF IN TEN MINUTES!

SI, SENOR! THE FACILITIES OF MY COUNTRY ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL!



AREN'T MEXICANS NICE, PETE? I LOVE IT DOWN HERE!

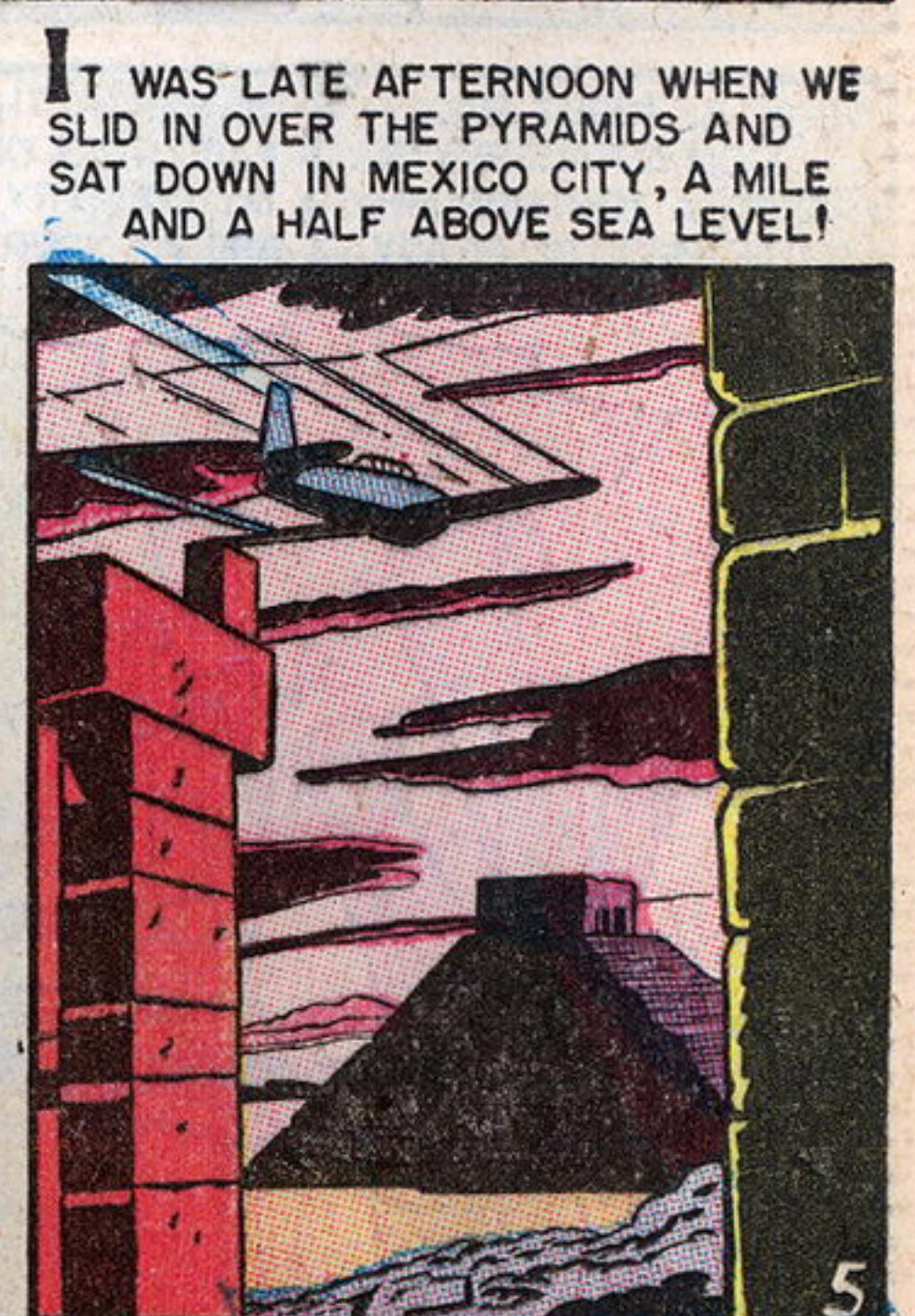
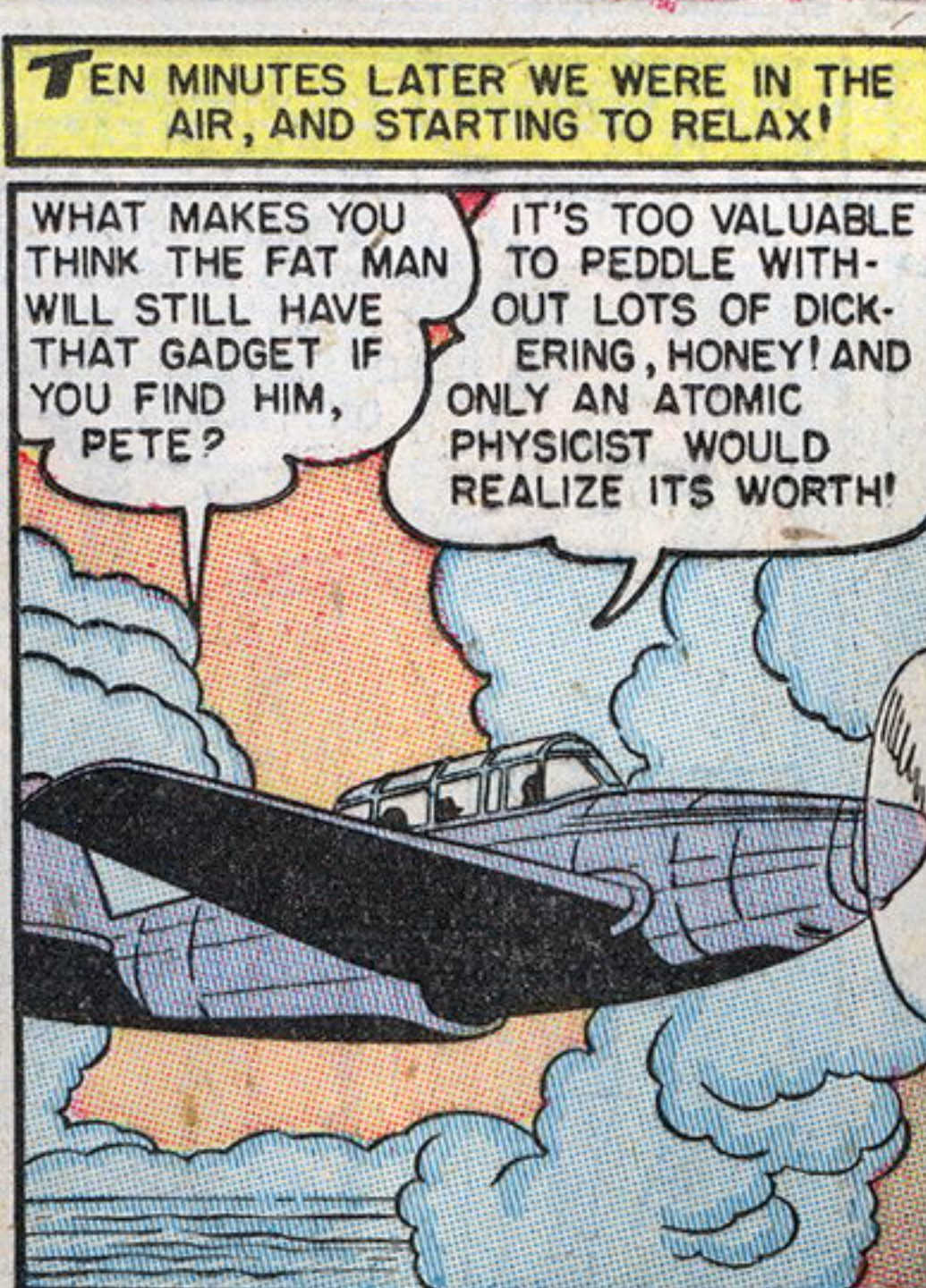
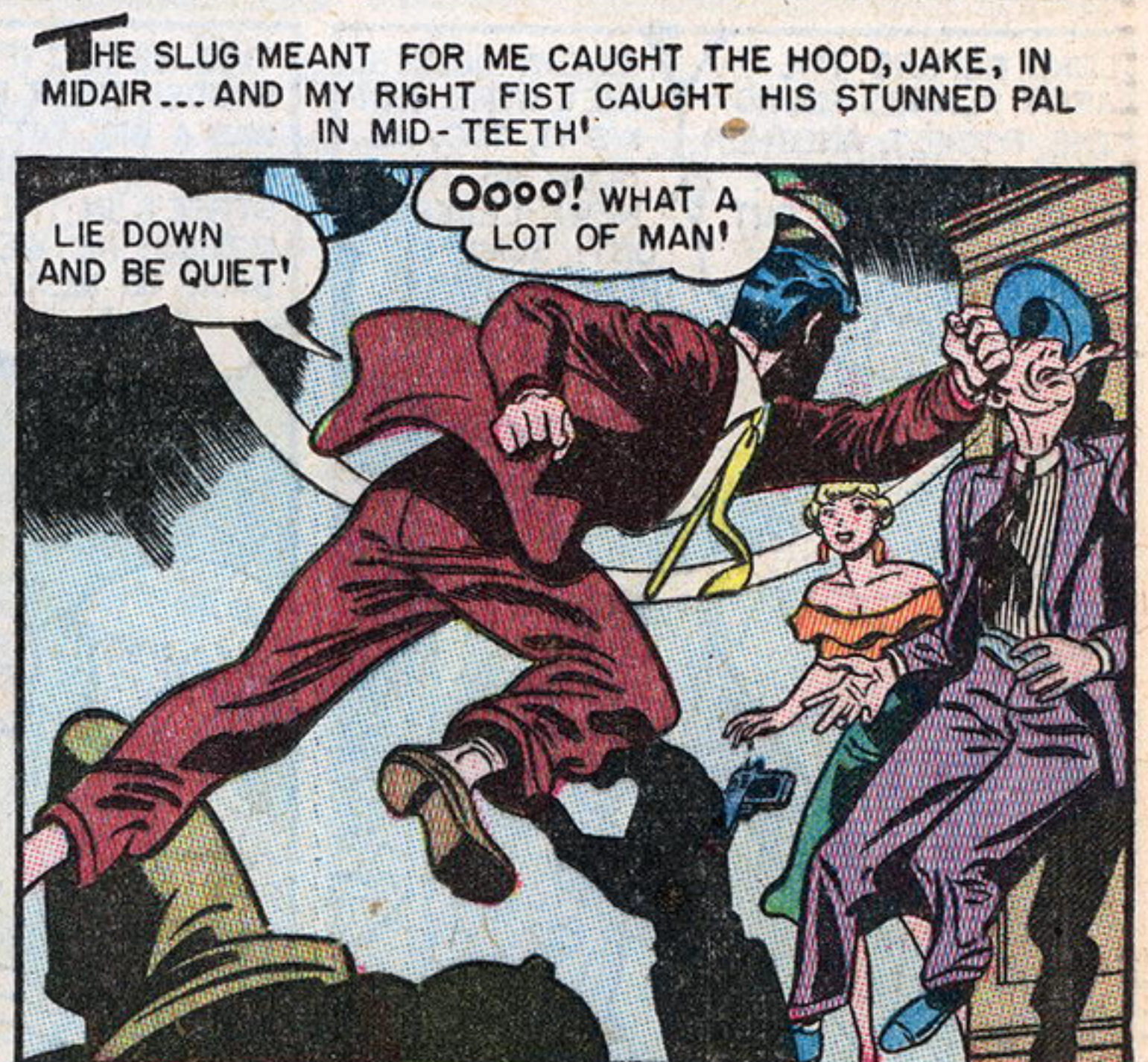
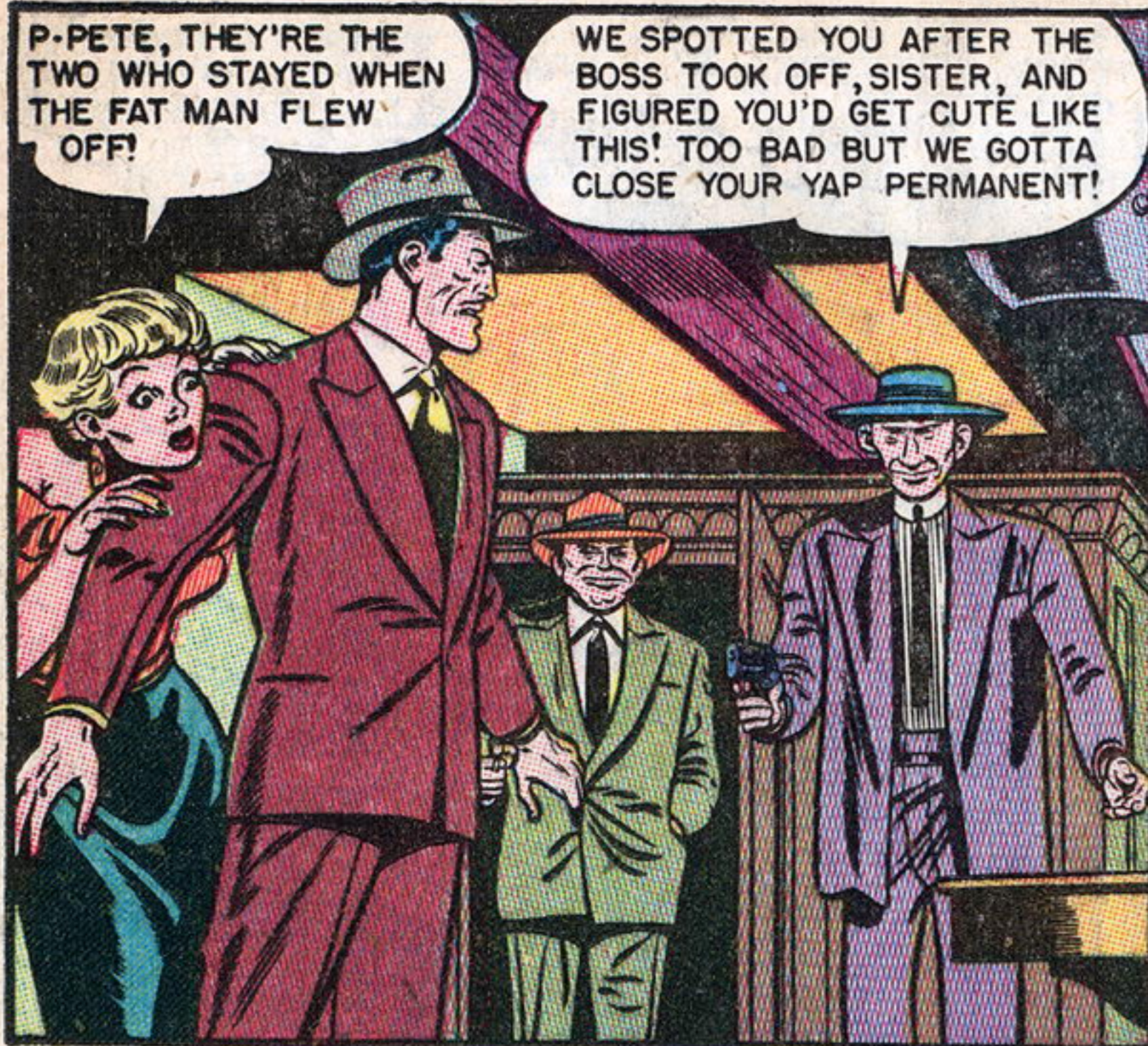
THE GRANDEST PEOPLE ON EARTH, AUDREY! THEY CAN'T STOP RATS FROM SWARMING IN MEXICO, BUT THEY'RE ALWAYS READY TO HELP STAMP ON THEM!



THIS WON'T TAKE A MINUTE, PETE! LET ME THINK WHAT I'LL NEED --- EEEK!

WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', SISTER, ALL YOU'LL NEED IS A SHROUD!







POLICE COMICS

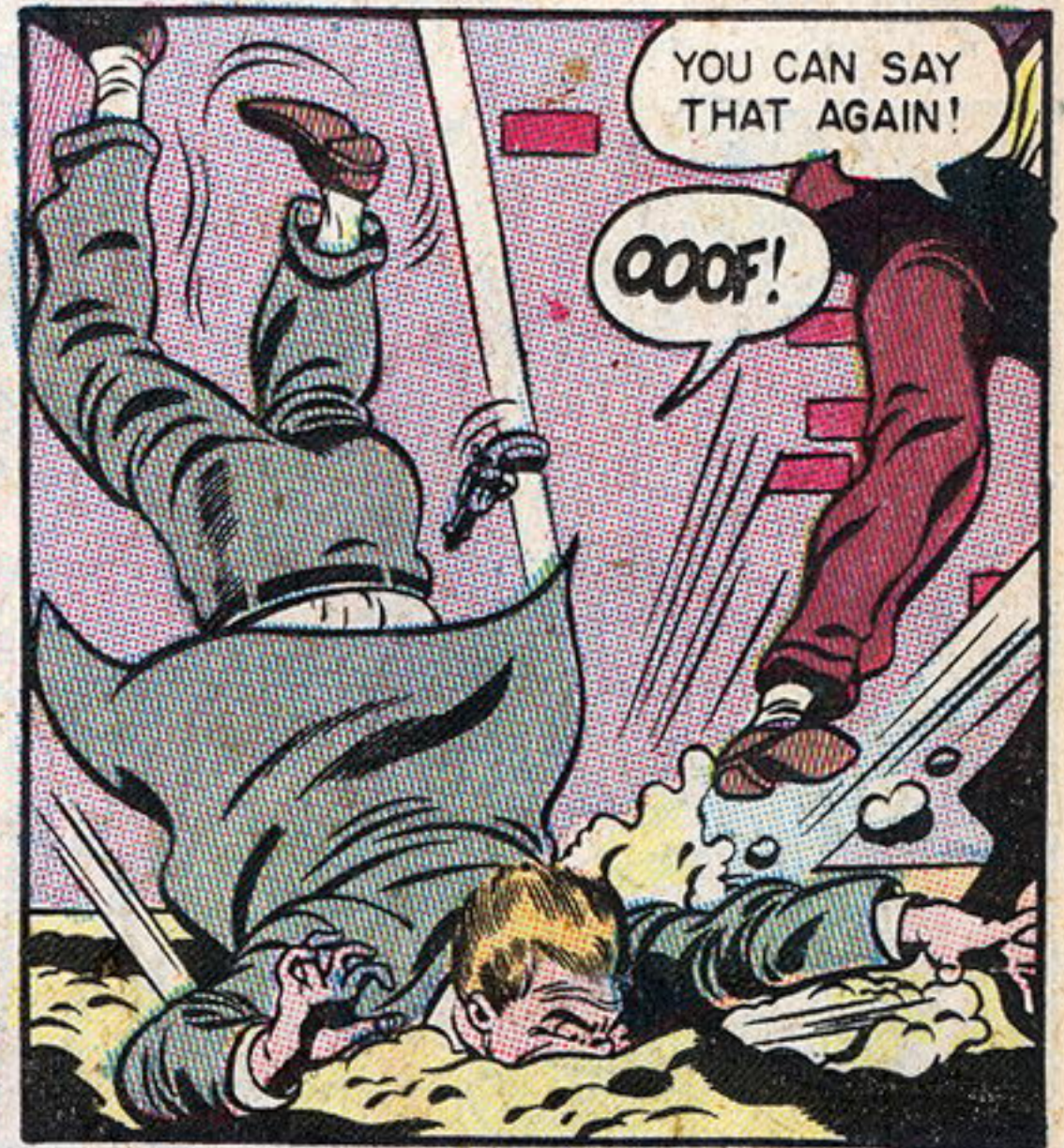
IT WAS NICE, BUT I HAD A JOB TO DO FIRST! I TOOK A RAIN CHECK ON ANOTHER KISS AND TRIED THE GATE...

UH-OH! WHEN THEY DON'T LOCK GATES, IT'S EITHER STUPIDITY OR A TRAP... AND THAT FAT GUY ISN'T STUPID!



NOBODY IN SIGHT IN THE GARDEN! NOW I AM SUSPICIOUS!

I KNEW IT WAS A TRAP... AND KNOWING MADE EVERY SENSE DOUBLY ALERT! I HEARD THE FAINT RUSTLE OF CLOTH IN TIME TO DODGE...



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

OOOF!



THANK YOU!

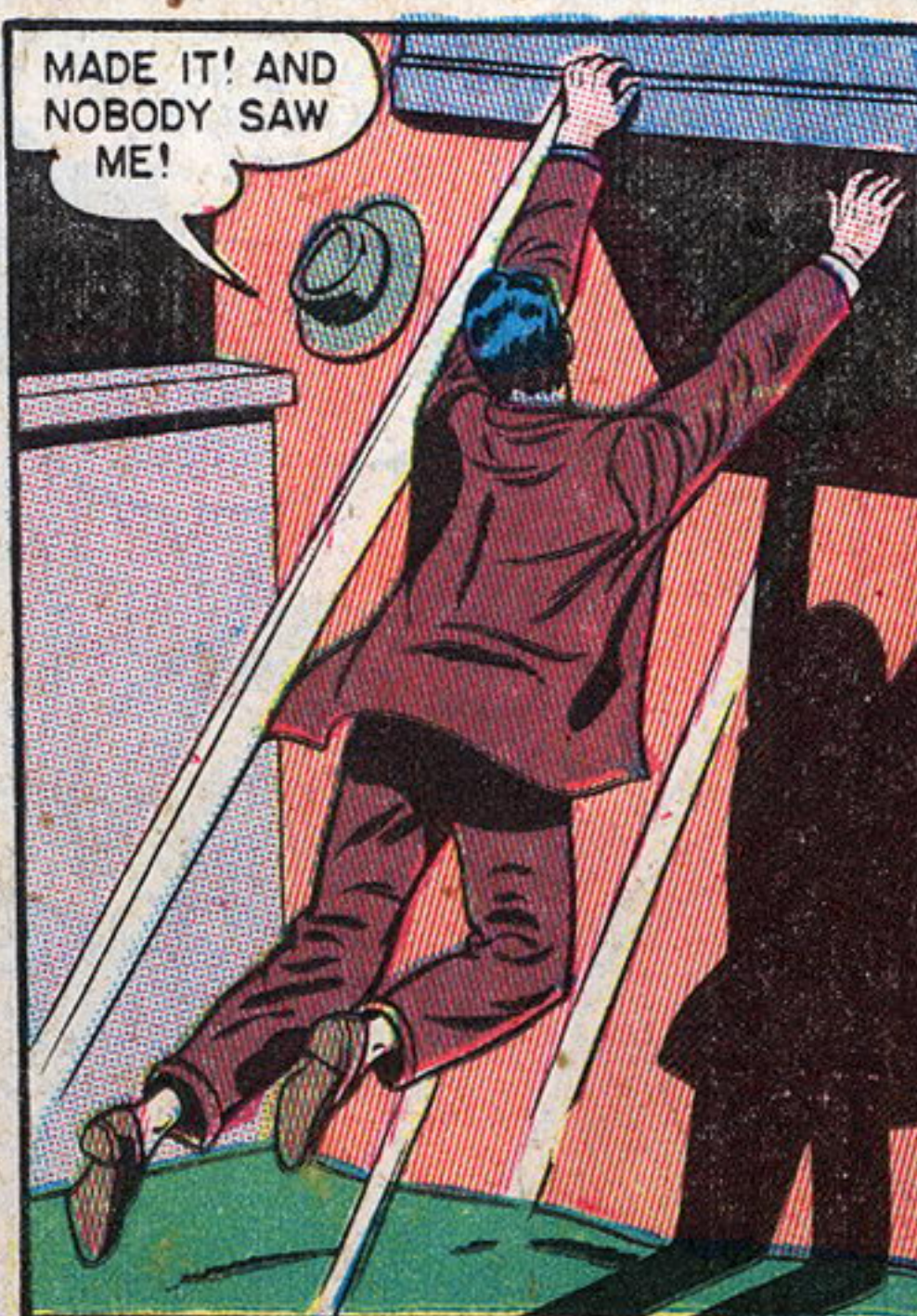
THIS WAS NO TIME TO BE DAINTY! I SLUGGED MY ATTACKER WITH EVERYTHING I HAD, AND FAST! ONE YELP OR ONE SHOT AND WE'D HAVE TOO MUCH COMPANY!



NOT A PEEP FROM THE HOUSE! MAYBE MY LUCK HAS TURNED!



IF I CAN REACH THAT BALCONY I MAY FIND AN OPEN WINDOW!



MADE IT! AND NOBODY SAW ME!

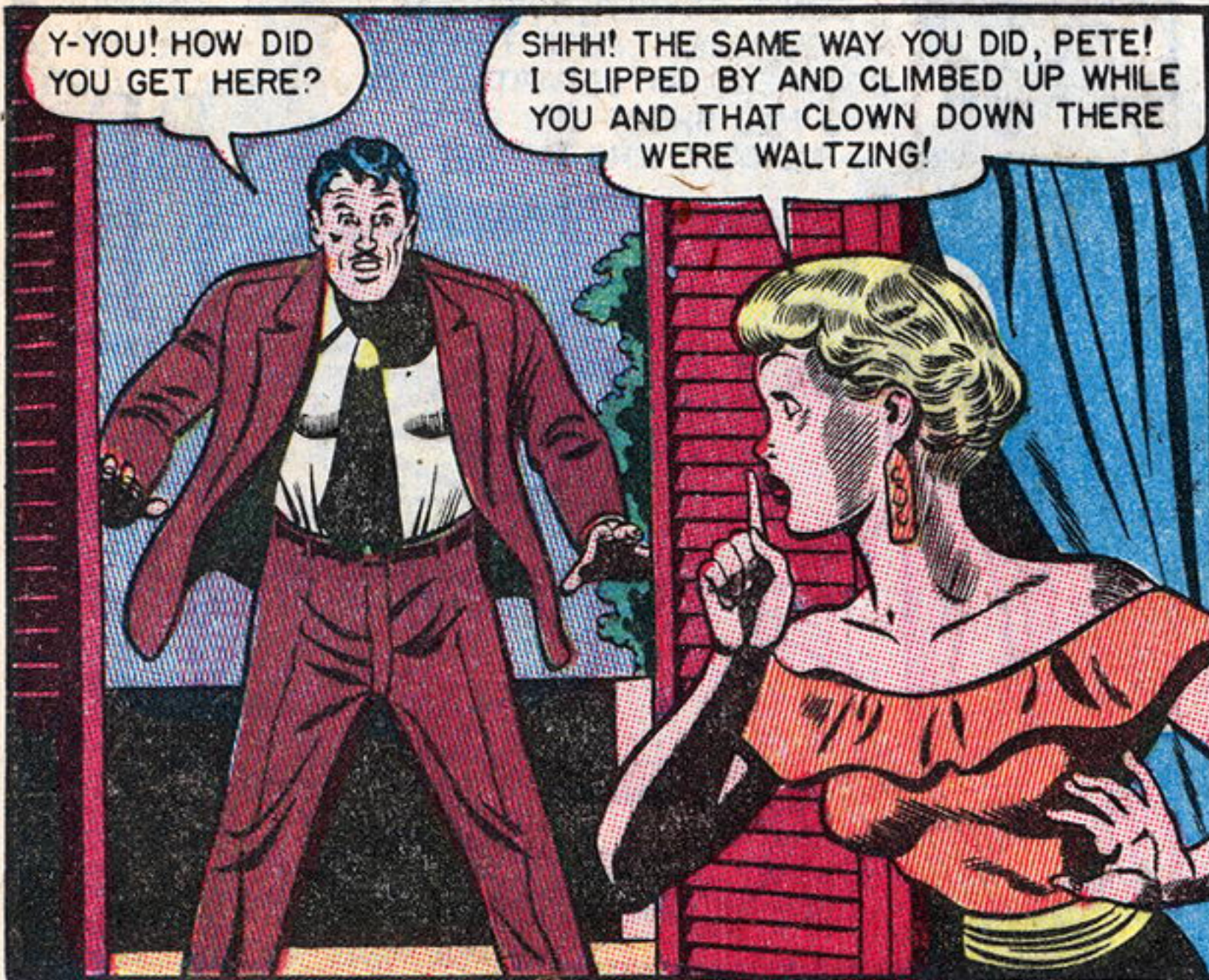


GUG!

PSSST! THIS WAY!

POLICE COMICS

I STUMBLED TO THE FRENCH WINDOWS WITH MY MOUTH OPEN AND COLD SWEAT TICKLING MY NOSE!



Y-YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

SHHH! THE SAME WAY YOU DID, PETE! I SLIPPED BY AND CLIMBED UP WHILE YOU AND THAT CLOWN DOWN THERE WERE WALTZING!

YOU LITTLE DOPE! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? THIS ISN'T YOUR PARTY!

ISN'T IT? AMERICA'S MY COUNTRY, TOO, PETE! AND BESIDES, I'D SORT OF LIKE TO GO WHERE WE LEFT OFF DOWNSTAIRS!



SO WHAT COULD I DO? I GAVE HER THE GUN I'D TAKEN FROM THE GUARD AND WE STARTED PROWLING!

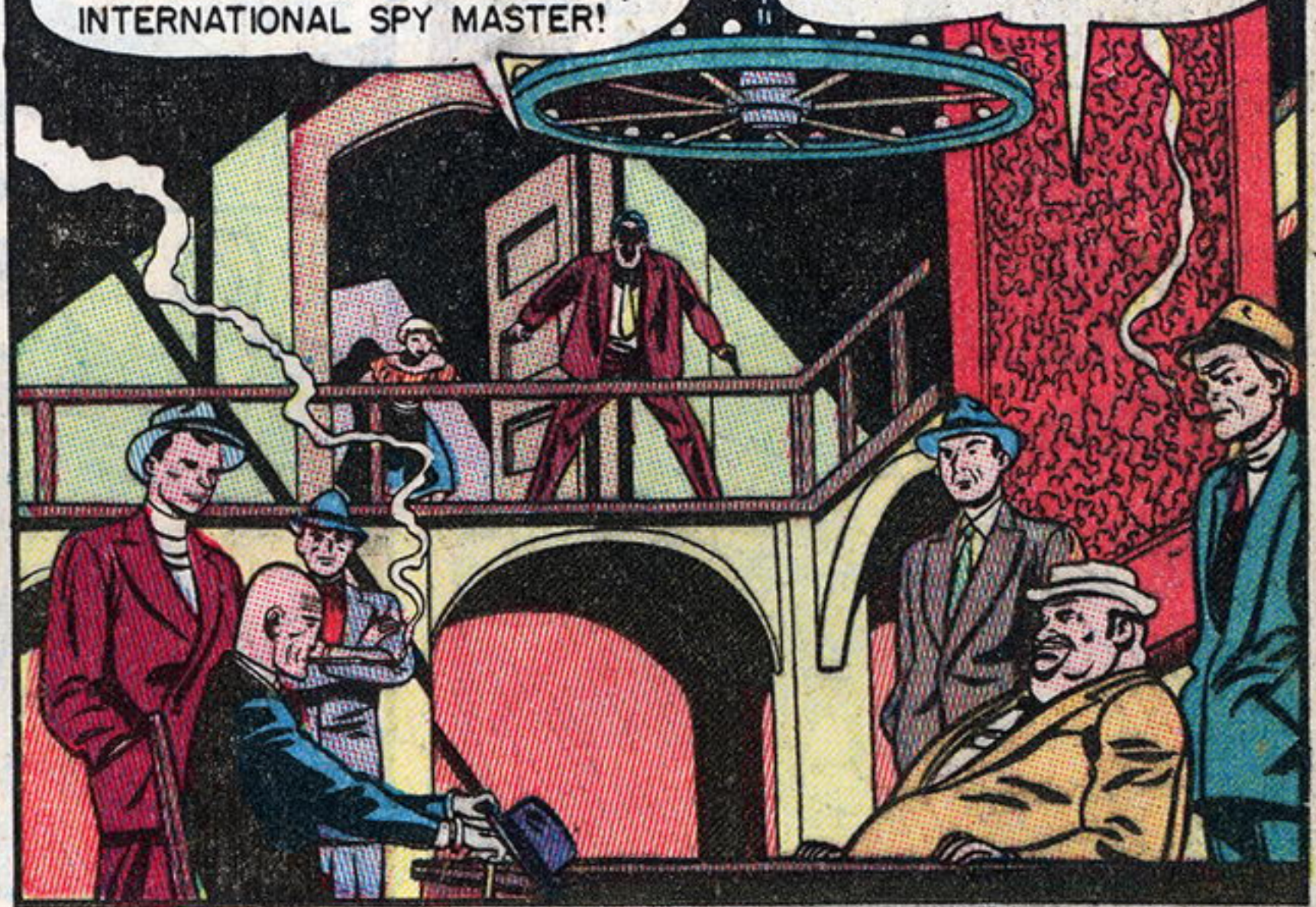


THEY'RE DOWNSTAIRS, PETE! I SNEAKED CLOSE ENOUGH TO PEEK FROM THE BALCONY! LET ME SHOW YOU...

I LOOKED DOWN ON THE CONFERENCE AND WISHED I HAD A TOMMY-GUN! I THINK MAYBE I'D HAVE USED IT, COLDLY AND WITHOUT A QUALM!

WOW! I RECOGNIZE THEM NOW! FATSO IS MAX SIMON, AN EX-GANGSTER TURNED TRAITOR! THE SLIM GUY IS SERGE KORAT, INTERNATIONAL SPY MASTER!

THAT'S MY PRICE, SERGE! ONE MILLION AMERICAN DOLLARS... AND YOU KNOW IT'S WORTH IT!



I'LL HAVE TO CONTACT MY GOVERNMENT, MAX!

TAKE YOUR TIME, SERGE! I'LL GIVE YOU UNTIL NOON TOMORROW!

THEY'RE BREAKING UP! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW! WE MAY NEVER GET THE CHANCE AGAIN!

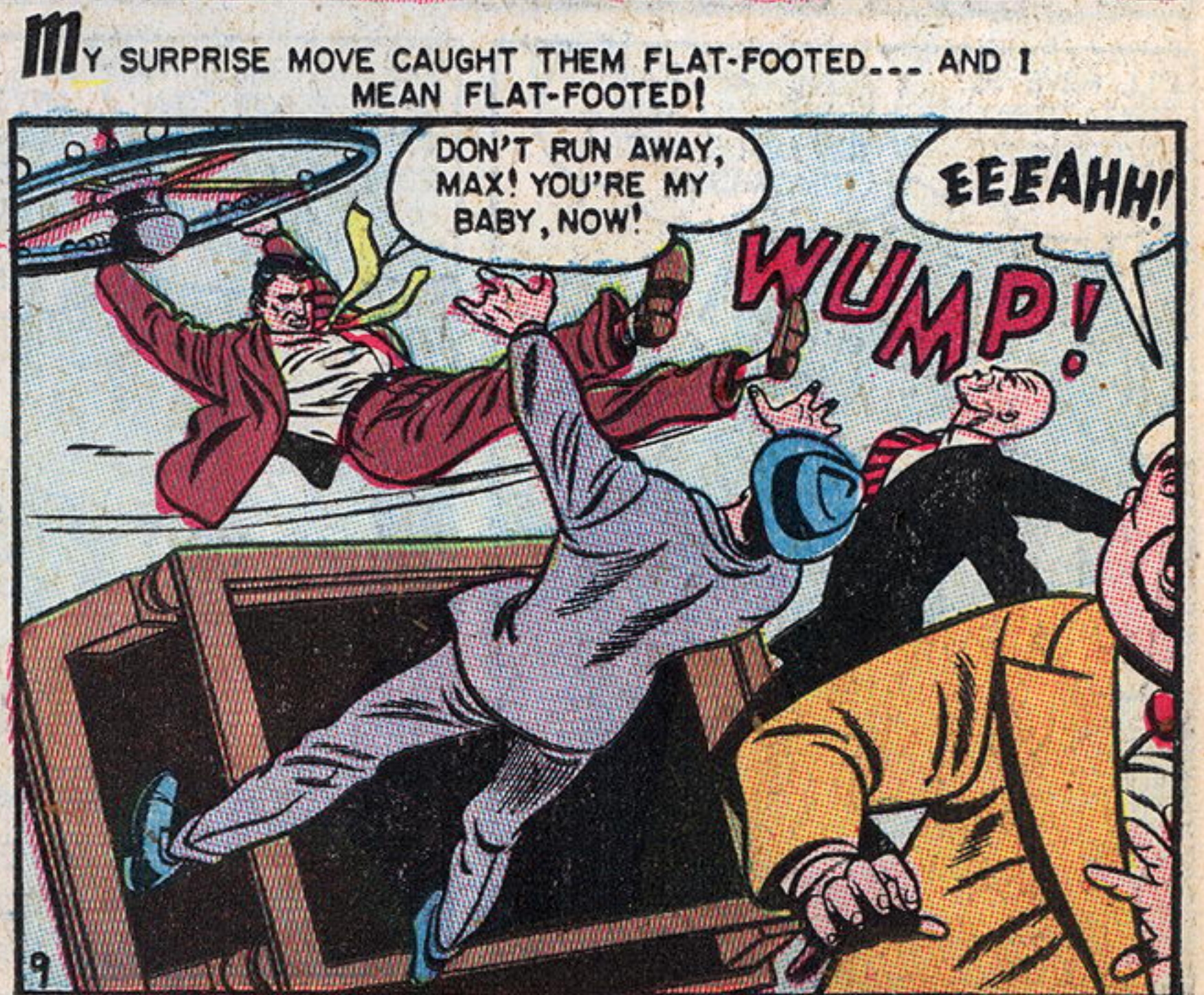
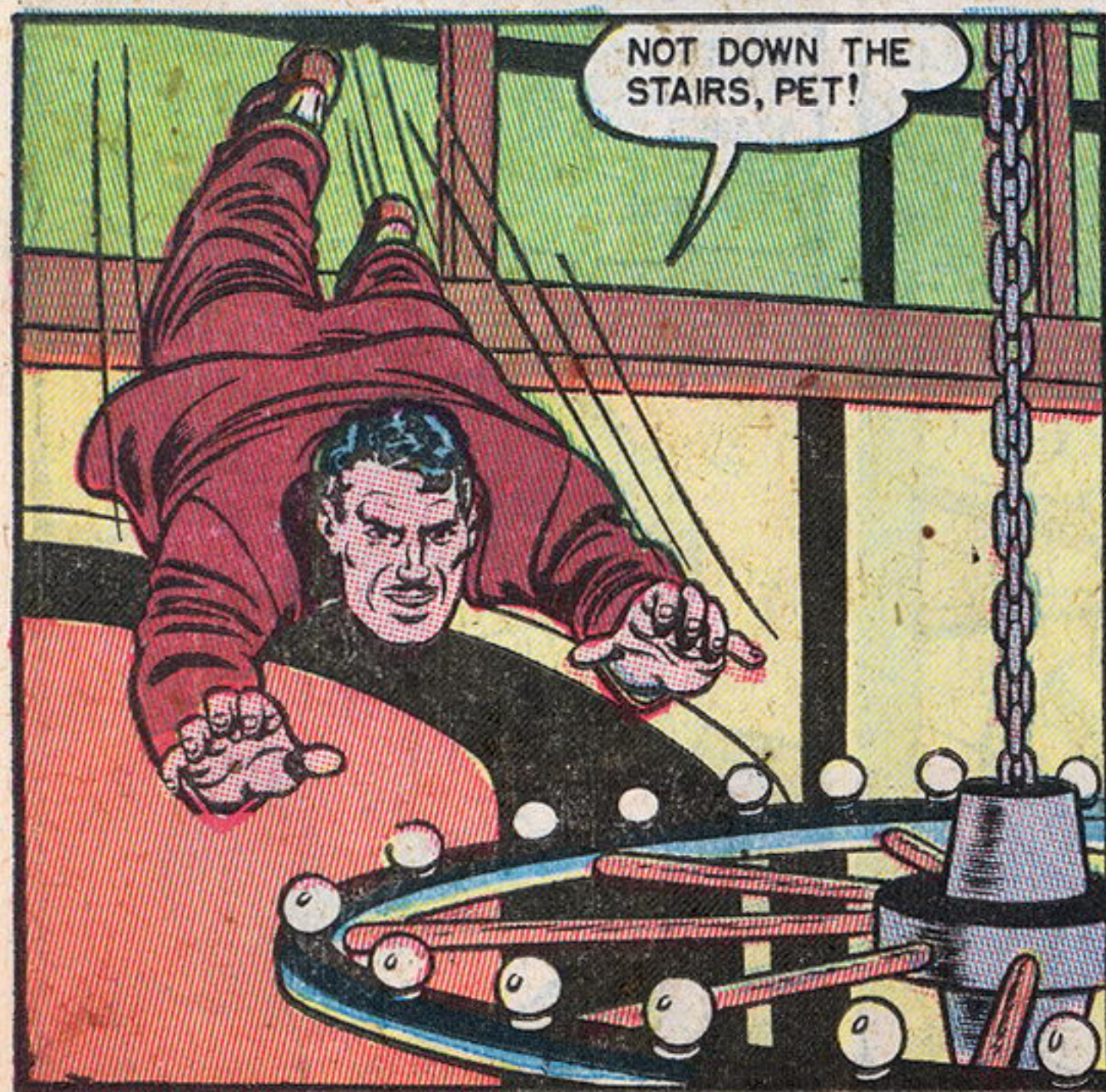
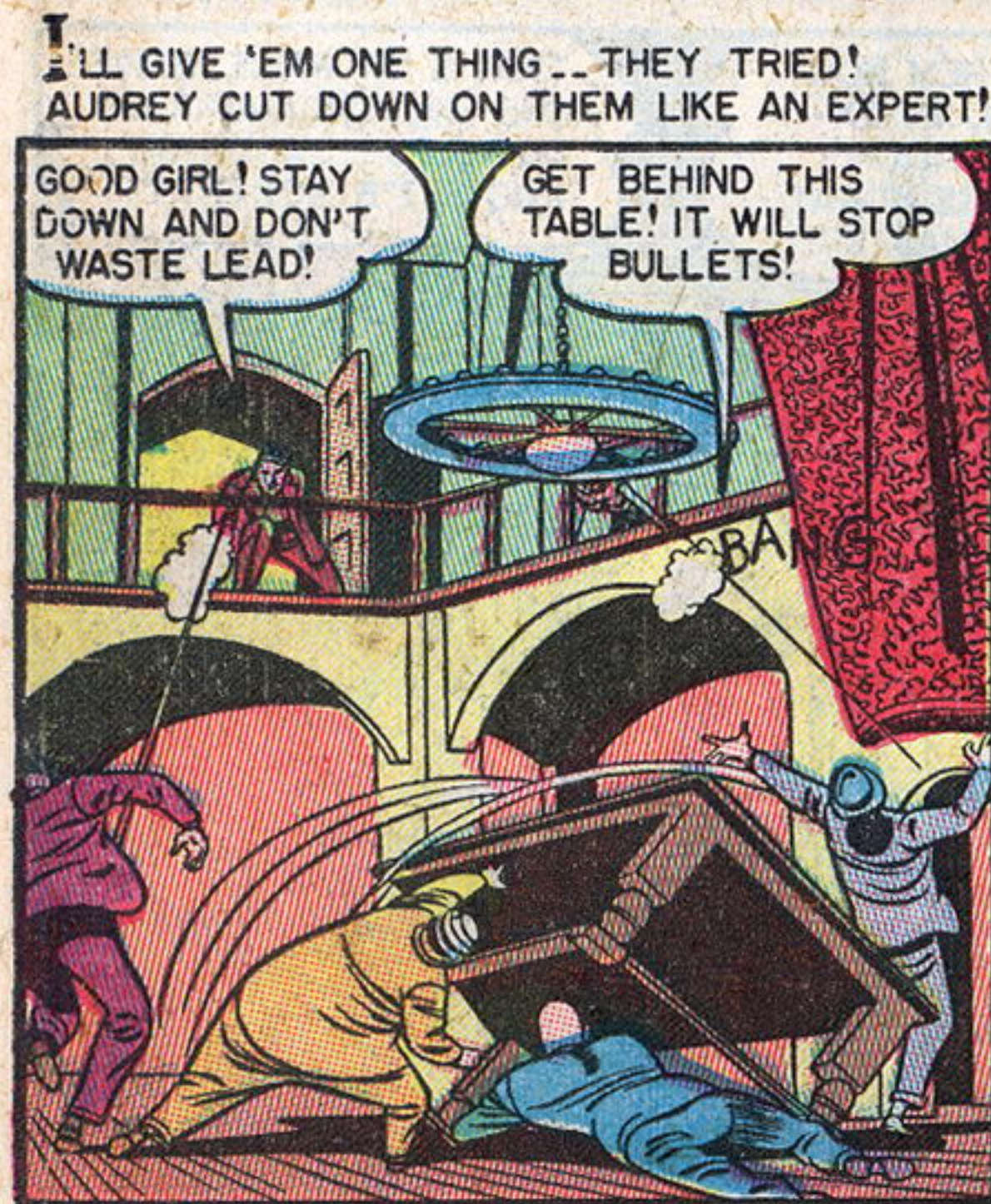
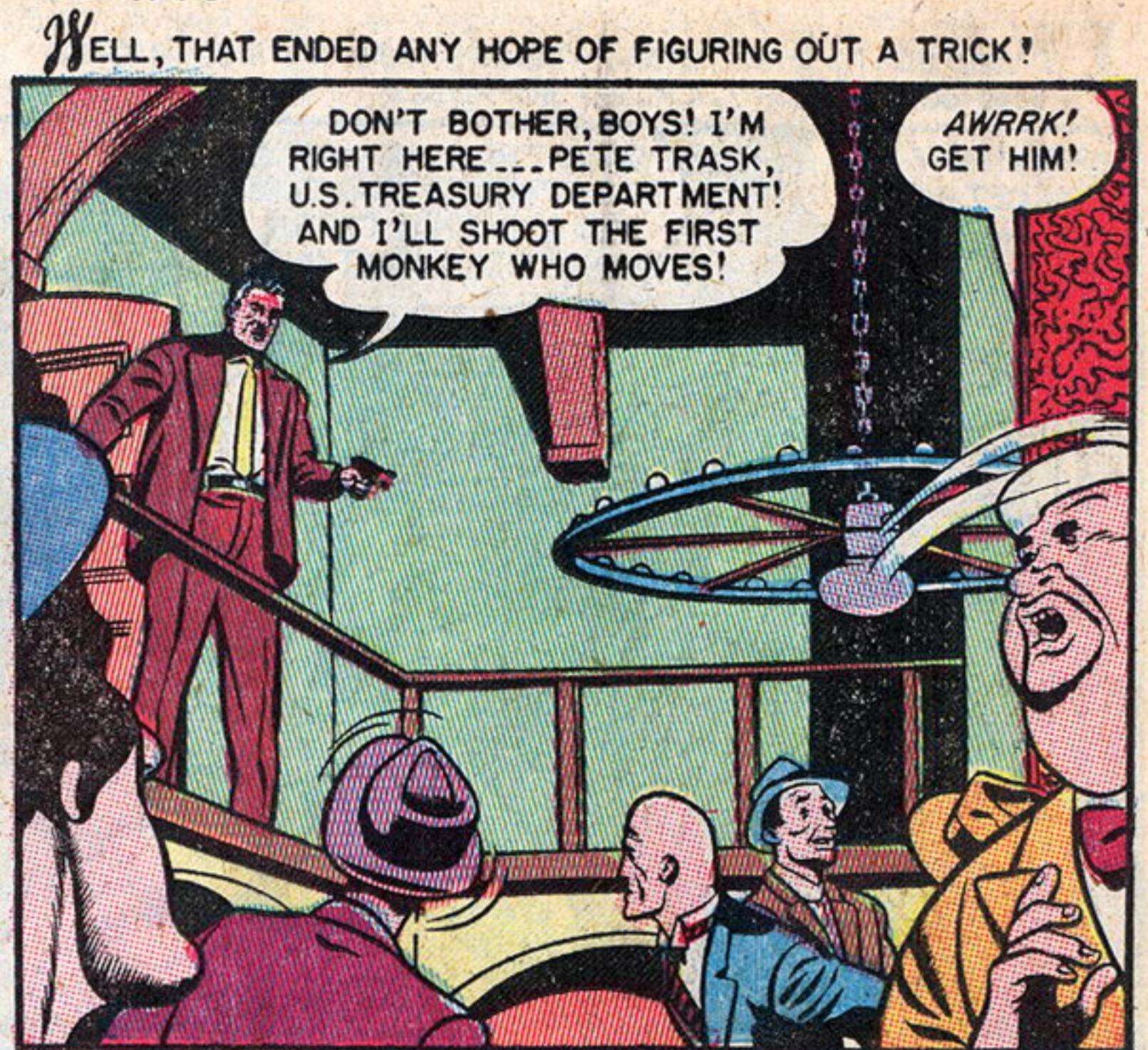
BUT YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ALONE AGAINST ALL THOSE MURDERERS! YOU CAN GET HELP AND NAB THEM ALL TOMORROW!

NO! BY TOMORROW THEY COULD BE SCARED INTO SCATTERING! I'VE GOT TO STRIKE NOW...

ALL...ALL RIGHT, PETE! TWO AGAINST SIX...I G-GUESS THOSE ODDS AREN'T T-TOO BAD!

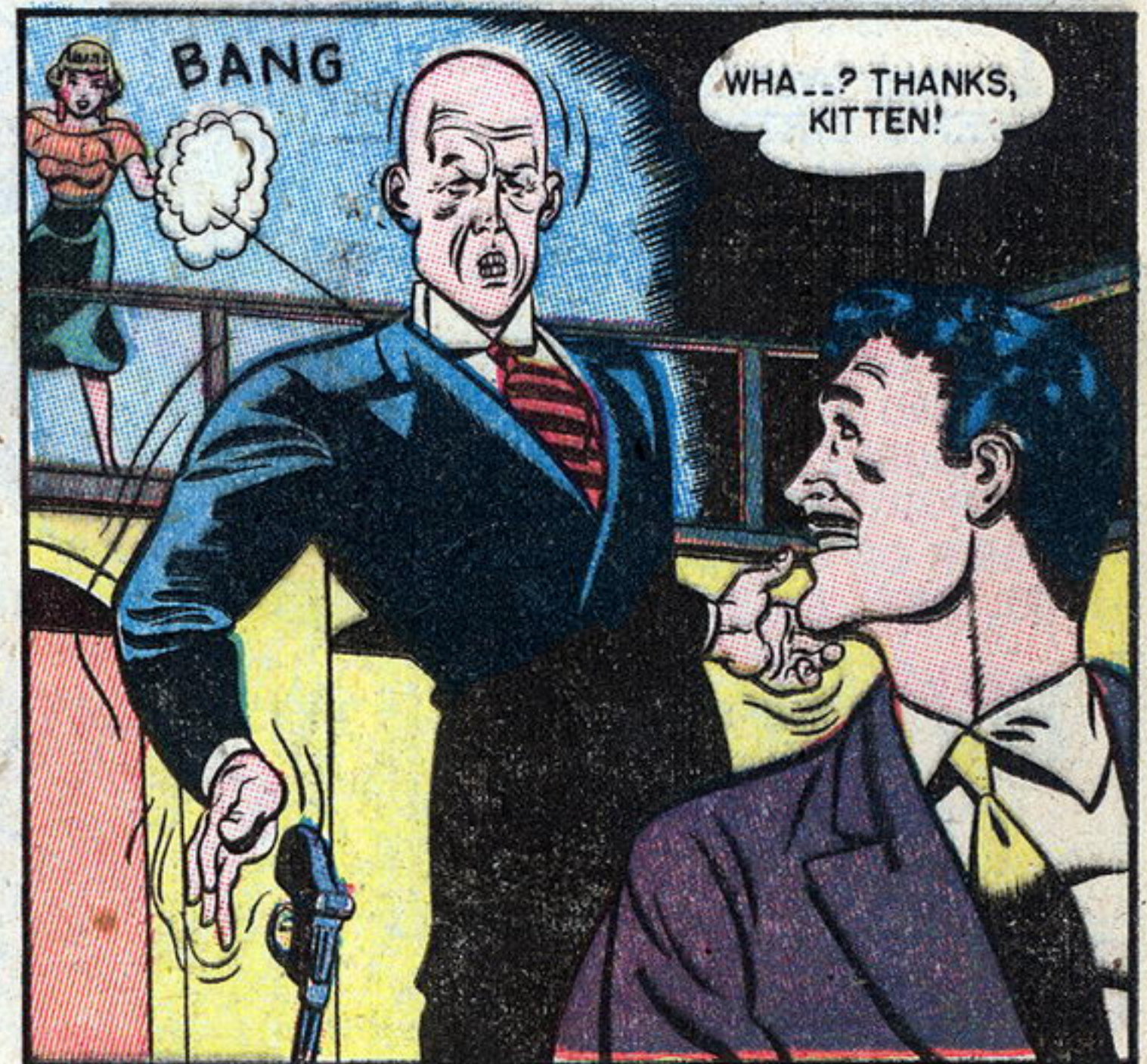


POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

THEY WERE CAUGHT OFF-BALANCE BY MY ATTACK AND I DIDN'T GIVE THEM TIME TO RECOVER!



THEN SUDDENLY IT WAS ALL OVER, AND OUR SIDE HAD WON!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE MEXICAN SECRET SERVICE OFFICE, WE WOUND UP THE LAST THREADS!



inspector DENVER



IT WAS INSPECTOR DENVER'S BIRTHDAY AND THE BOYS IN THE DEPARTMENT HAD GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO FIND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS HE COULD REALLY USE! BUT SOMEBODY ELSE HAD GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE, TOO... THE SOMEBODY WHO SENT MARTY DENVER OF HOMICIDE, A NICE, NEW, RIBBON-WRAPPED

BIRTHDAY CORPSE!



---HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOOOUUU!

WELL, I'LL BE DAWG-GONED! IF THAT ISN'T A BEAUTY! AND MY OLD ONE'S ABOUT WORN OUT, TOO!



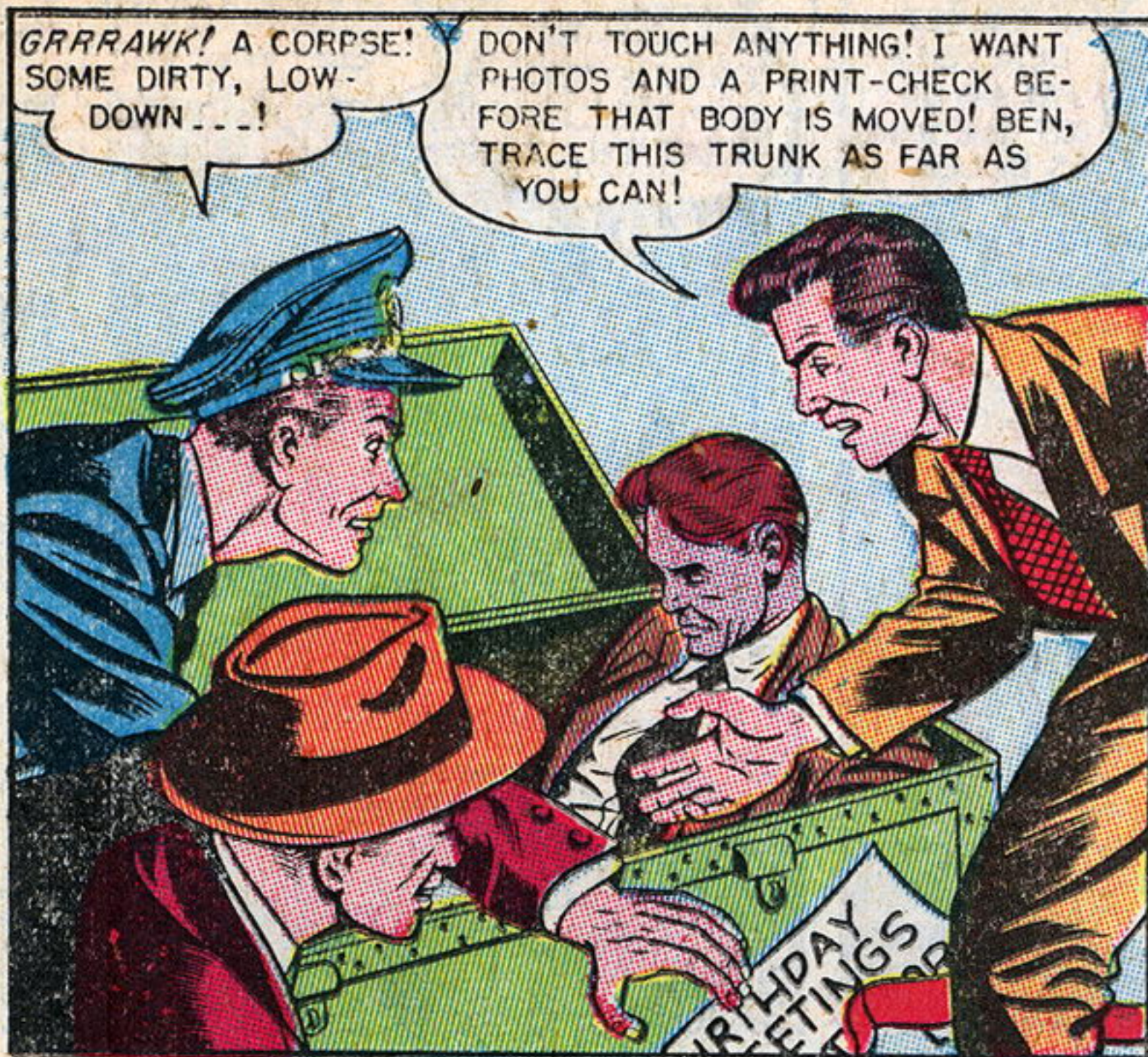
WE THOUGHT AND THOUGHT ABOUT A PRESENT YOU'D REALLY USE! IT'S HANDMADE, MARTY!

I'LL USE THIS PLENTY! MAN, THAT'S JUST THE RIGHT SPRING AND BALANCE! ALL I CAN SAY IS... THANKS, FELLOWS!



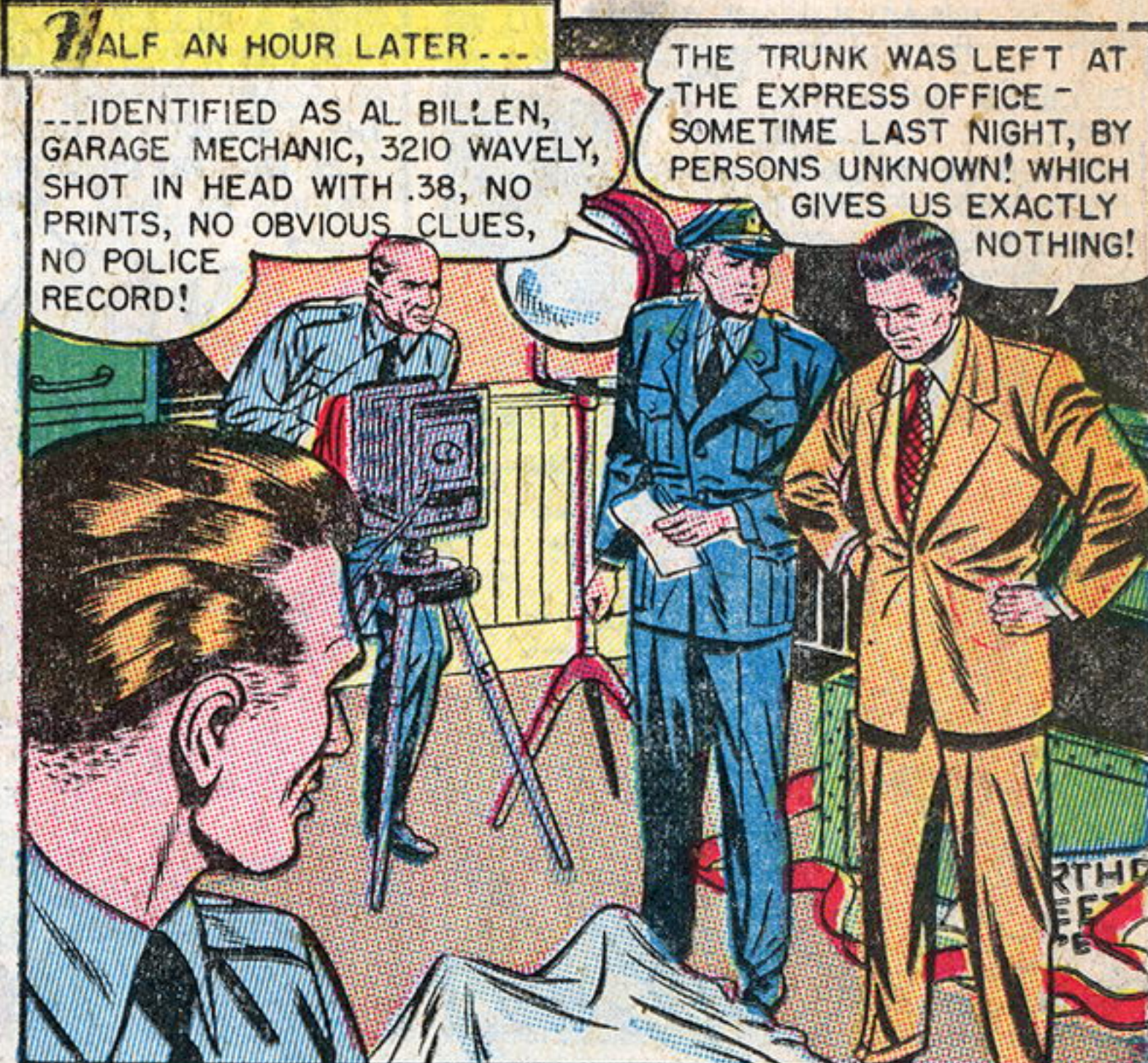
'NOTHER BIRTHDAY PRESENT, INSPECTOR! FEELS LIKE IT'S FULLA BOOKS!

SET IT RIGHT THERE, BEN! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



GRRRAWK! A CORPSE!
SOME DIRTY, LOW-
DOWN...!

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! I WANT
PHOTOS AND A PRINT-CHECK BE-
FORE THAT BODY IS MOVED! BEN,
TRACE THIS TRUNK AS FAR AS
YOU CAN!



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

...IDENTIFIED AS AL BILLEN,
GARAGE MECHANIC, 3210 WAVELY,
SHOT IN HEAD WITH .38, NO
PRINTS, NO OBVIOUS CLUES,
NO POLICE
RECORD!

THE TRUNK WAS LEFT AT
THE EXPRESS OFFICE -
SOMETIME LAST NIGHT, BY
PERSONS UNKNOWN! WHICH
GIVES US EXACTLY
NOTHING!



SUDDENLY---

EEEEOW! THAT PHONE
TIP WE GOT WAS
STRAIGHT! WOW, WHAT
A STORY! GET PICTURES,
PETE!

WAIT A MINUTE!
WAIT A MINUTE!
WHO LET YOU
REPORTERS IN
HERE? CLEAR
OUT BEFORE
I....!



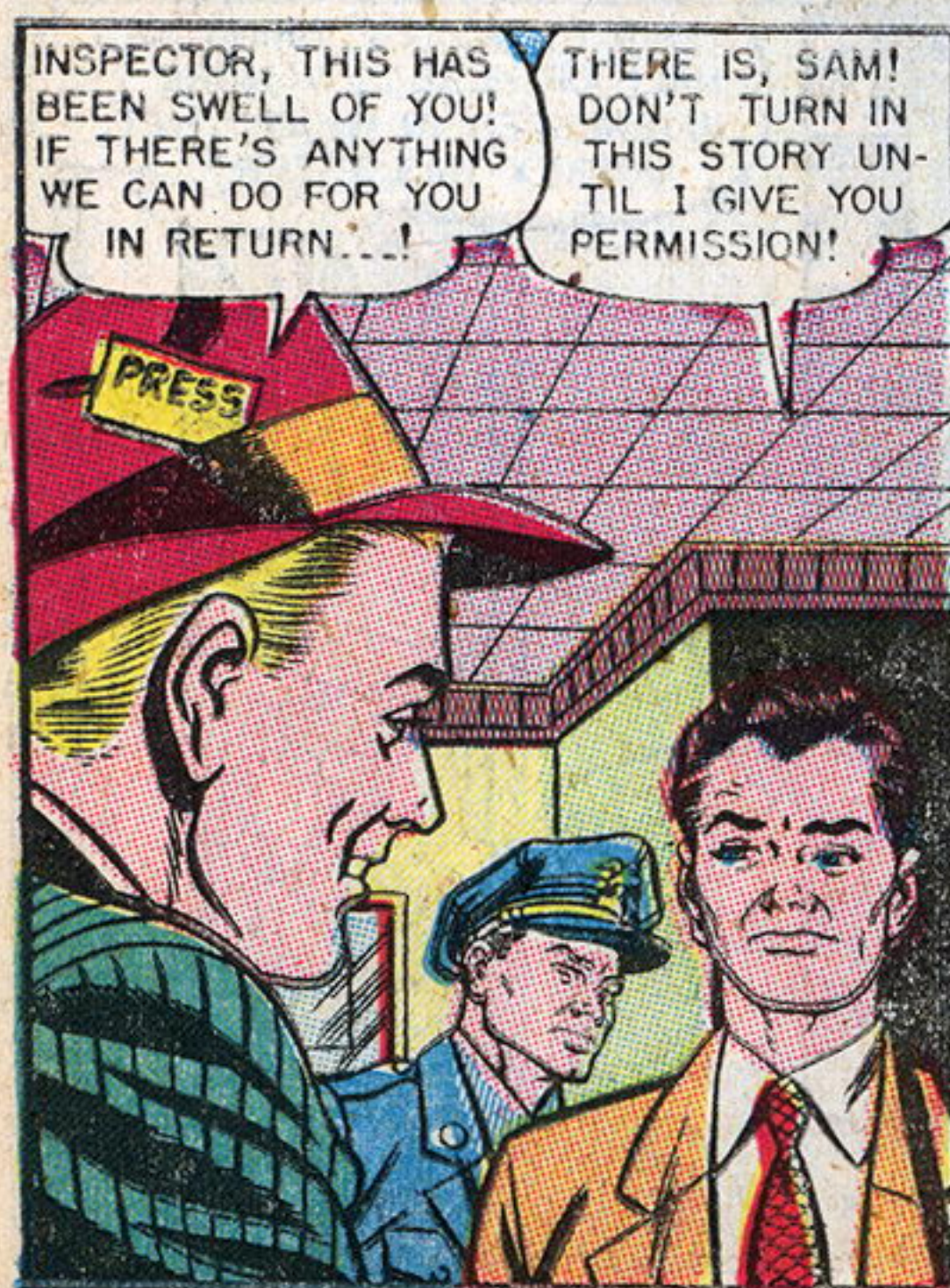
HOLD IT, CASSIDY! IF
THE BOYS GOT A TIP
ON THIS, LET THEM
GET THEIR STORY!
YOU WANT US TO
POSE BY THE BODY?

YIIKE! NOW
I'VE SEEN
EVERYTHING!
SOMEBODY
PINCH ME! I
THINK I'M
DREAMING!



...AND THAT'S ALL WE
KNOW SO FAR, BOYS! WE'LL
KEEP YOU POSTED ON
EVERY STEP OF THE CASE!

HOLD IT,
INSPECTOR!
CAN YOU
TURN A
LITTLE
THIS WAY!



INSPECTOR, THIS HAS
BEEN SWELL OF YOU!
IF THERE'S ANYTHING
WE CAN DO FOR YOU
IN RETURN...!

THERE IS, SAM!
DON'T TURN IN
THIS STORY UN-
TIL I GIVE YOU
PERMISSION!



WHAAT? NOW,
WAIT! THIS IS
HOT NEWS!
YOU CAN'T
ASK US...!

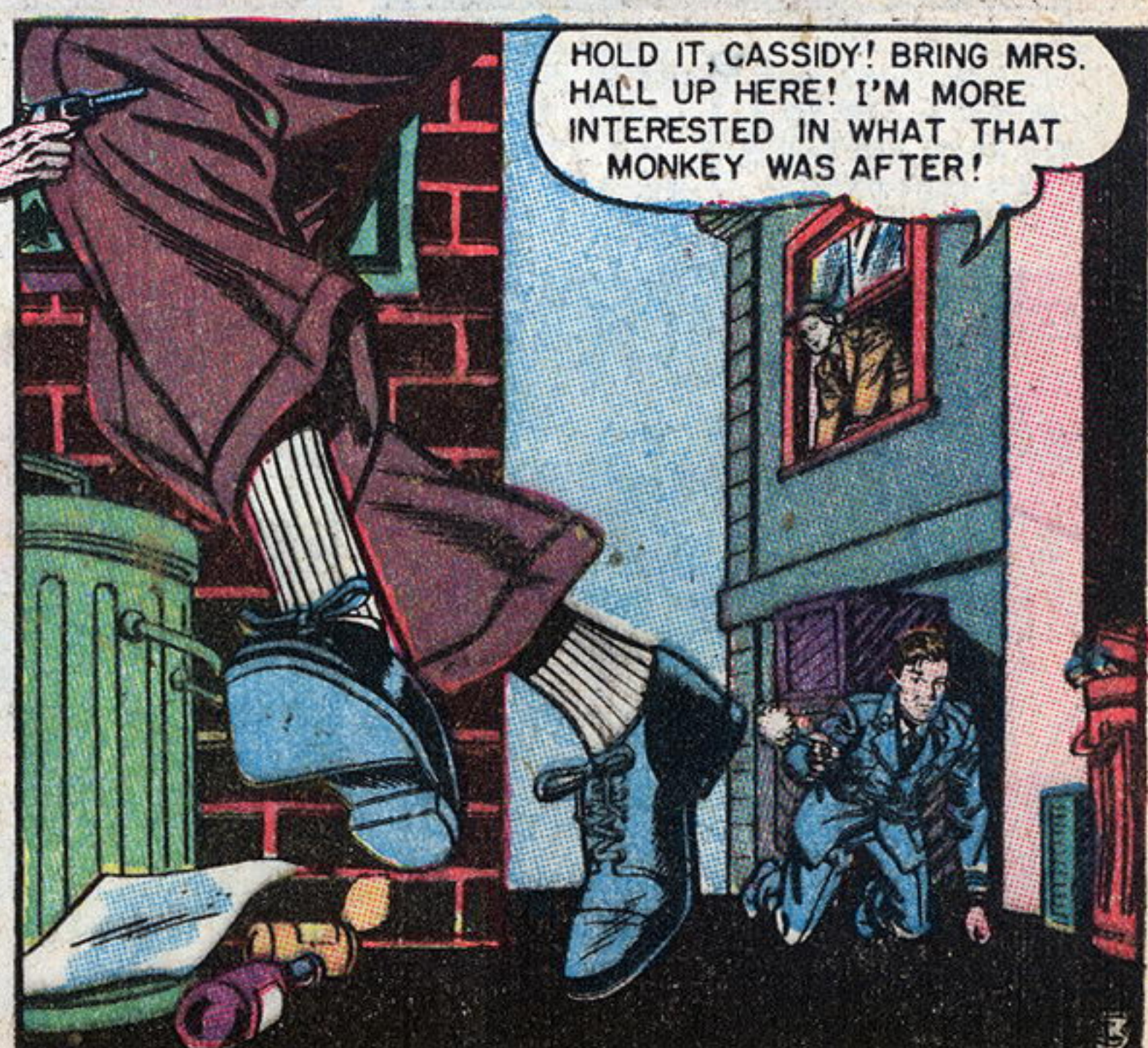
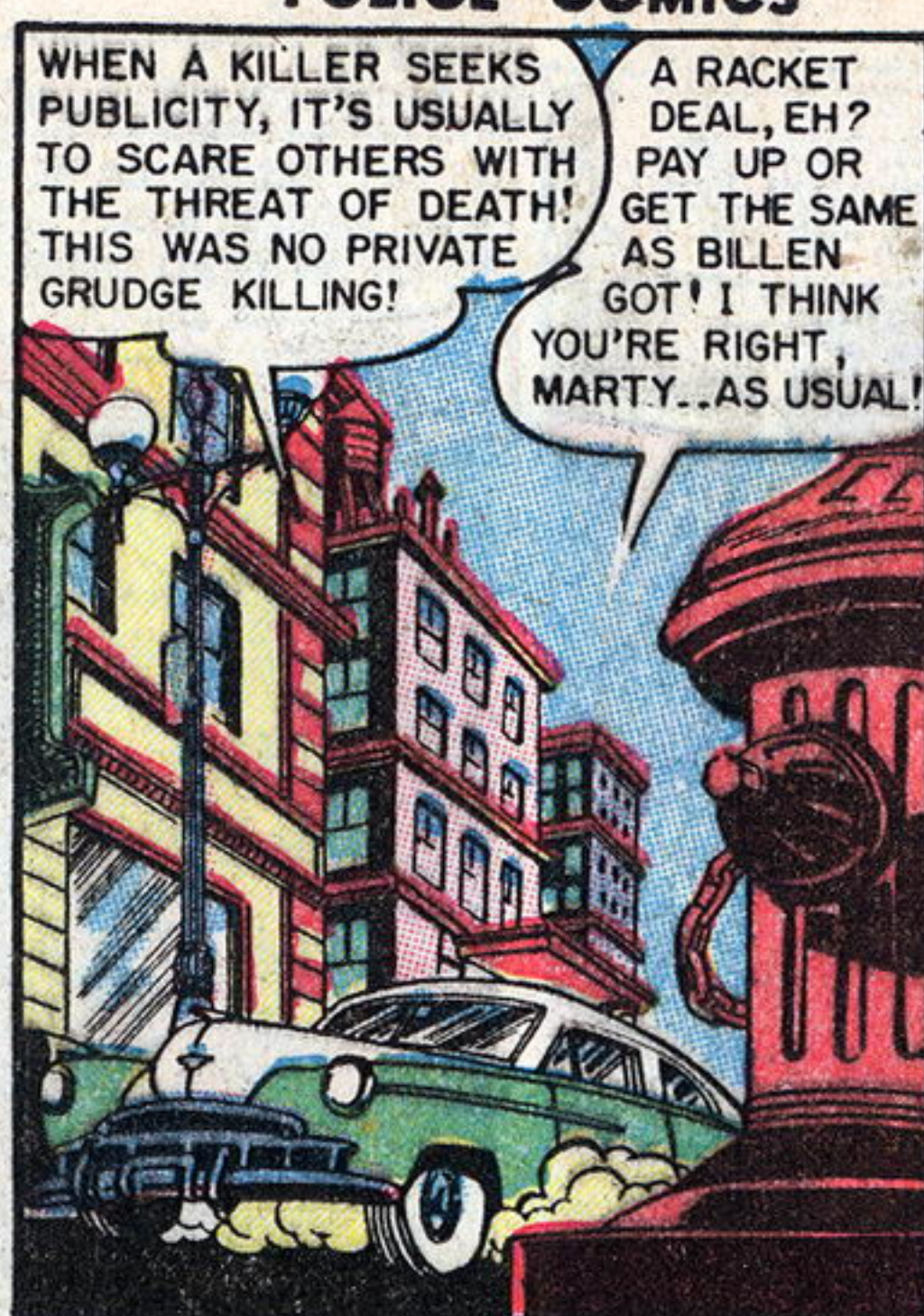
I'M ASKING YOU TO
HELP ME CATCH A
KILLER! GIVE ME
EIGHT HOURS OF
SILENCE AND AFTER
THAT YOU CAN PRINT
ANYTHING YOU WANT
TO!



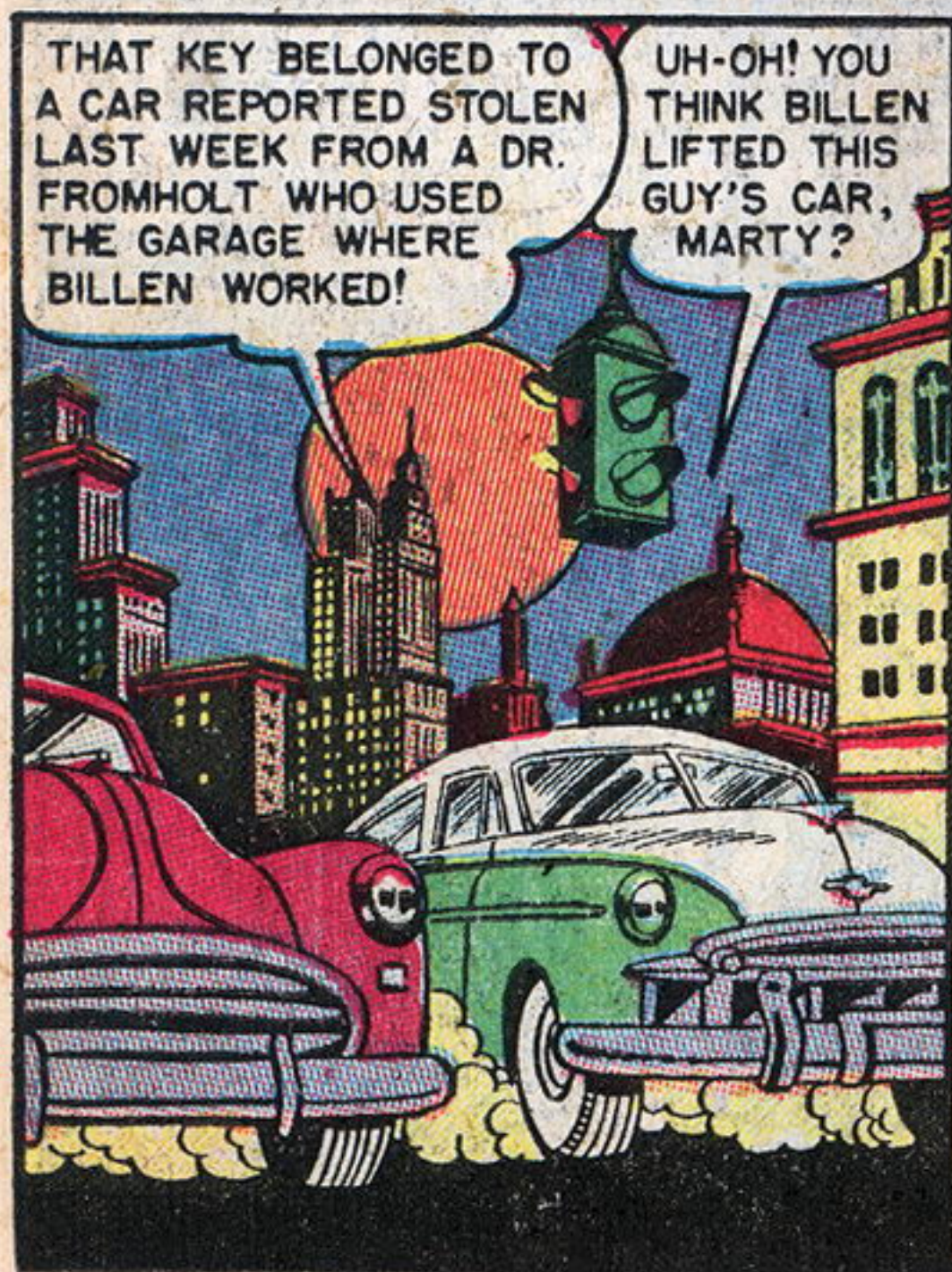
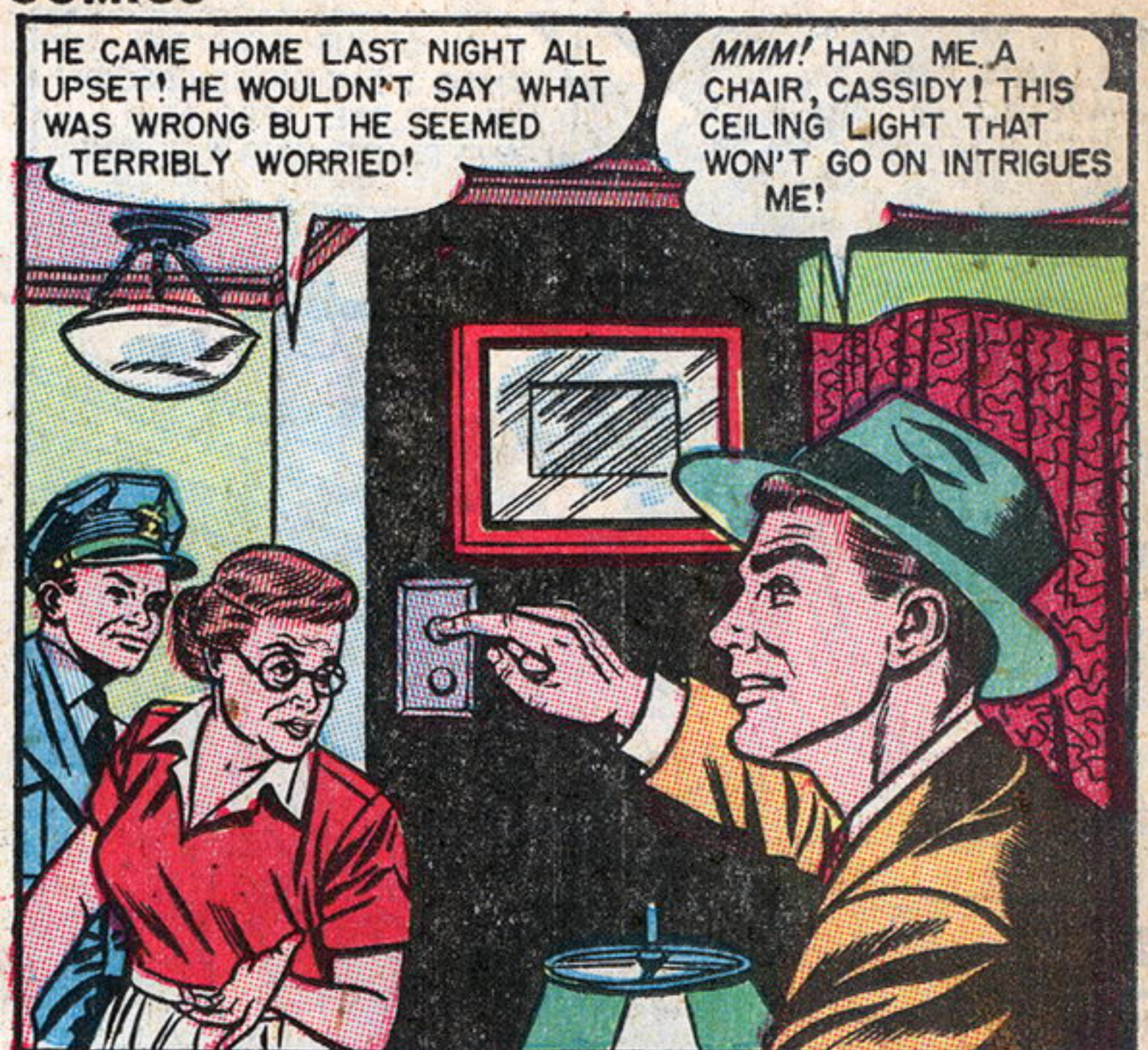
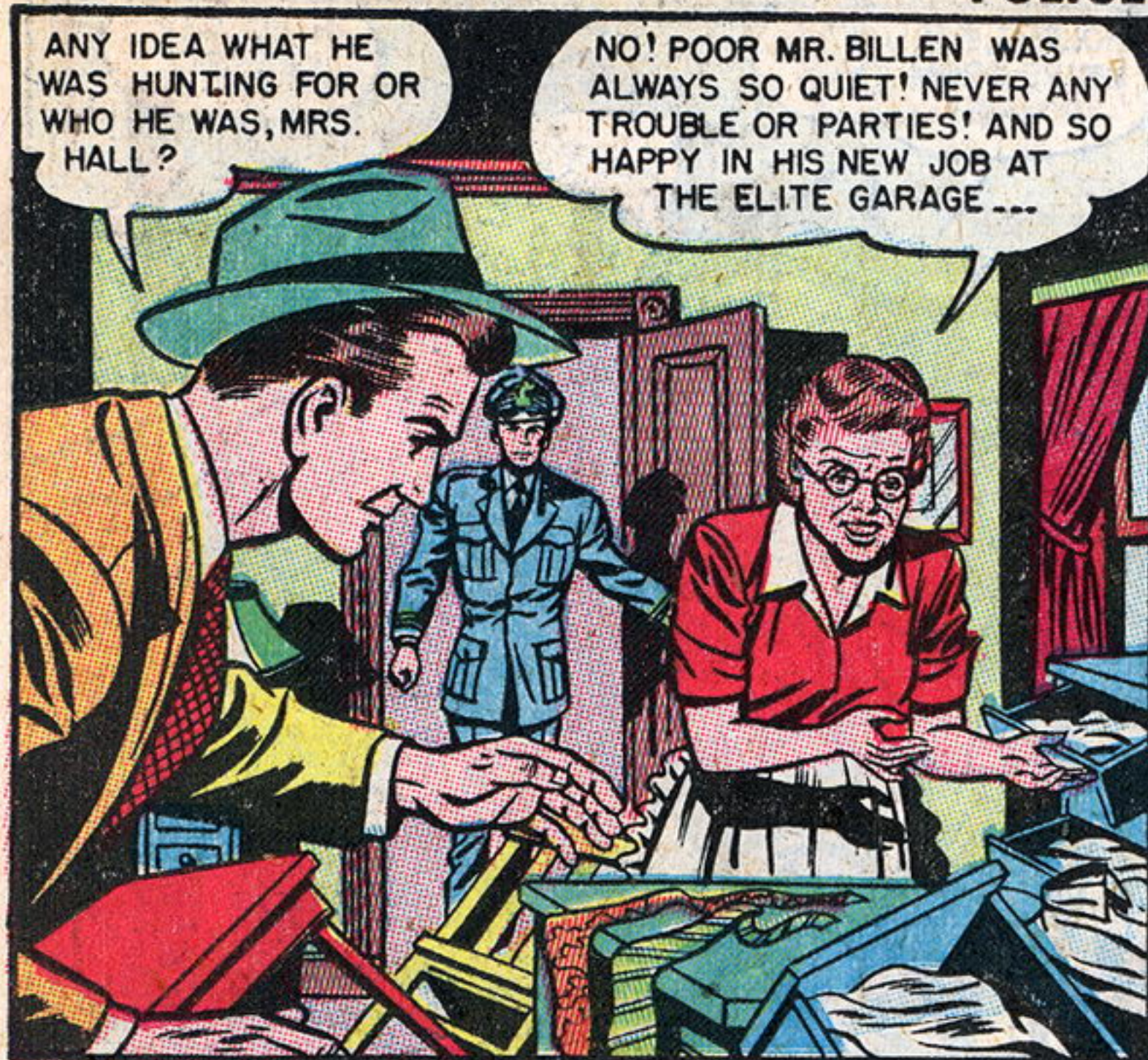
LOOK! FOR SOME REASON THE KILLER
WANTS PUBLICITY! THAT'S WHY HE
PULLED THIS GAG AND THEN PHONED
THE PAPERS! WITHOUT
IT HE MAY BE STAMPEDED
INTO SLIPPING!

EIGHT
HOURS...
BUT NO MORE!
WE'LL PLAY
ALONG!

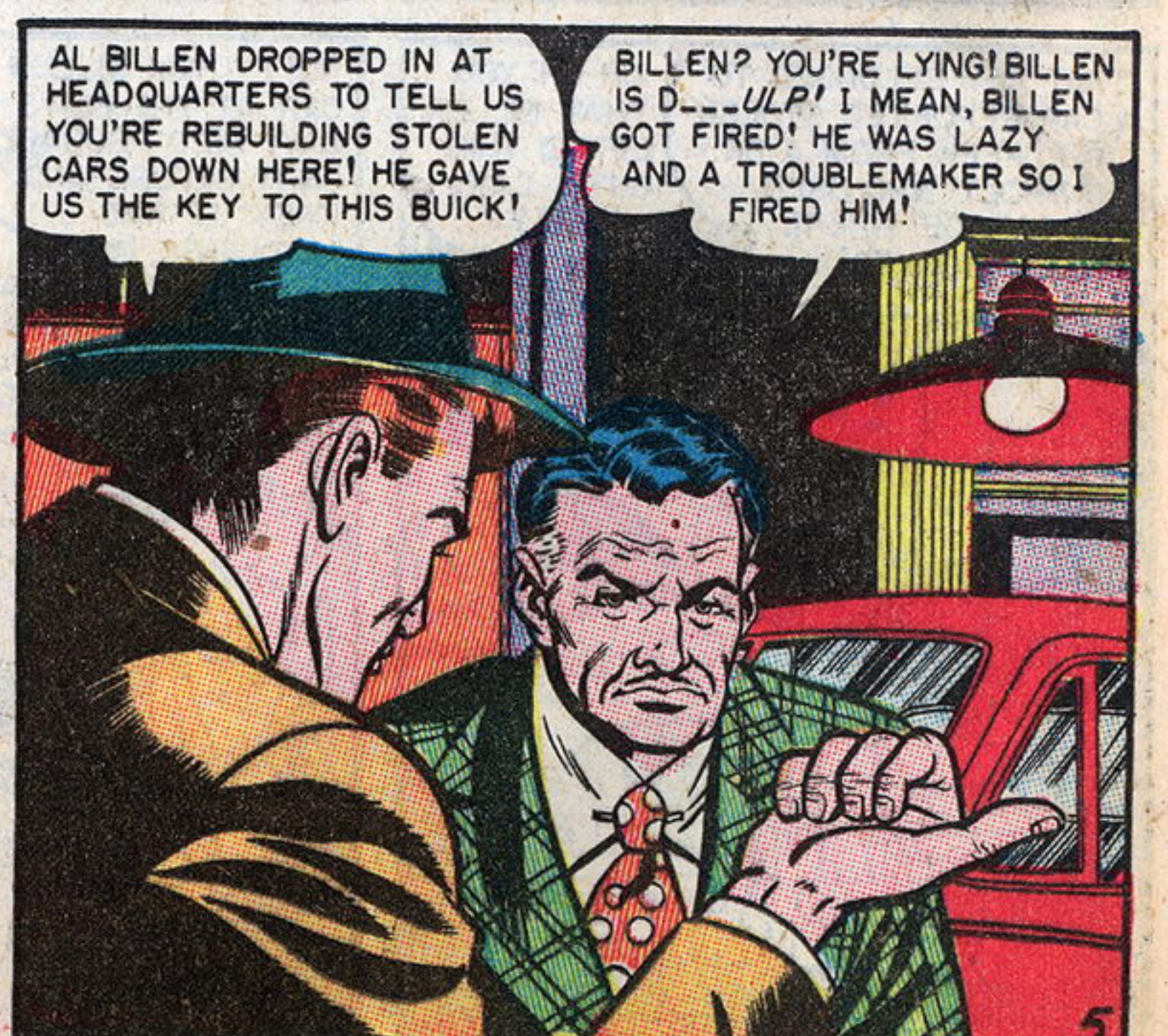
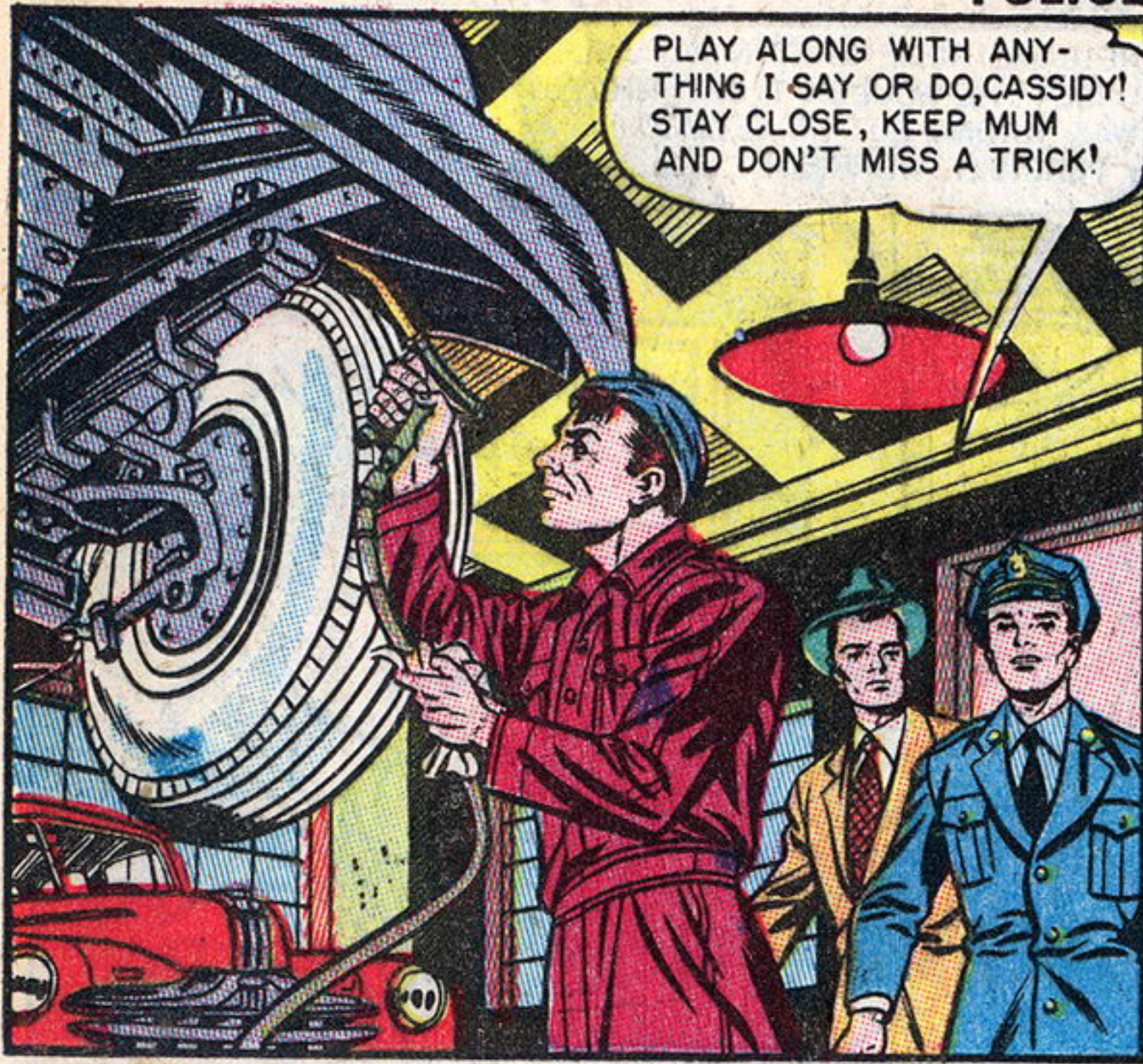
POLICE COMICS

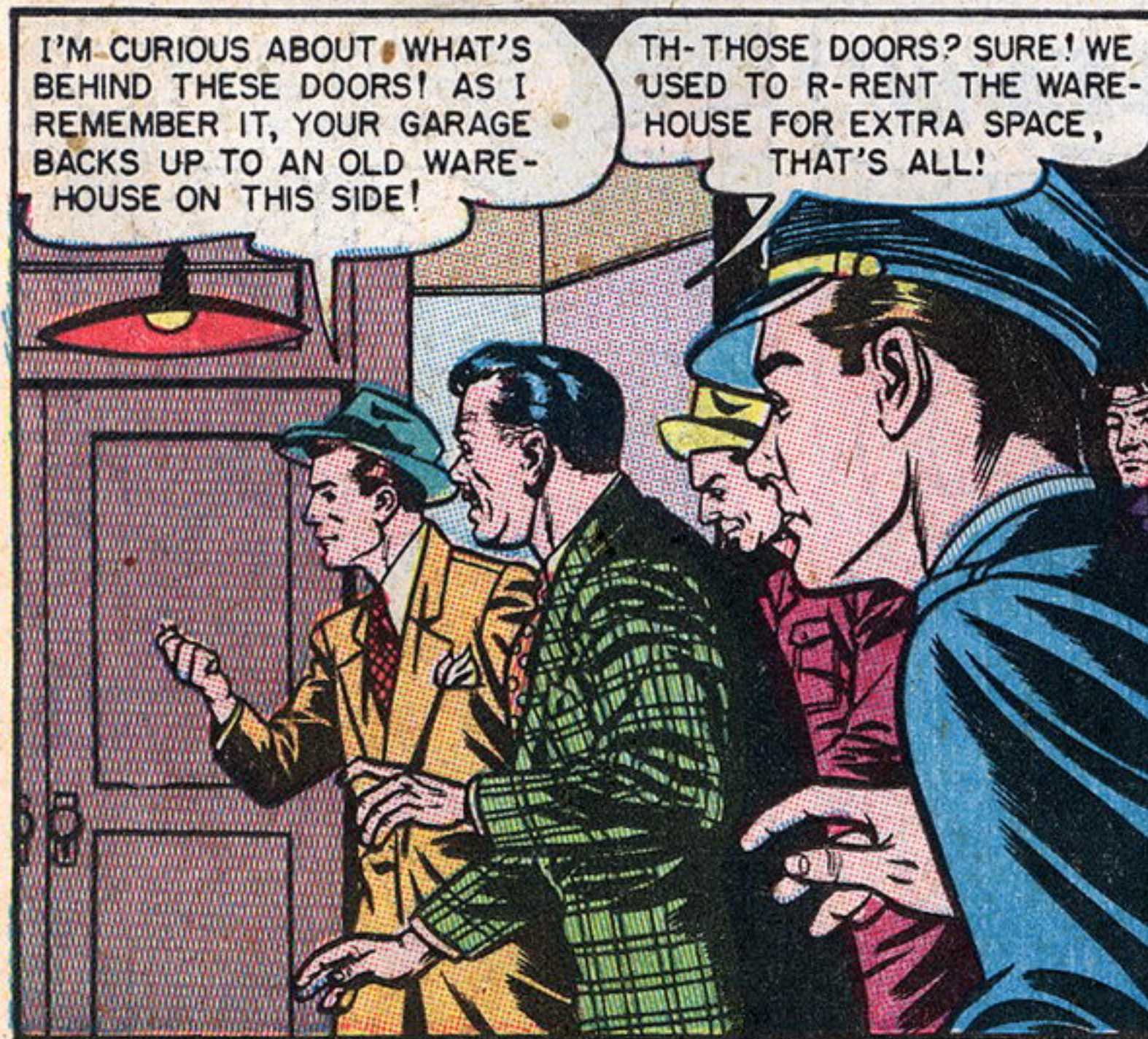
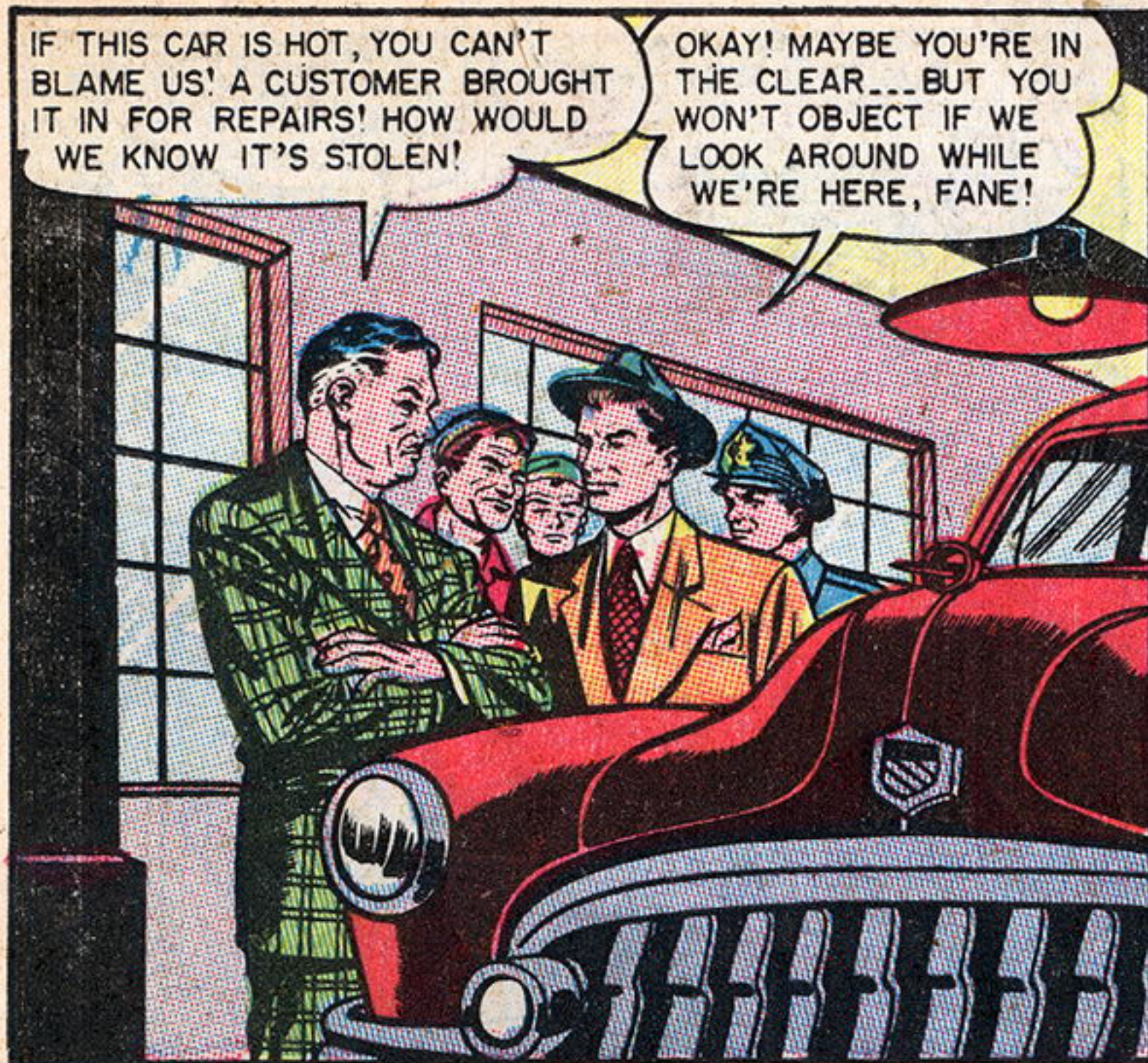


POLICE COMICS

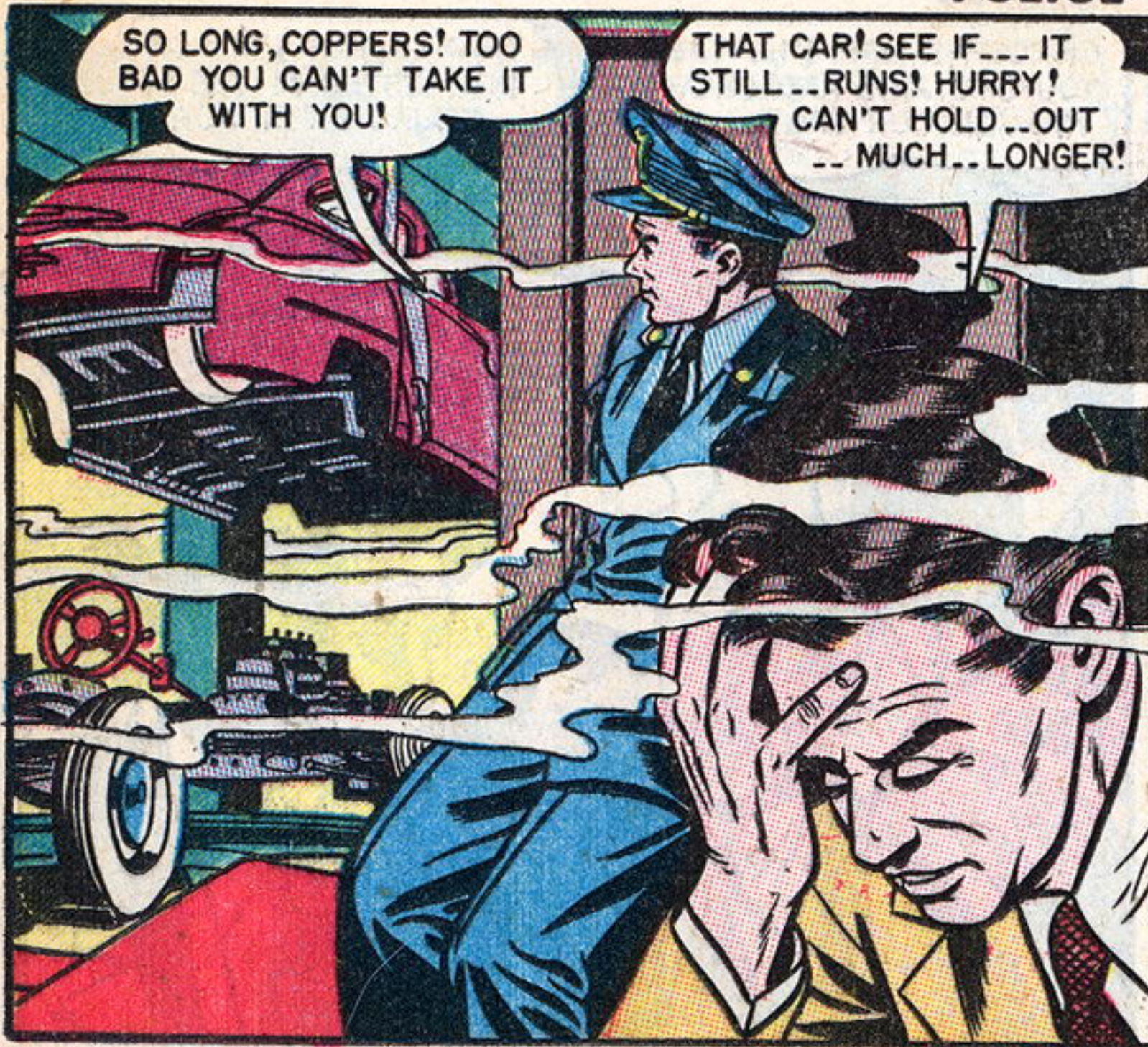


POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS



PICT-O-CRIME

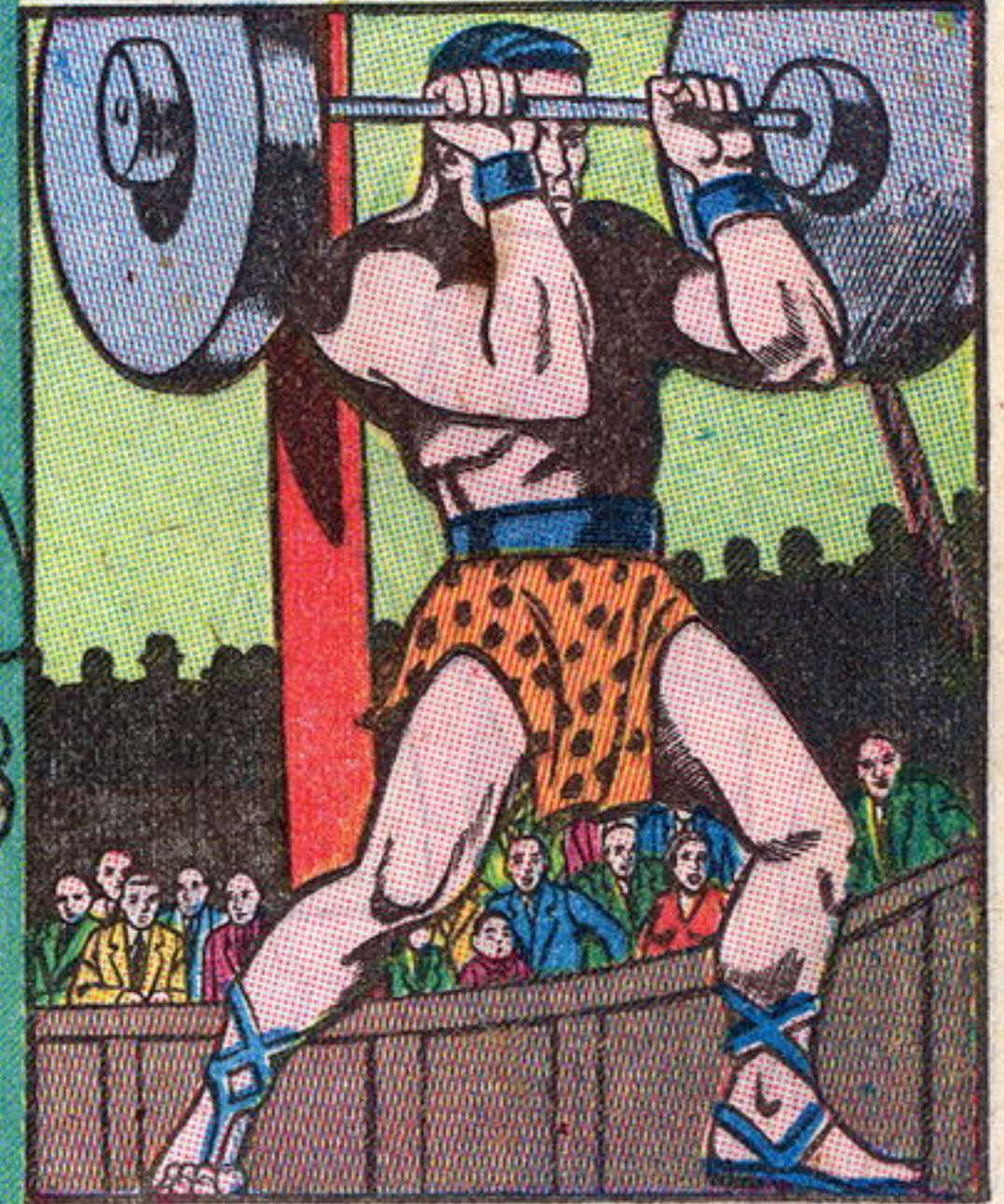
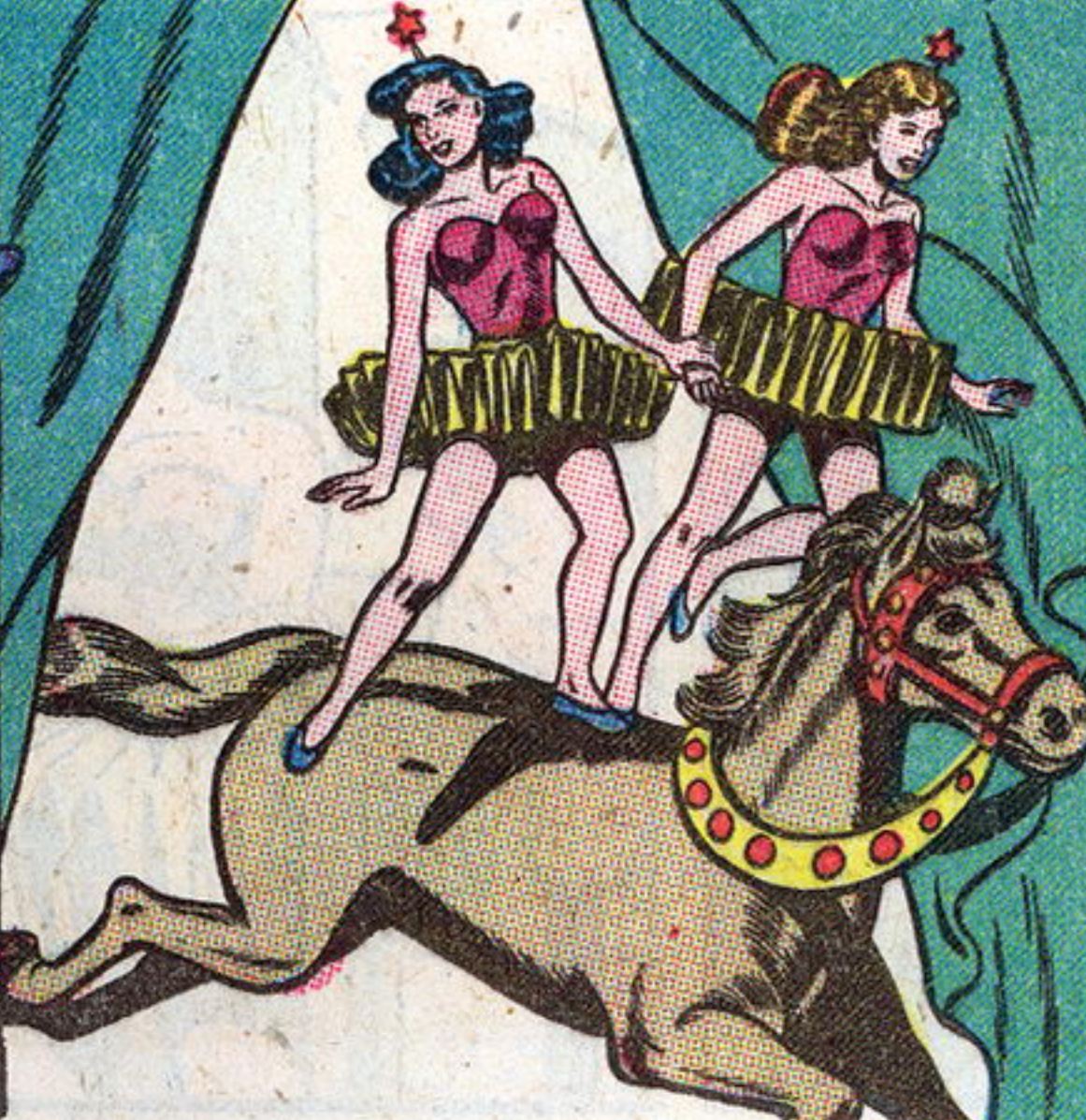
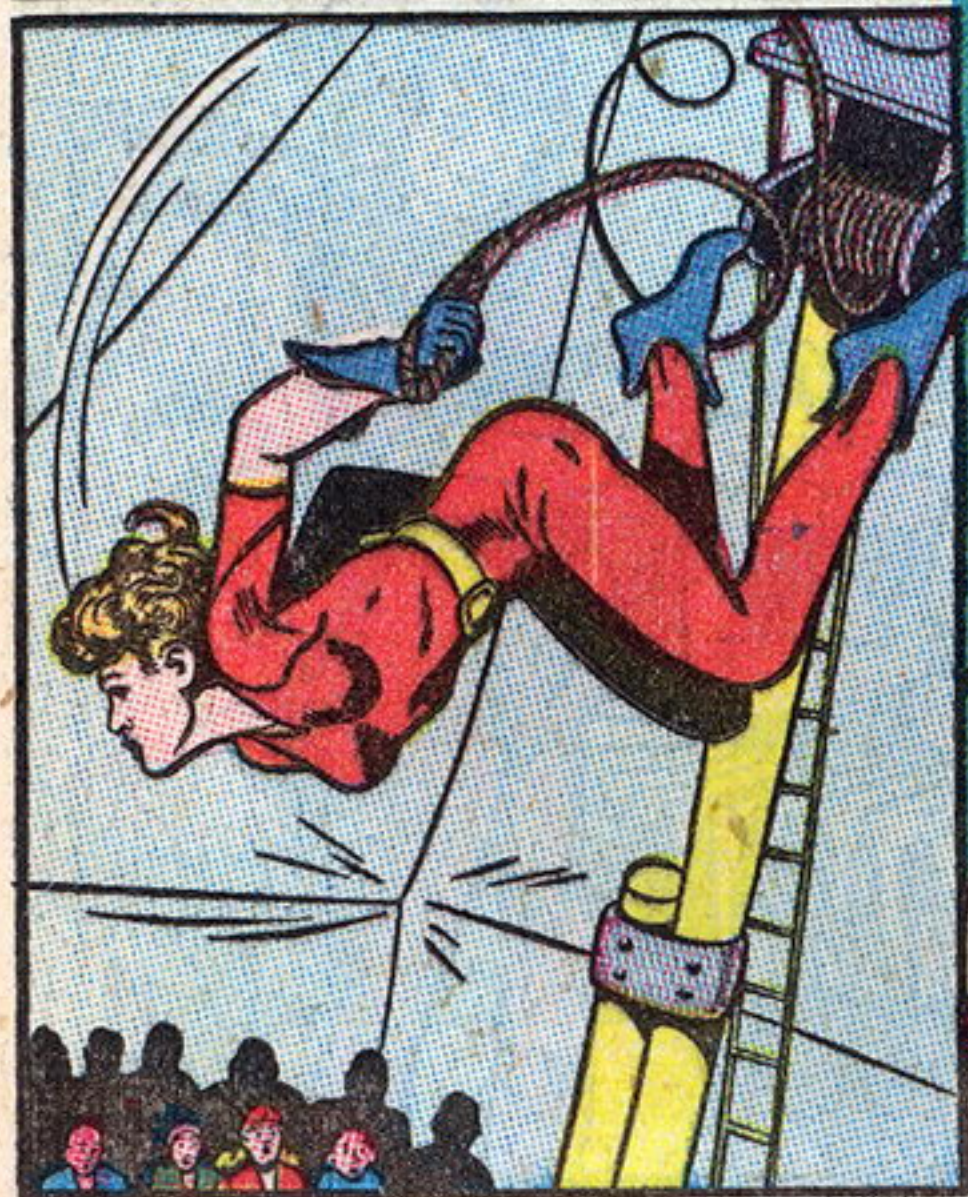
IT WAS MURDER UNDER THE BIG TOP
--- AND DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES HAD
TO PICK THE KILLER... BY EAR!



IN THE NIGHT SHOW CLIMAX, ELINA,
WONDER OF THE HIGH ROPES, DOES
HER SENSATIONAL ONE HUNDRED
SOMERSAULTS!

WHILE IN THE CENTER RING THE BAREBACK
RIDERS, BEA AND LEE DOREN WIND UP THEIR
ACT TO THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE!

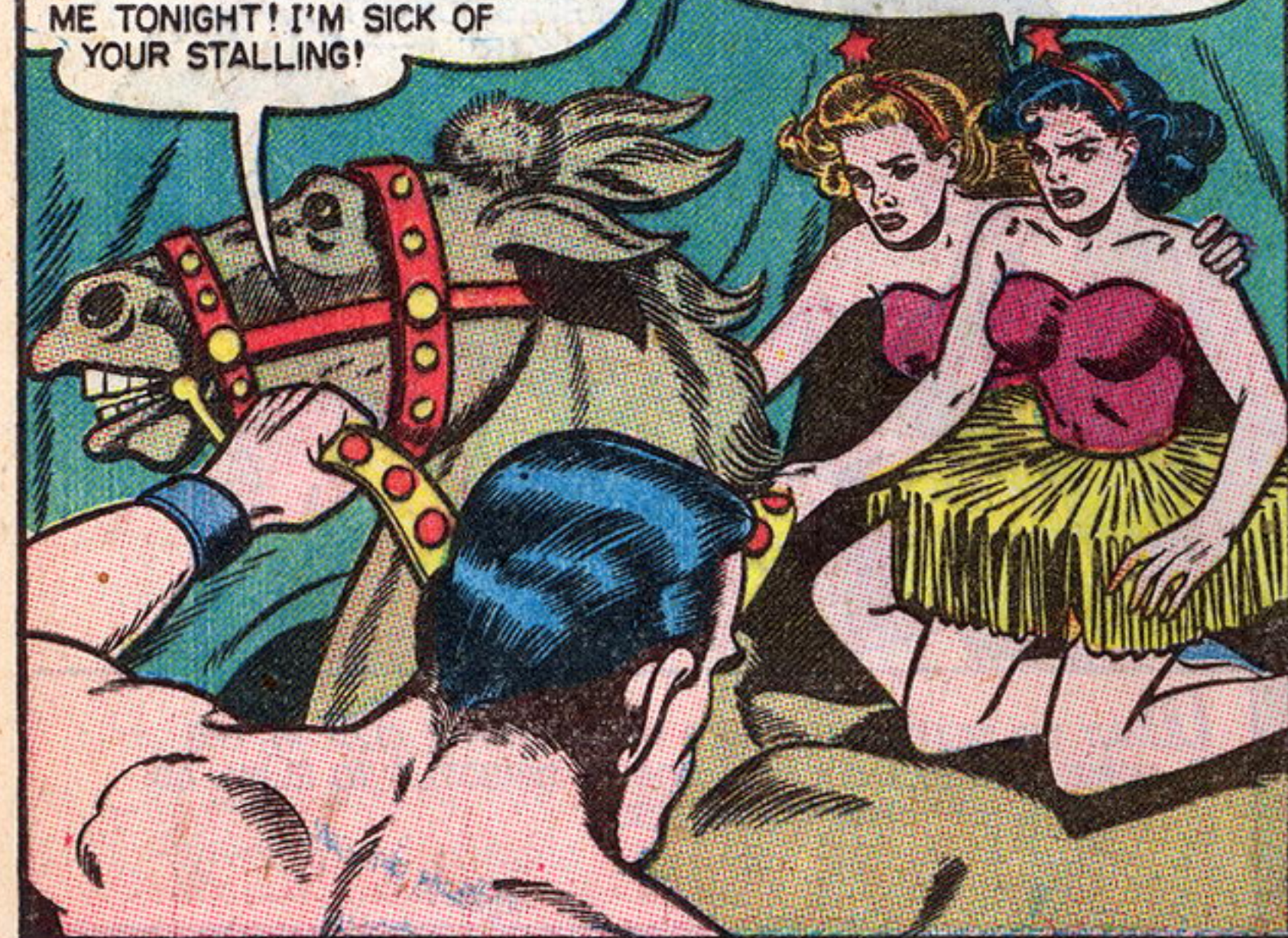
AND NEARBY, WALDO, THE STRONG MAN,
FINISHES HIS LAST SHOW!



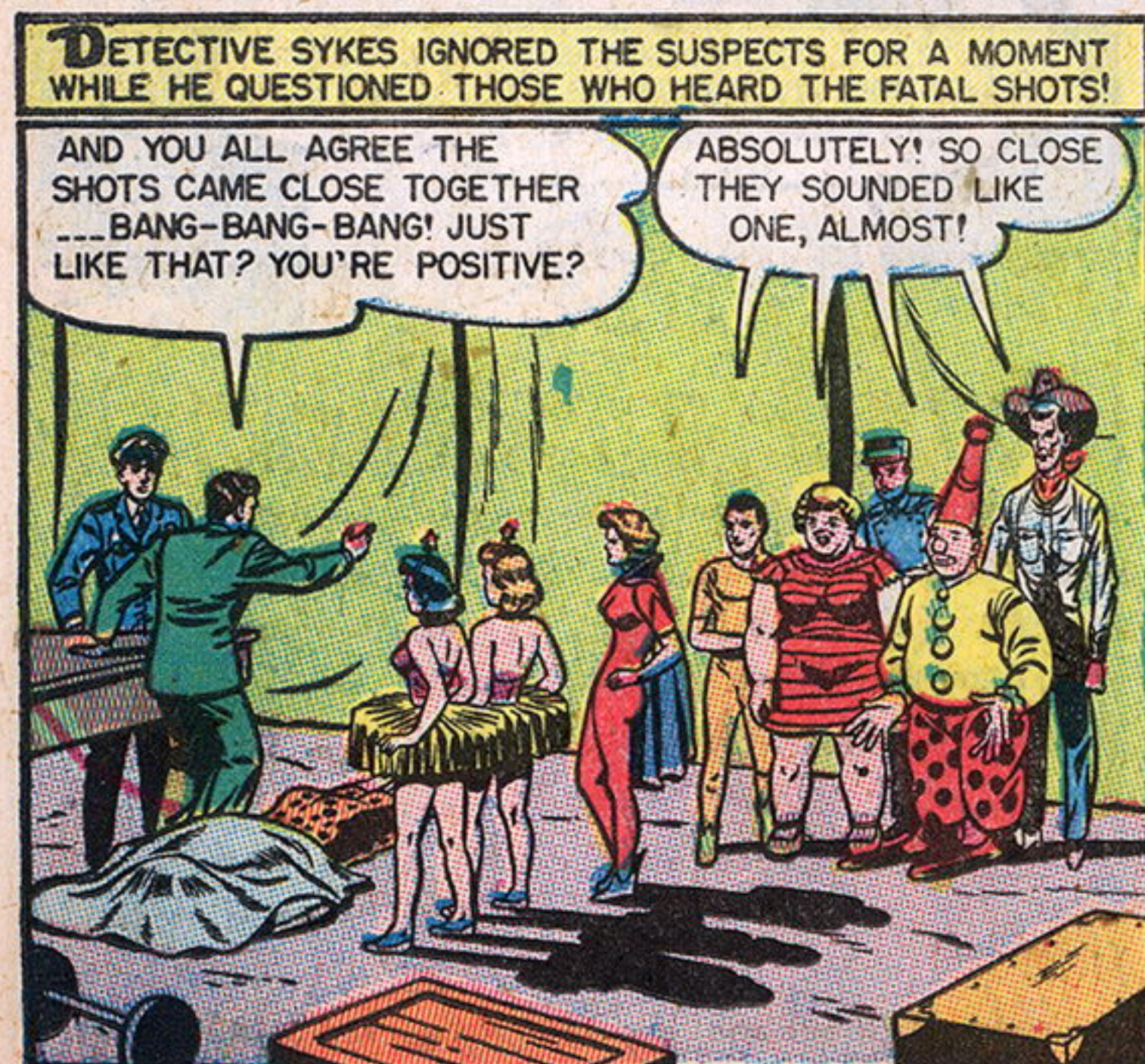
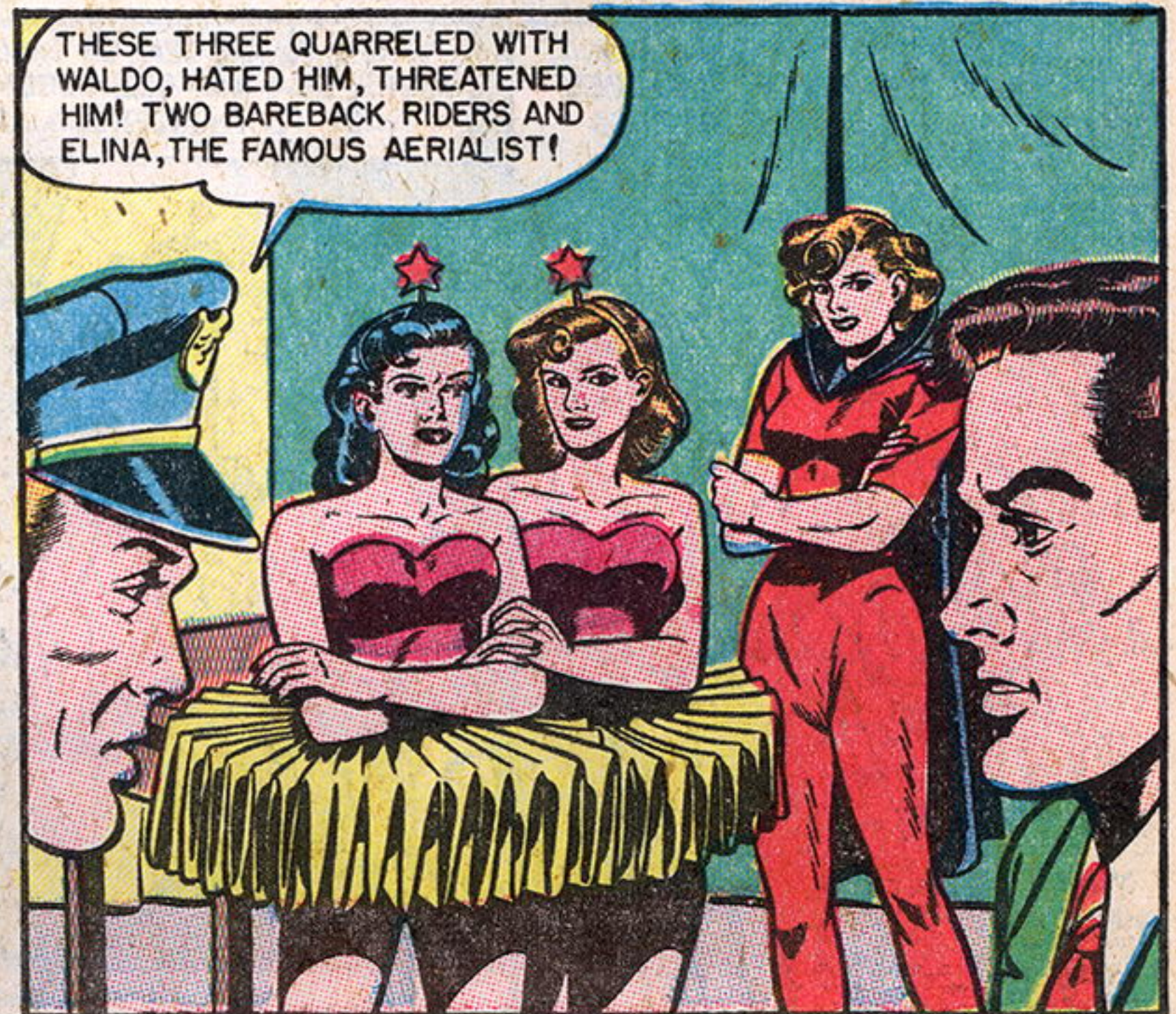
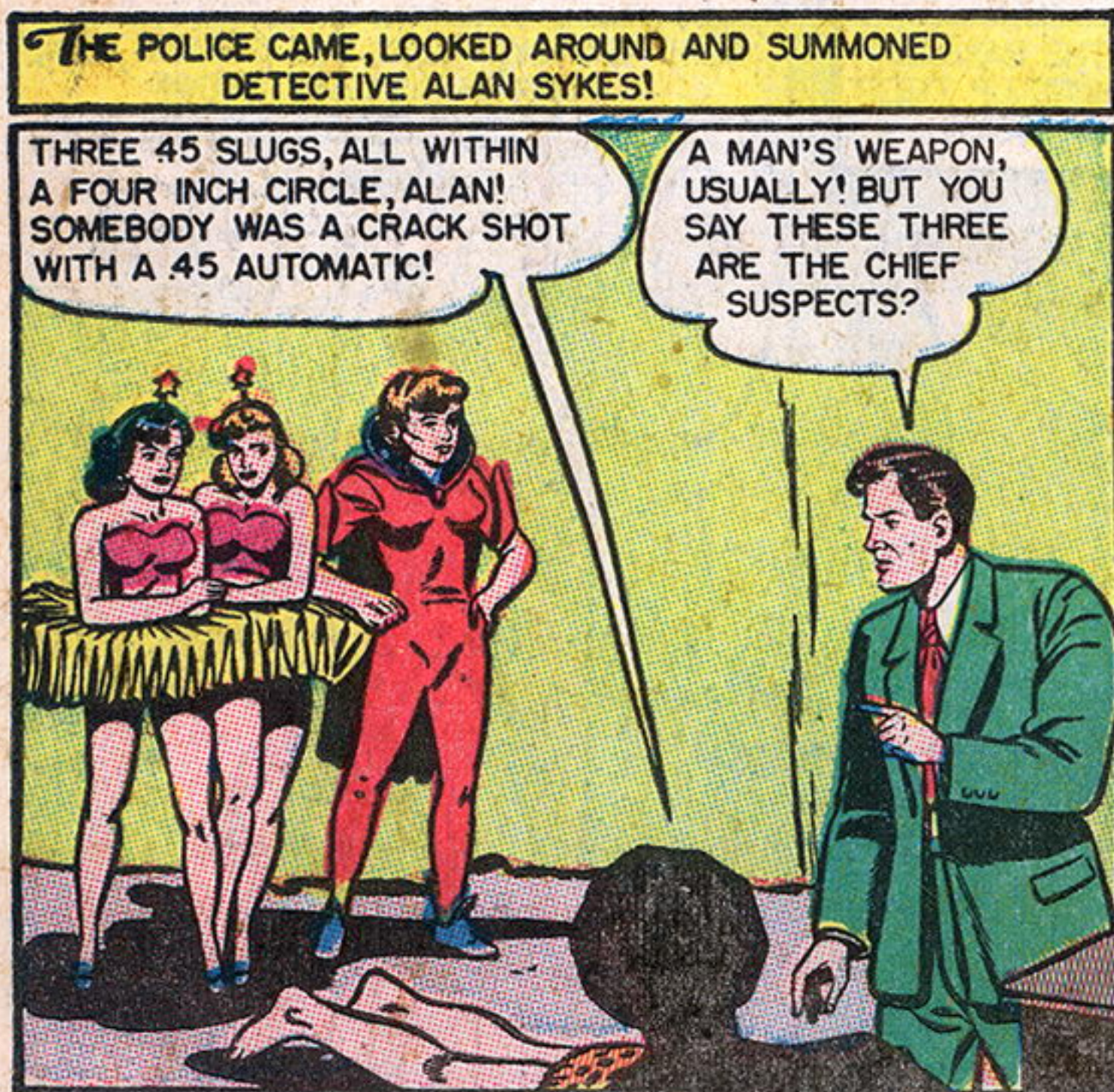
ALL RIGHT, BEA! I AIN'T ASKING
YUH THIS TIME! I'M TELLING
YUH! YOU'RE GOING OUT WITH
ME TONIGHT! I'M SICK OF
YOUR STALLING!

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU
BIG APE! I'D RATHER GO
OUT WITH A... A GORILLA!

HOLD IT, WALDO! I'M WARNING YOU... KEEP
AWAY FROM MY SISTER OR I'LL... I'LL DO
SOMETHING DESPERATE!



POLICE COMICS



DEAD MAN'S RETURN

"**W**ANT a story, huh?" said Fenley as he flopped into his chair and leaned heavily on the desk! "Okay, I'll give you one! Better get set! This'll knock your props out!"

Dick Allen, reporter for The Gazette, slid into a chair, pushed his hat back, and hung a leg over the chair arm as the Chief of Detectives fidgeted for a minute and then began!

"Remember Lucky Gordon?"

"The racketeer? Sure! I covered the fire he burned in, over a year ago! Saved the State a lot of dough by blowin' himself up!"

"That's what I thought," nodded Fenley! "Hold your hat while I tell you what really happened!"

Lucky Gordon raced down a sordid street toward the shabby warehouse that was the hide-out of his gang! The cops were closing in! It looked like curtains for Lucky!

"What's up?" asked Benny Stark, alarmed as Lucky dived inside and slammed the door behind him!

"It's the rotten coppers," he snarled, looking around wildly like a hunted animal! "But they won't get me! I'm too smart!"

Quickly, he scanned the pile of TNT! His cigarette lighter flared as he threw it in that direction! "Thanks for dyin' for me, pal," he yelled and leaped through a small back window!

There was a scream of terror and a deafening explosion! Lucky Gordon watched the warehouse burn from the nearby alley where he was hiding! He heard a fireman say to the Police Chief, "The body's charred almost beyond recognition but it's him, all right!"

And the Chief answered, "That gets rid of Lucky Gordon! No loss, either!"

Lucky grinned horribly to himself! Now that he was "dead," he was free! Nobody cared for Benny! No one would even miss him!

Later that night, Lucky knocked on a dingy door in the heart of the slum section! A withered, shifty-eyed man opened it!

"You Doc Shuler?" Lucky inquired! Then, as he entered the grim office, "I know your reputation, doc! Fix my face and I'll give you ten grand! Two now and eight when it's over—when I know you've kept your trap shut!"

The plastic surgery took two weeks! Through holes in the bandages, Lucky read about his own funeral! Curious crowds had attended to witness the end of a public enemy! His name made the headlines for four days! "Too bad," he thought, "that I couldn't be there myself! Didn't know I was such an important guy!"

When the bandages were removed, Lucky looked at his image in the mirror with mixed horror and satisfaction! It was the ugliest face he had ever seen! The skin was scarred and shiny, the nose flat, the mouth drawn, and the eyes bulged like the two great orbs of a demon! But he was sure he would never be recognized!

"No one will know you now," assured Doctor Shuler! "Give me the eight thousand and you can be on your way!"

Lucky drew his new mouth into a loathesome grin! "Think I'm nuts? Maybe you're wise! I don't take chances!"

The barrel of his revolver belched! There was no sound because it had a silencer! Lucky ran out the back door and down the alley, to begin his new life! He was dead and buried, so far as anyone knew, and he had covered all his tracks! Now he was nobody!

"Nobody," thought Lucky, with a smile. "That's good! From now on, I'm NOBODY!"

ANSWER

The recoil of a .45 automatic is terrific . . . enough to throw the gun up vertically after each shot when held by a normal person! Only someone strong enough to hold the gun level against that recoil could fire three fast shots and put all three bullets into a small space! Bareback riders develop strong legs but not strong arms! Only Elina, developed by years of swinging from her right arm, had the strength to hold and fire the gun as it was fired!

The crimes that had been committed by Lucky's gang were over! Without their leader, the crooks had lost courage! Members of the police department and detective squads took vacations and they all blessed the day when Lucky Gordon had ended the siege of plunder and murder by taking his own life!

But, soon, a new scourge hit the city! Crime was rampant and worse than before! The new headquarters were in a back room of The Blue Moon Bar and Grill! And the King of Crime was NOBODY! He had called together all the dependable recruits from the underworld! He wore a top hat, opera cape, white gloves, and carried a cane!

"I'm taking over," he told them! "I'm taking Lucky Gordon's place! I'm smarter and tougher than he was! Anybody refuse to go along?"

He pulled a dagger from his cane and threatened to run it through the first man who protested and none did!

"Who—who are you?" ventured one!

"I'm NOBODY!" answered the scar-faced ruler! "If anybody ever asks you, I'm NOBODY! Remember that!"

Every officer and man of the law was on constant duty after that! They never knew where the next blow would strike! The biggest jewel centers were robbed so cunningly that the police alarms never sounded! Warehouses, filled with precious imports, were ransacked! Banks were broken into and those who tried to protect their property were shot down!

On a few occasions, criminals were cornered by the police! One was taken to headquarters for questioning!

"Who runs the racket?" they asked him!

"NOBODY!" was the answer! "Look I'm tellin' ya the truth! It's NOBODY!"

Another time, a man was caught in the act! "Who's the head man?" the patrolman queried!

"I dunno! Says he's NOBODY! His voice sounds kinda familiar! Sounds like—" A bullet rang out from behind a building! The man in question fell and died!

The whole force was in a frenzy until a young detective, Bill Ormsby, hit on a lead that The Blue Moon was headquarters for the ring! He got a job as waiter in the place and bided his time, working there patiently for three months to

try to establish faith with the criminal crew! Finally he was taken into their confidence!

Considered a trustee, at last, he was told to deliver a tray of drinks to the back room! He met the gang and observed their leader—an ogre with erased features who wore a top hat and cape! When he returned for the glasses, he made a point of segregating one and, after closing time, took NOBODY'S glass, wrapped in a towel, and hurried with it to the fingerprint bureau!

It didn't take long, after that, for the trap to close on this monster who had engineered thefts and gambling syndicates and blackmail and death. The only thing that completely shocked everyone in the departments of justice were the fingerprints! They were positively identified as those of Lucky Gordon! They had pieced the story together—checked on Benny Stark's sudden disappearance, on Doctor Shuler's murder, and had wrung the rest of the story from a gangster who had seen it happen but had been afraid to squeal!

Dick Allen was leaning forward in his chair and staring at Fenley, unbelieving! "Are you telling me," he questioned, when the Chief had stopped talking, "that Lucky is alive? The whole thing sounds fantastic!"

"Fingerprints don't lie!" Fenley assured him! Just then, the telephone rang and Fenley grabbed it up and answered!

"Fenley speaking! What happened?"

He paused to listen as a voice came over the line! His face curled in a peculiar, pathetic smile!

"Good! I'm glad it's settled," he said through the transmitter! Then he turned to Dick Allen!

"Lucky Gordon's just admitted the whole story I've told you! Fact is, he's signed a written confession! The other reporters are in on it now but, if you hurry, you'll have a scoop!"

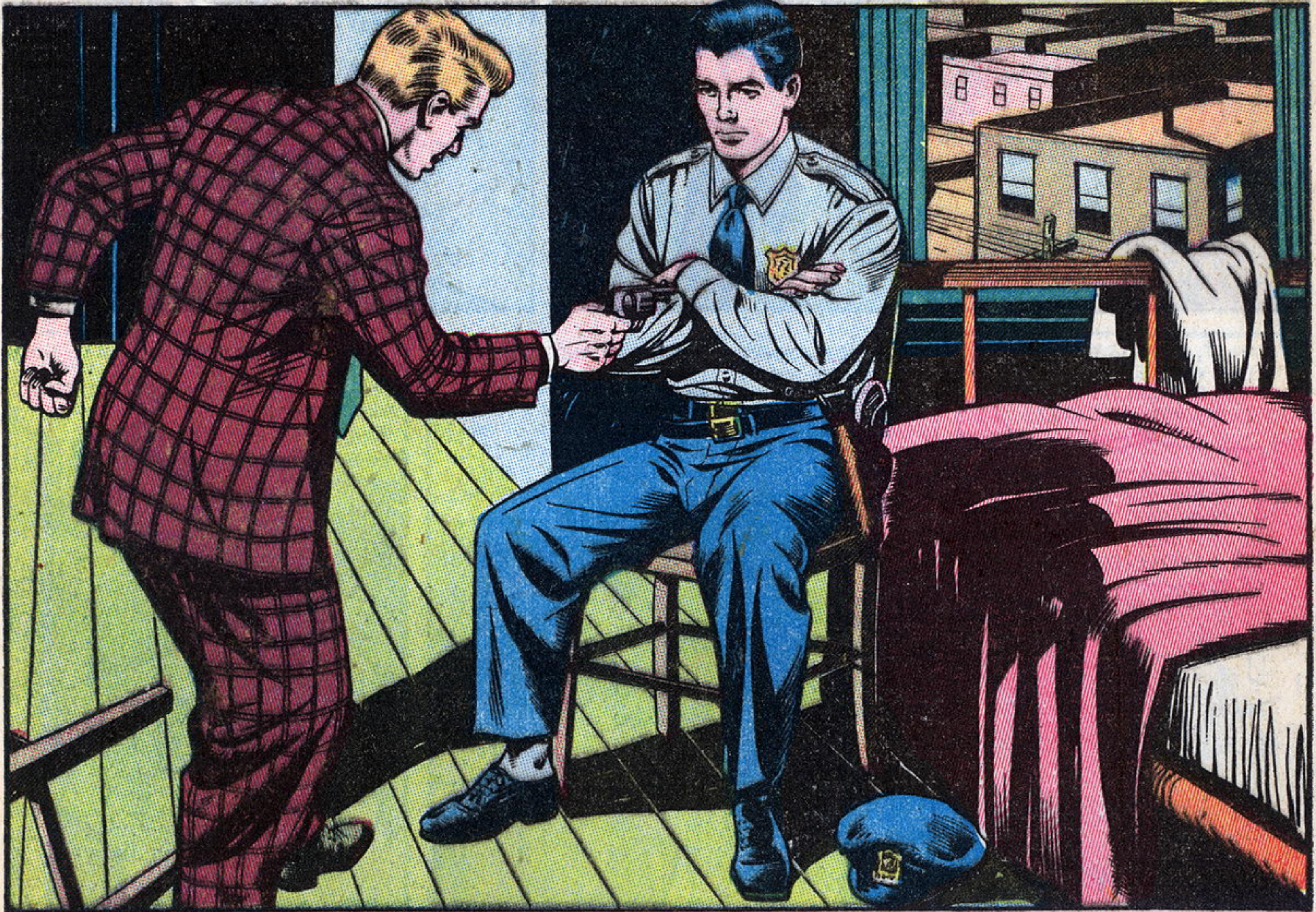
Dick dashed from the Chief of Detectives' office to his own Gazette newsroom! It wasn't many minutes before an EXTRA was on the streets, carrying his story and this headline: GANGSTER RETURNS FROM THE DEAD!

Dick stood amid the crowd and listened to a newsboy shouting, "Wuxtra! Read all about it! Man believed burned to death in fire returns!"

"He'll burn now," thought the reporter to himself! "He'll burn in the electric chair for his crimes! Only, this time, Lucky Gordon won't be so lucky!"

IT WAS PATROLMAN PHIL RONEY'S JOB TO ARREST CRIMINALS AND SEE THEM PUNISHED FOR THEIR CRIMES! BUT MAYBE PHIL RONEY'S HEART WAS TOO BIG FOR HIS UNIFORM... OR MAYBE HE HAD A BLIND SPOT WHEN IT CAME TO YOUNG JOHNNY MANELL! IN THE PAY-OFF, IT WAS THE INBORN DEGENCY OF A KID FROM THE GUTTER AGAINST...

THE HEART OF A COP



IT WAS THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 9TH THAT PATROLMAN PHIL RONEY, WALKING HIS LONELY BEAT, RAN INTO TROUBLE!

AT THE SOUND OF THE WHISTLE A CAR ROARED AWAY FROM THE WALDER BROTHERS WAREHOUSE!

THE CAR GOT AWAY, BUT PHIL USED HIS OLD COLLEGE FOOTBALL TACTICS TO NAIL THE LOOKOUT WHO HAD GIVEN THE WHISTLED WARNING!



SHREEEEEE!

WHAT TH...!



HALT! PULL OVER AND STOP!

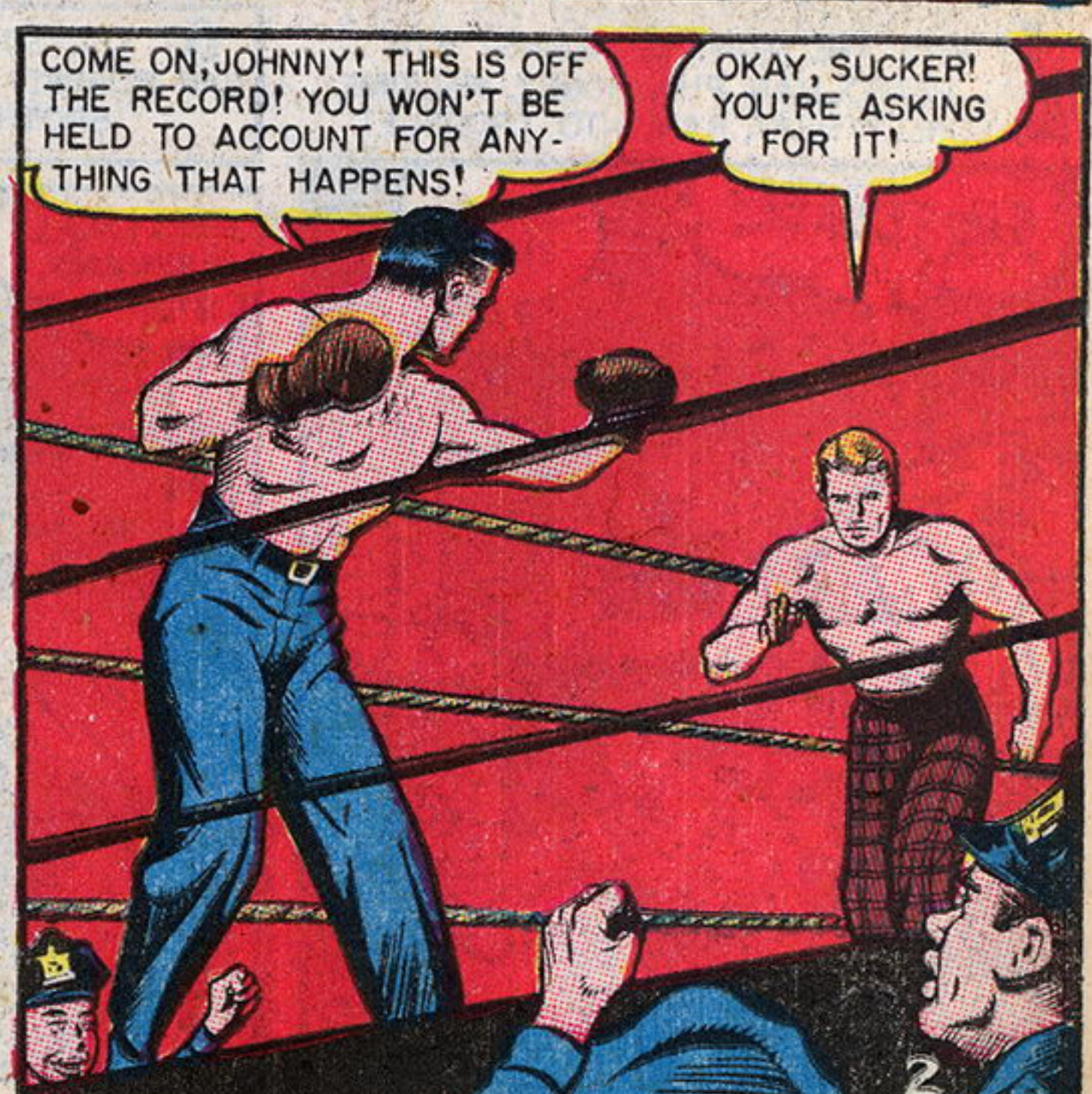
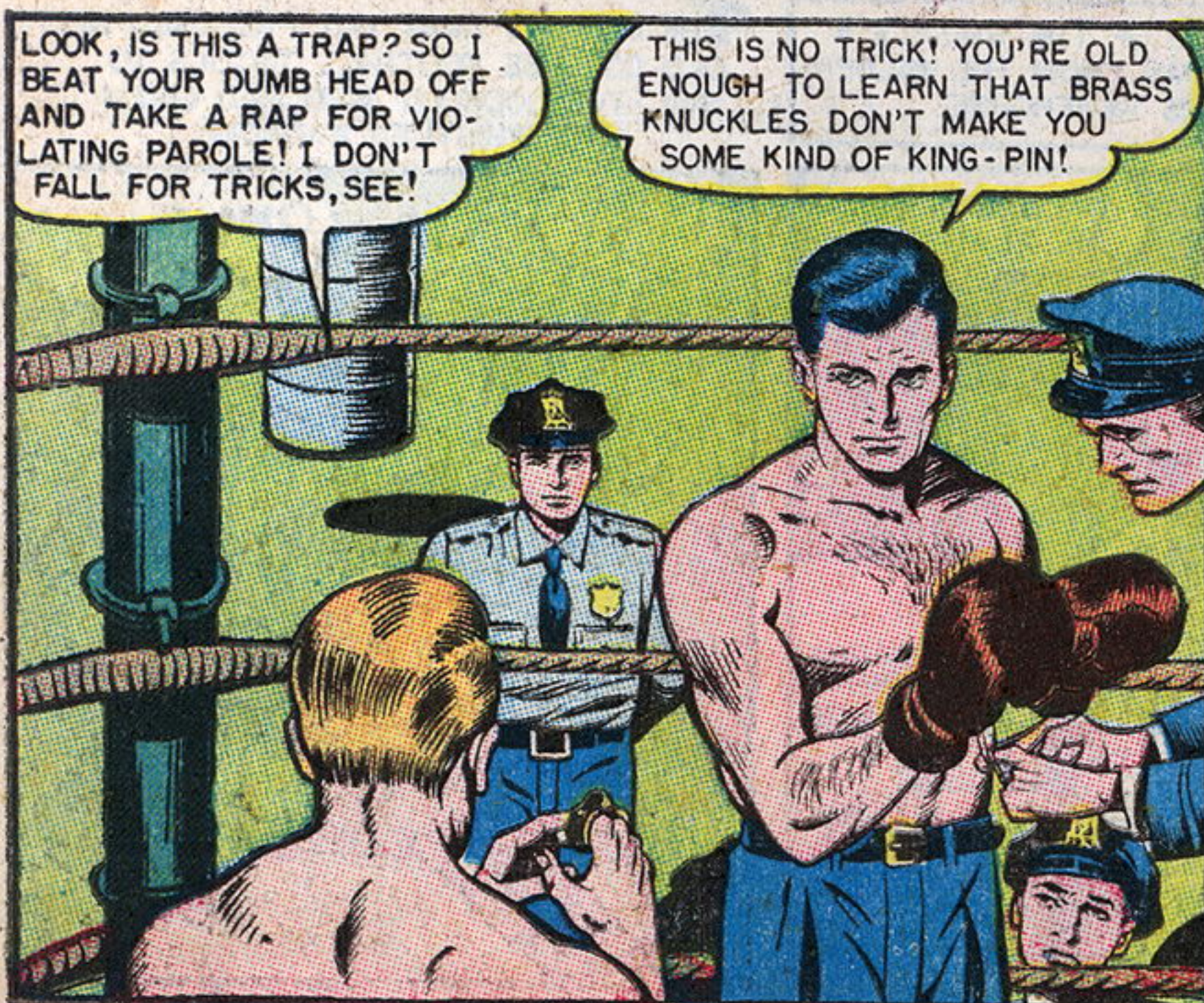
TRY AND STOP US, FLATFOOT!



NO, YOU DON'T!

OWOOOFF!

POLICE COMICS

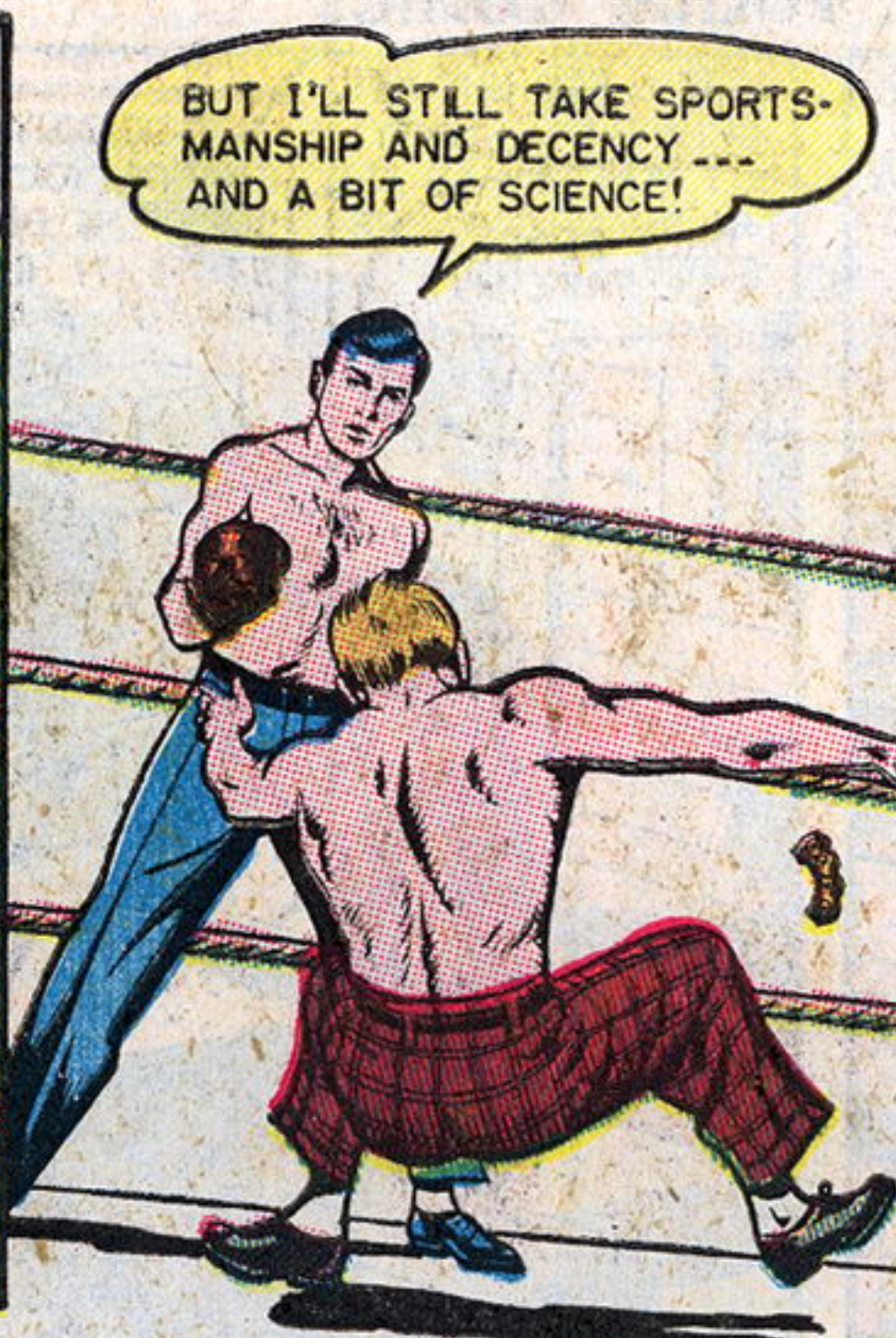


POLICE COMICS



YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR SONG WHEN I...

GO AHEAD, JOHNNY! SHOW ME HOW BRASS KNUCKLES MAKE YOU THE BIG SHOT!



BUT I'LL STILL TAKE SPORTSMANSHIP AND DECENCY... AND A BIT OF SCIENCE!



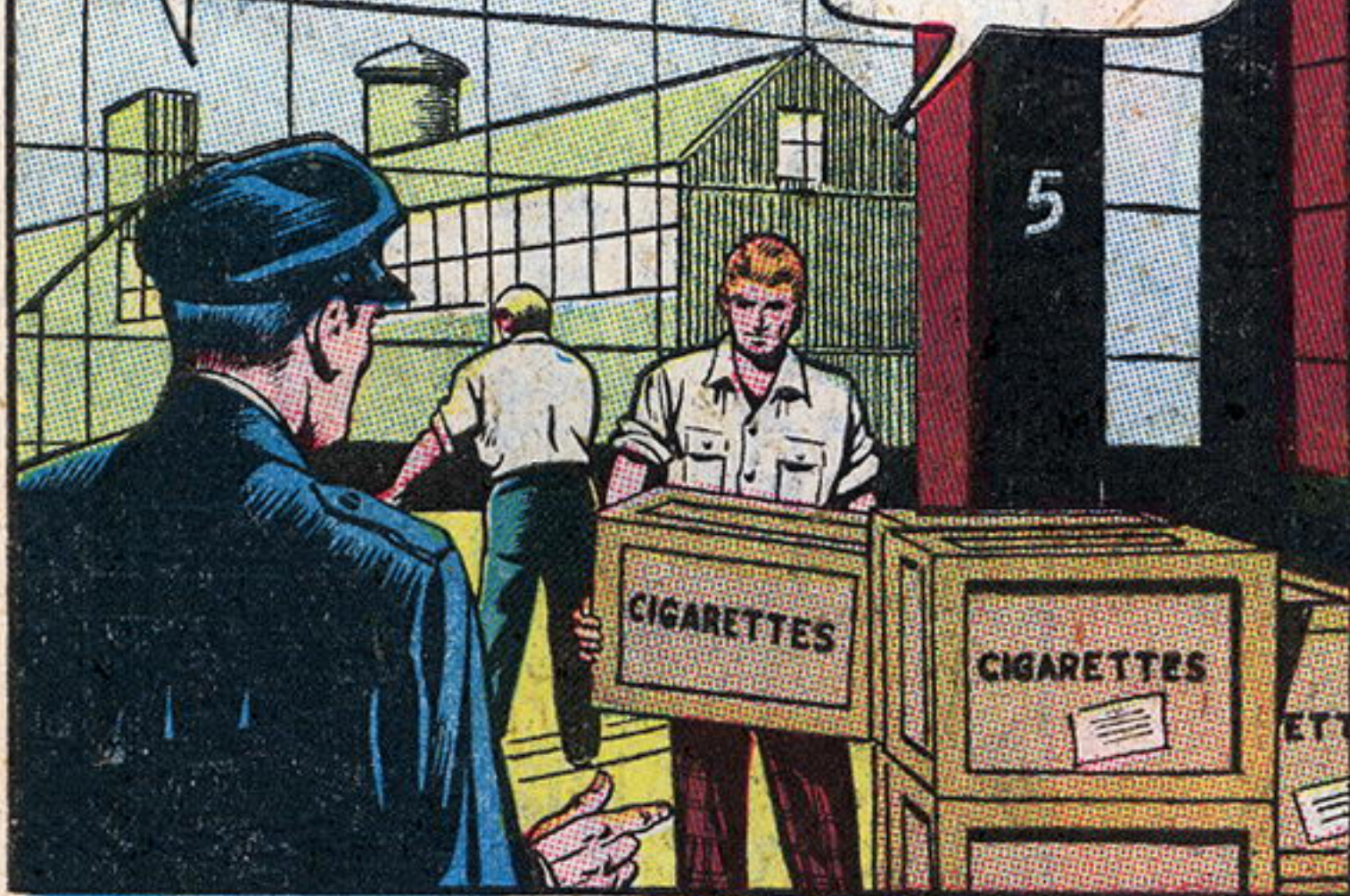
OKAY, SO YOU BEAT MY HEAD OFF! BUT IF I HAD A ROD...

DON'T BE A CHUMP, STUPID! PHIL HOLDS THE EXPERT MARKSMAN MEDAL FOR THE DEPARTMENT! YOU BETTER START LISTENING TO HIM!

PHIL GOT JOHNNY A JOB WITH THE VERY WAREHOUSE HE HAD CONSPIRED TO ROB! IT TOOK SOME TALKING... AND A LOT OF FAITH!

'MORNING, JOHNNY! HOW'S THE JOB GOING?

HOW D'YUH THINK IT'S GOIN', COPPER? YUH GOT ANY BEEFS, TELL THE PAROLE BOARD!



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR JOHNNY TO DRIFT BACK TO HIS OLD HAUNTS!

... AND THAT'S THE DEAL, LEW! I FIX THE DOOR SO IT DON'T LOCK, SEE, AND YOU CLEAN THE WAREHOUSE OF EVERYTHING GOOD!

YOU'RE ON, JOHNNY! AND I'LL ACCEPT YOUR 50-50 SPLIT, THOUGH I DON'T USUALLY PLAY BALL THAT WAY! TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT!



LATER THAT DAY...

I HAVE WORD THAT JOHNNY MANELL WAS SEEN WHISPERING WITH LEW DOCKER! I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, RONEY!

GIVE HIM A CHANCE, CAPTAIN! JOHNNY ISN'T REALLY BAD! HE JUST NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO LEARN DECENCY AND HONESTY!



IT'S YOUR FUNERAL, RONEY! YOU KNOW, IF JOHNNY GETS INTO ANY TROUBLE, YOU'LL BE TO BLAME AND YOU'LL TAKE THE BLAME!

YES, SIR! I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE, SIR!



AND ONLY A FEW HOURS LATER...

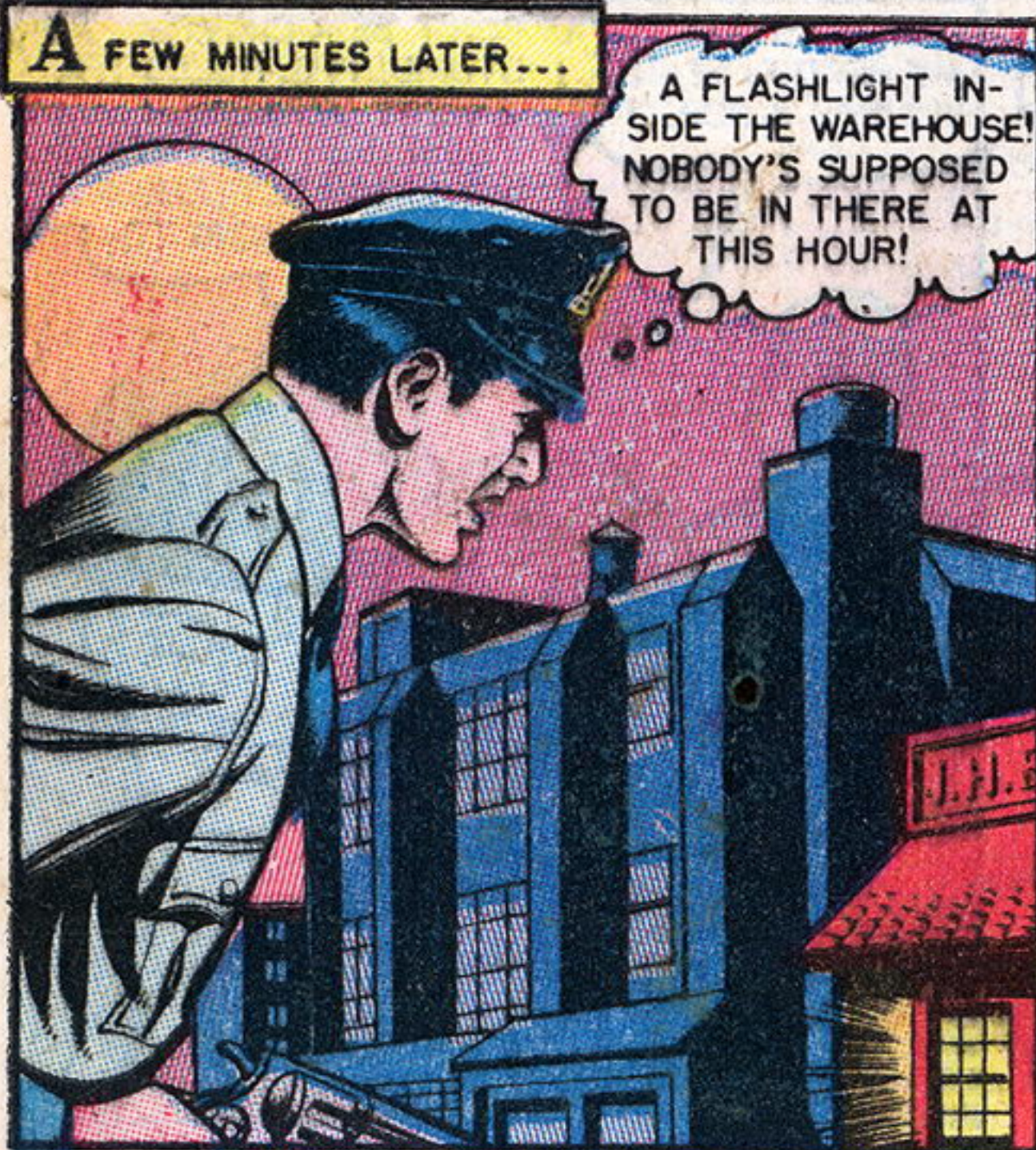
SEE, LEW? WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE DUMP'S WIDE OPEN AND JUST ACHING TO BE CLEANED!

OKAY, OKAY! SO YOU'RE A GENIUS! NOW SHUT UP AND GET THE STUFF LOADED! I AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT HERE!



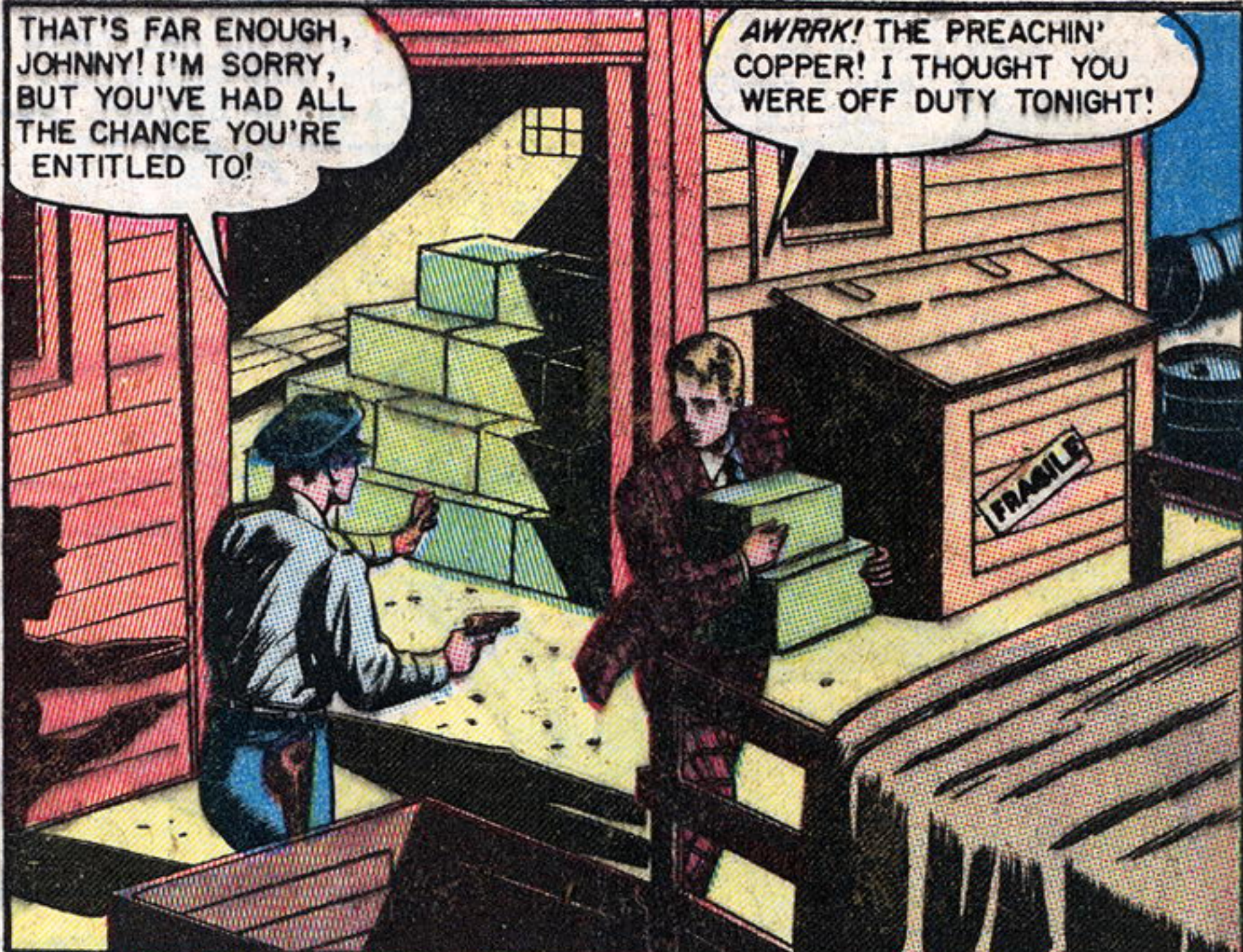
POLICE COMICS

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



A FLASHLIGHT INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE! NOBODY'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THERE AT THIS HOUR!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, JOHNNY! I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'VE HAD ALL THE CHANCE YOU'RE ENTITLED TO!



AWRRK! THE PREACHIN' COPPER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE OFF DUTY TONIGHT!

I HEARD BAD REPORTS ON YOU, JOHNNY, SO I DECIDED TO STAY ON AFTER ALL! I'M REALLY SORRY!

NOT HALF AS SORRY AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE!



YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', JOHNNY BOY!

LEW... DOCKER...



SO HE RECOGNIZED ME! THAT MAKES IT JUST TOO BAD... BUT IT AIN'T HARD TO FIX!

LEW, YOU AREN'T GONNA KNOCK HIM OFF, JUST LIKE THAT?



LOOK, SO HE'S A DOPEY FLATFOOT, LEW! BUT HE DID GIVE ME SOME BREAKS! JUST LEAVE HIM BE!

HMMM! OKAY, JOHNNY! GET THE TRUCK LOADED FAST BEFORE HE WAKES UP AND WE'LL SEE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

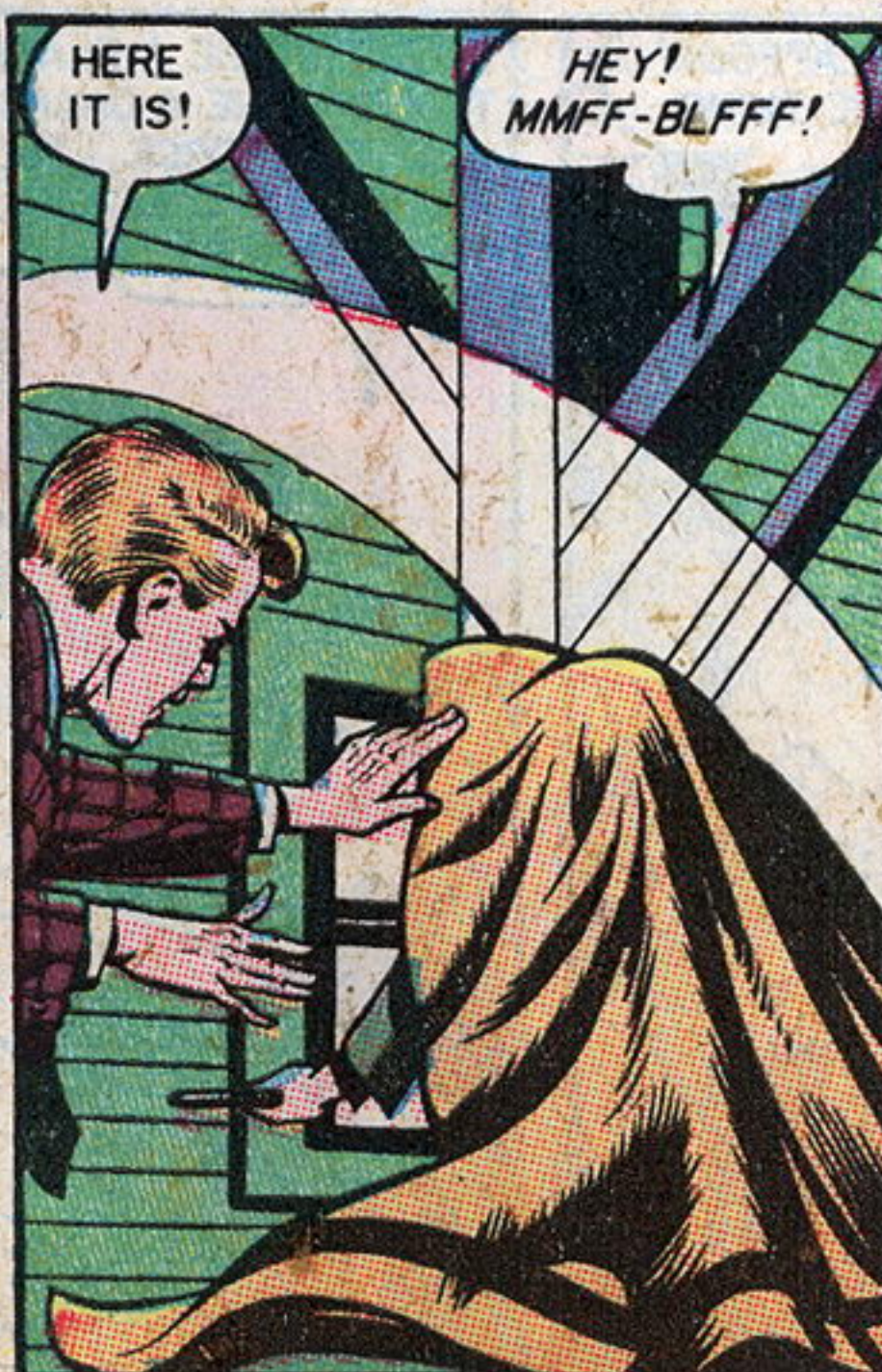
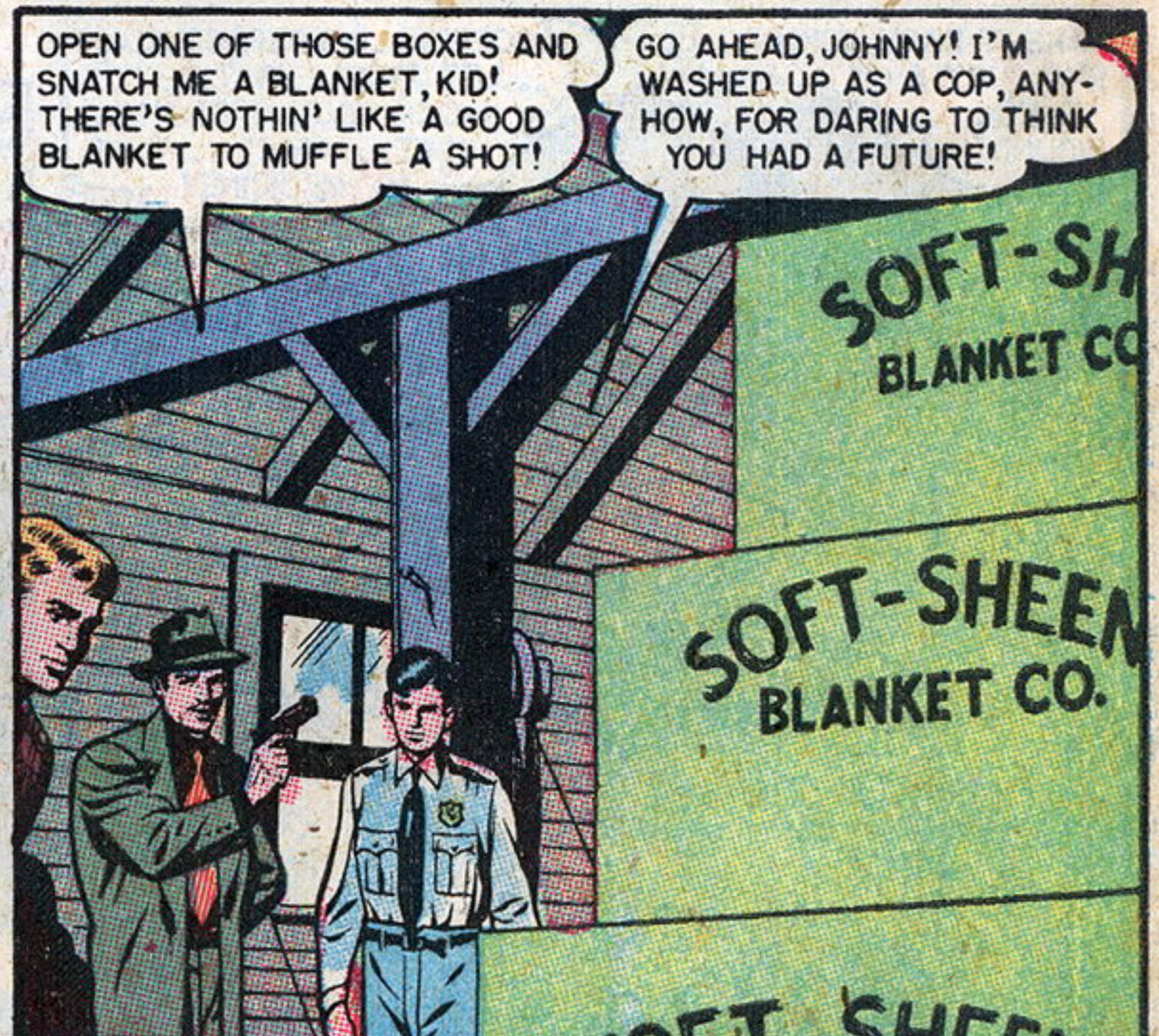
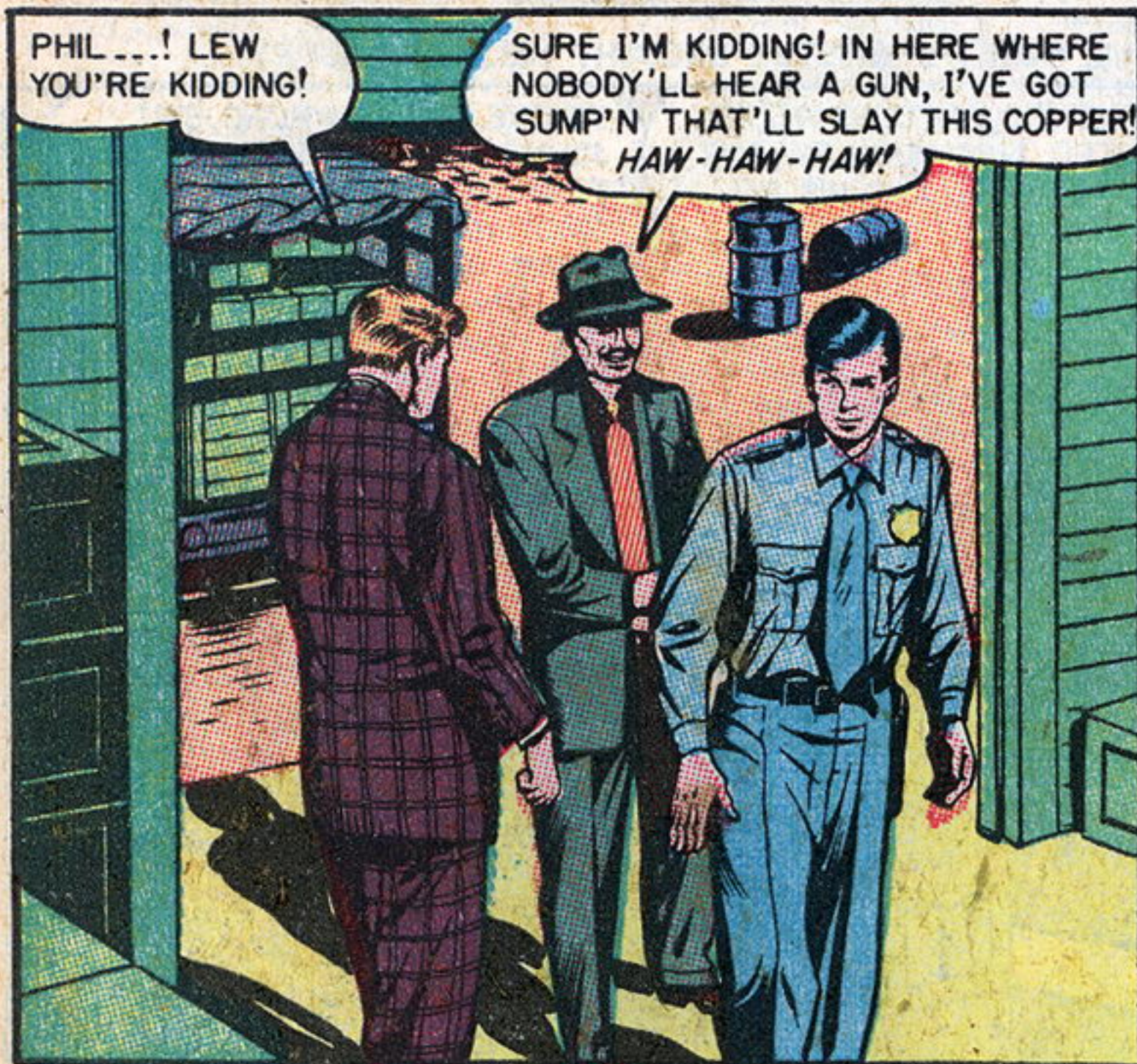
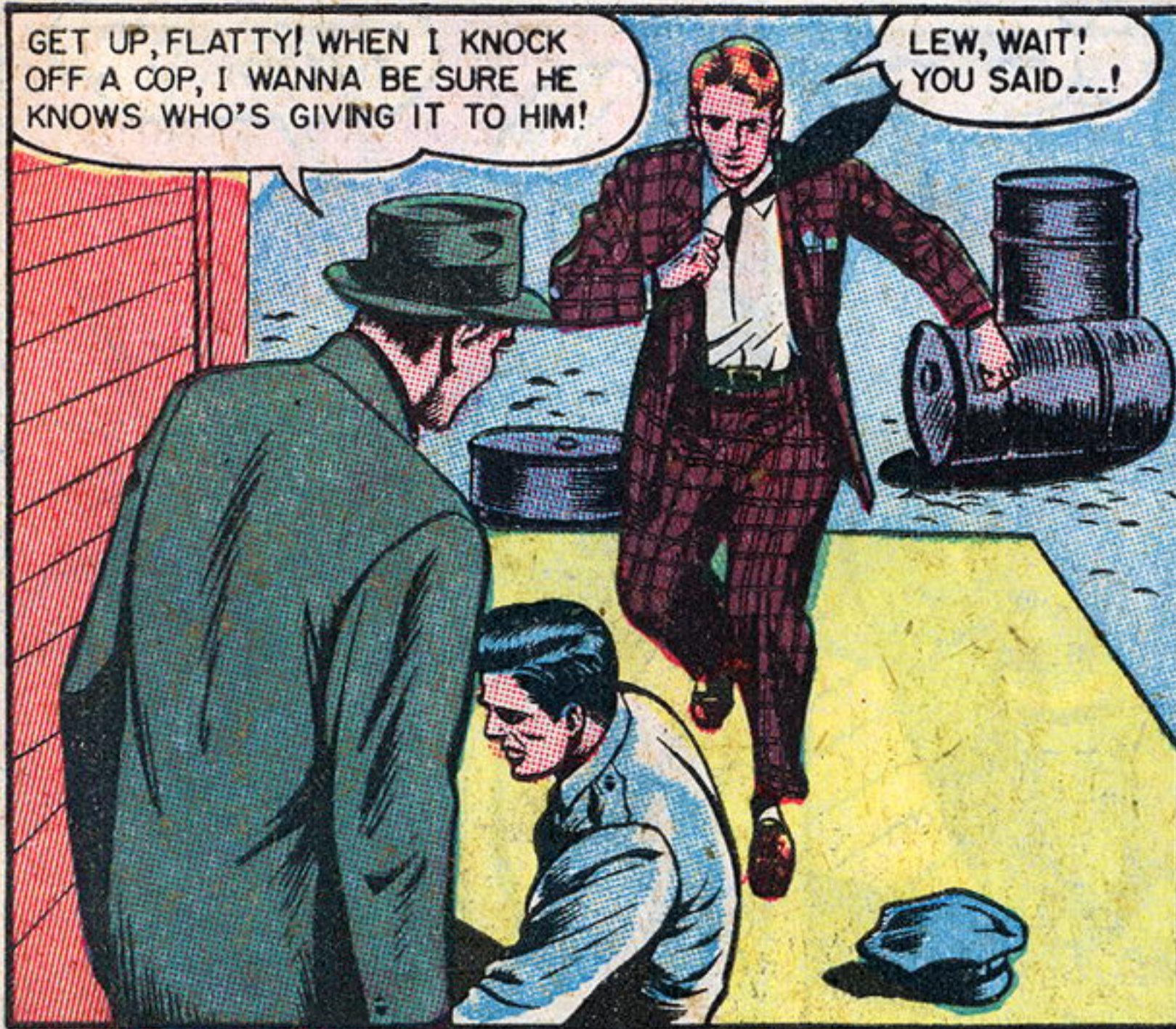
THAT'S ALL IT'LL HOLD!



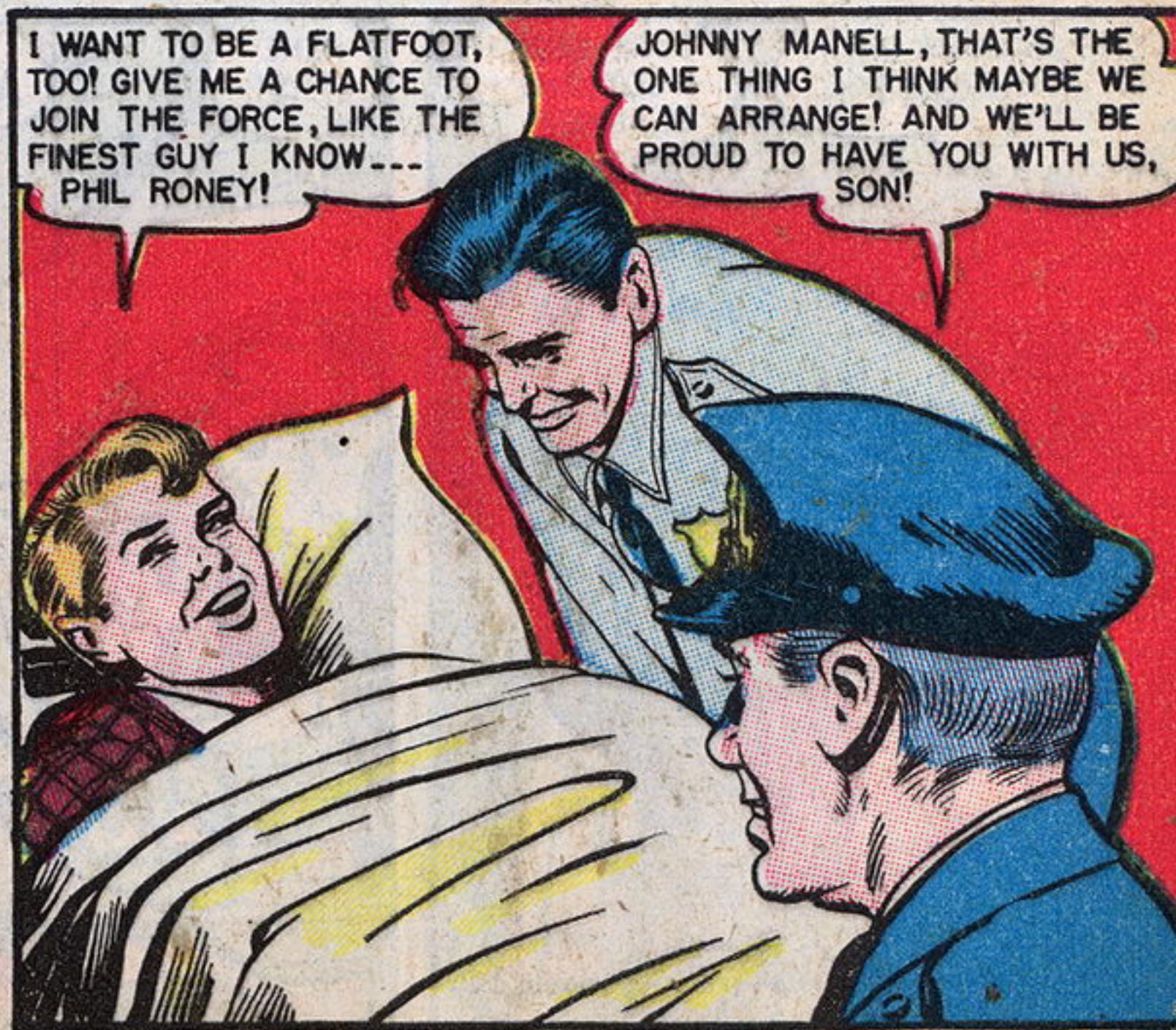
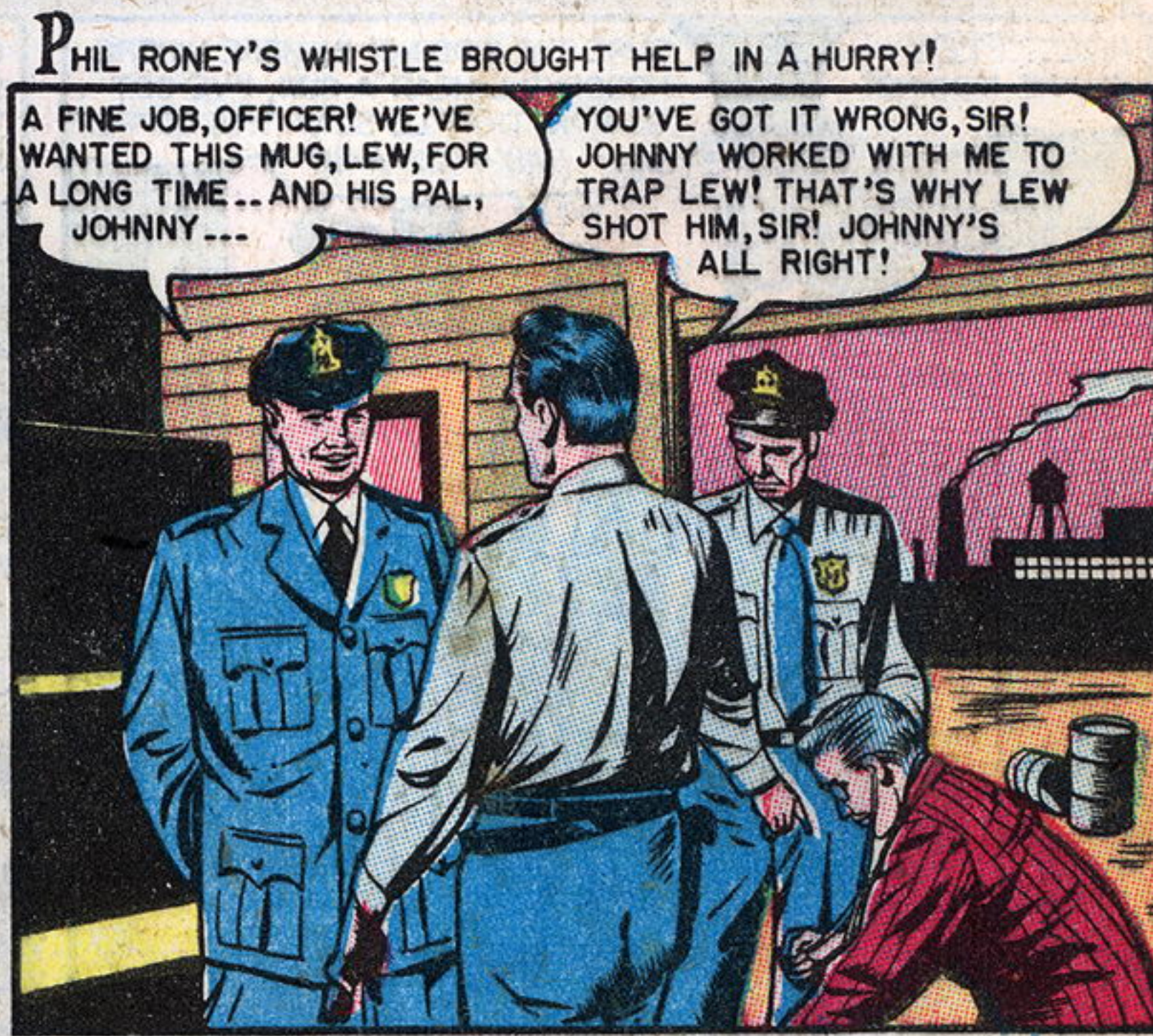
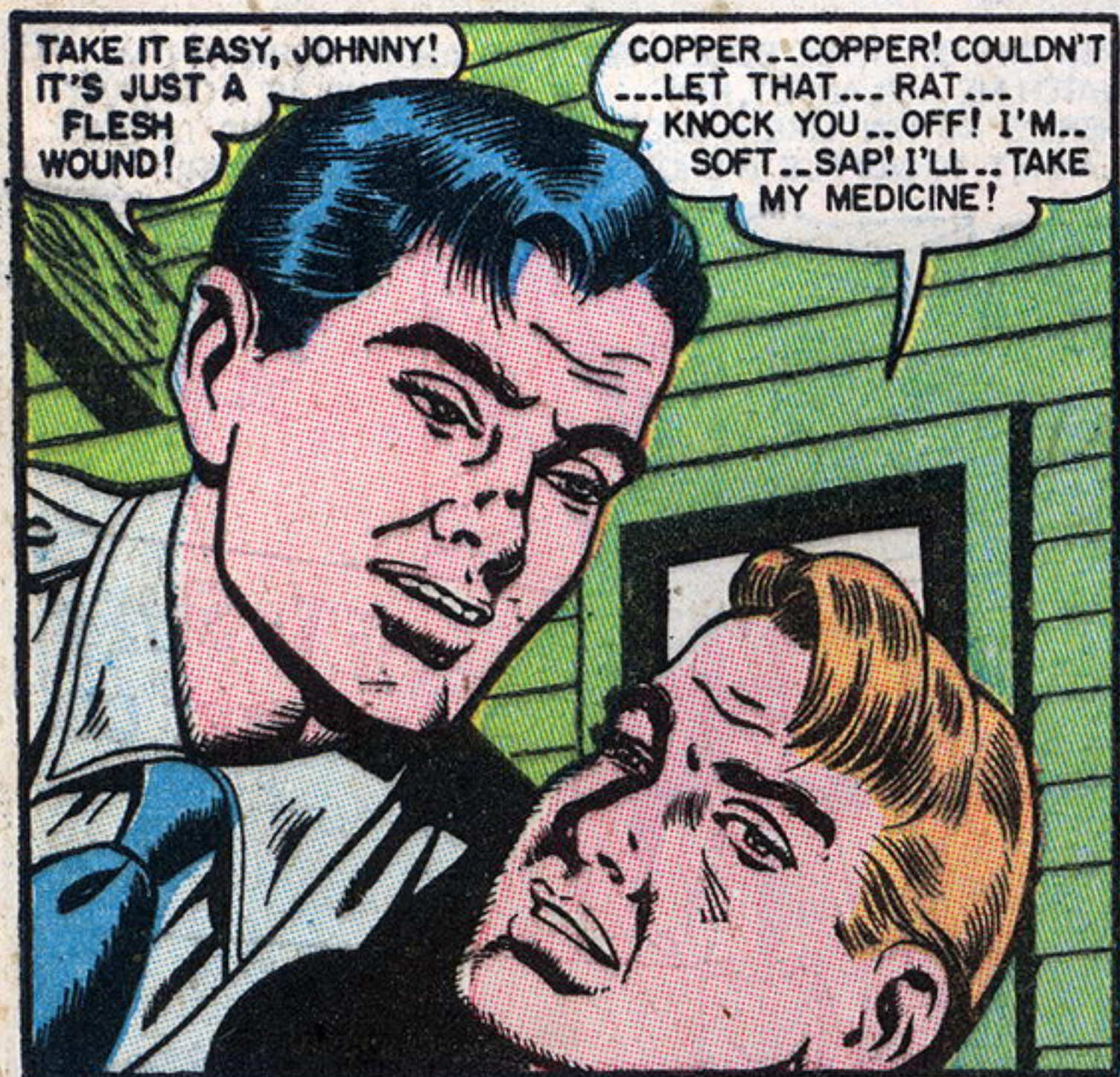
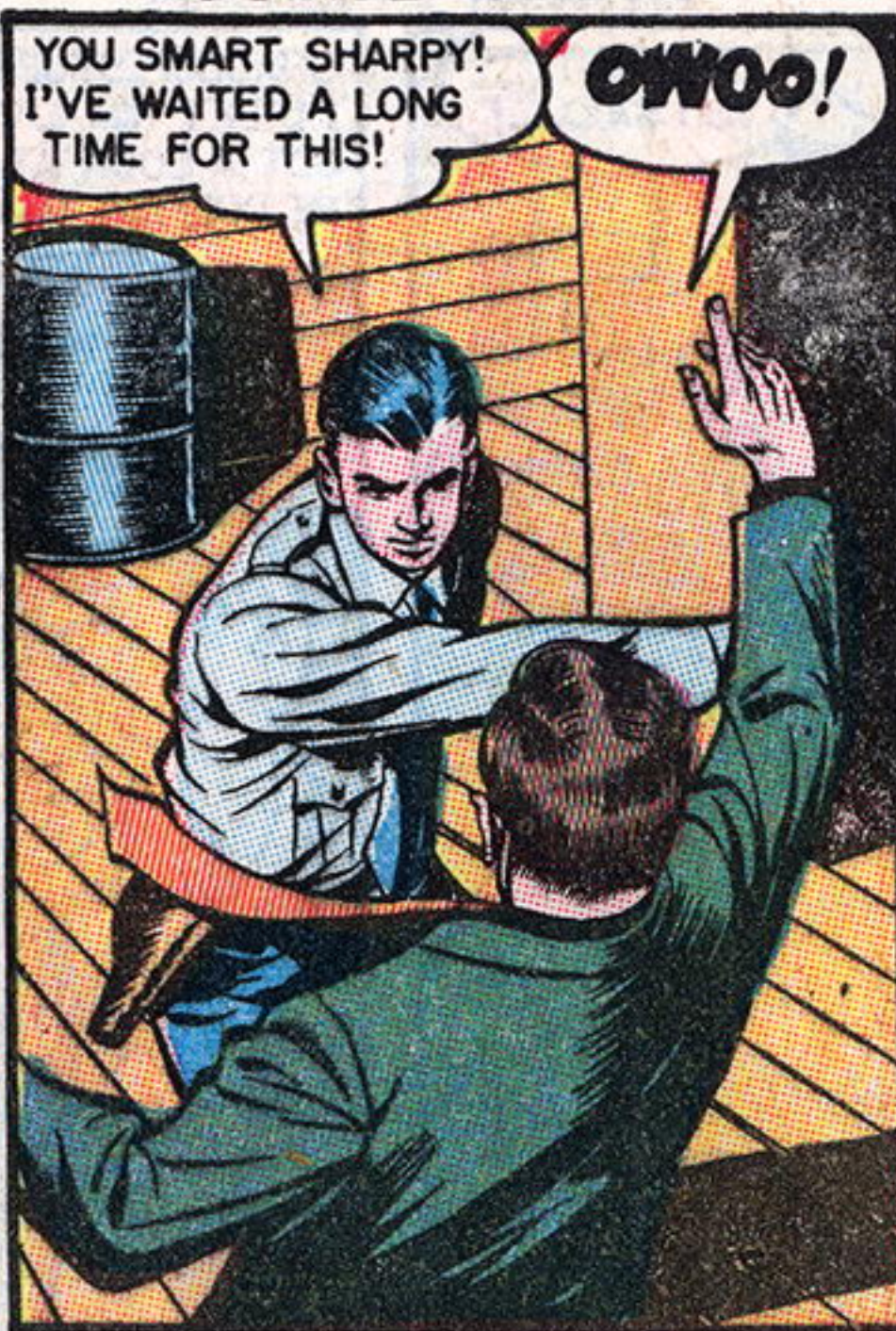
OOOOH!

LEW, HE'S WAKIN' UP! LET'S GO!

POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

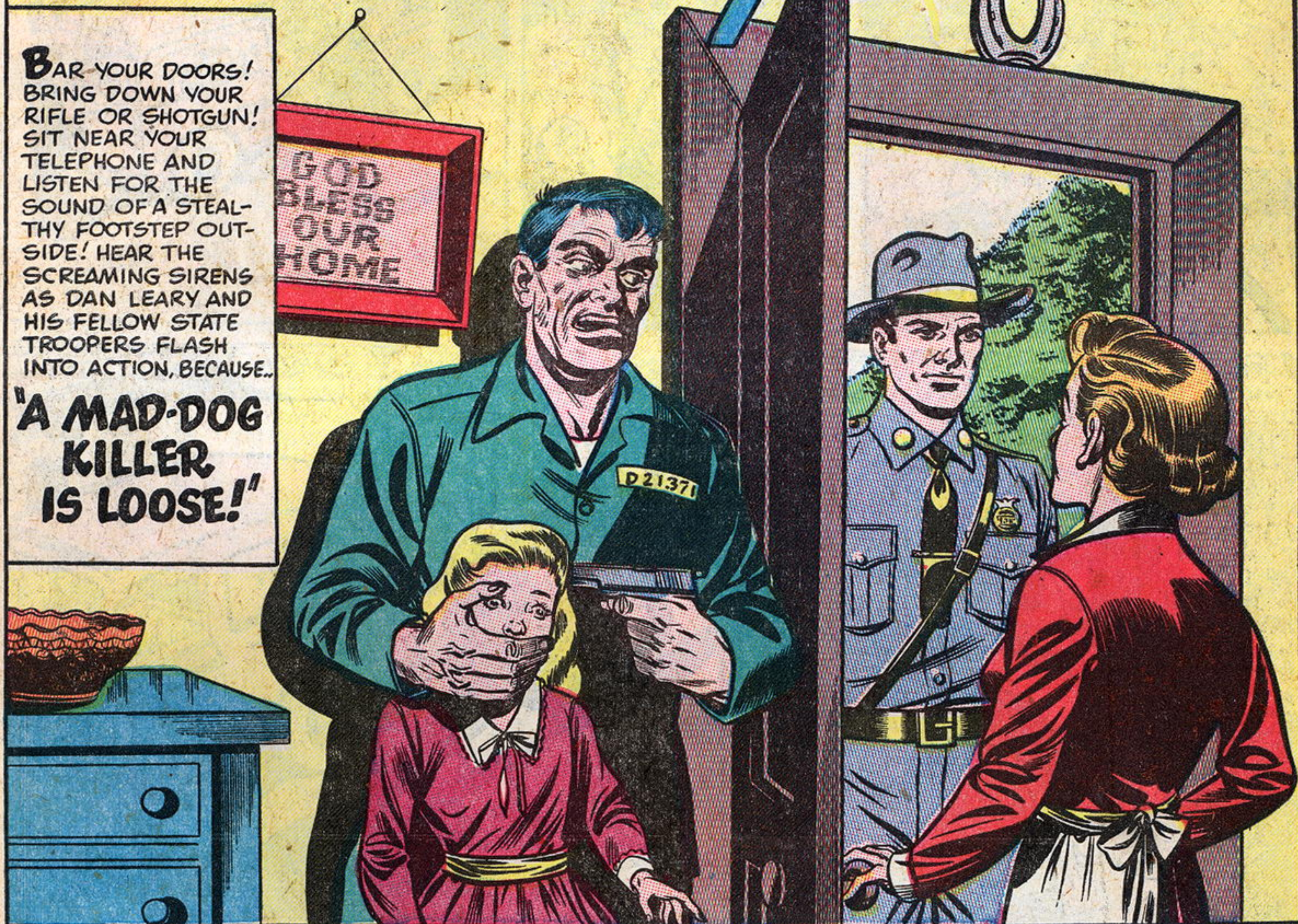


DAN LEARY

State Trooper

BAR YOUR DOORS! BRING DOWN YOUR RIFLE OR SHOTGUN! SIT NEAR YOUR TELEPHONE AND LISTEN FOR THE SOUND OF A STEALTHY FOOTSTEP OUTSIDE! HEAR THE SCREAMING SIRENS AS DAN LEARY AND HIS FELLOW STATE TROOPERS FLASH INTO ACTION, BECAUSE...

"A MAD-DOG KILLER IS LOOSE!"



OCCASIONALLY CAPTAIN MEARS LIKES TO RIDE OUT ON PATROL WITH ONE OF HIS TROOPERS...

THAT'S ODD, DAN! WHY IS THAT AUTO TIRE HUNG ON THAT MAIL BOX?

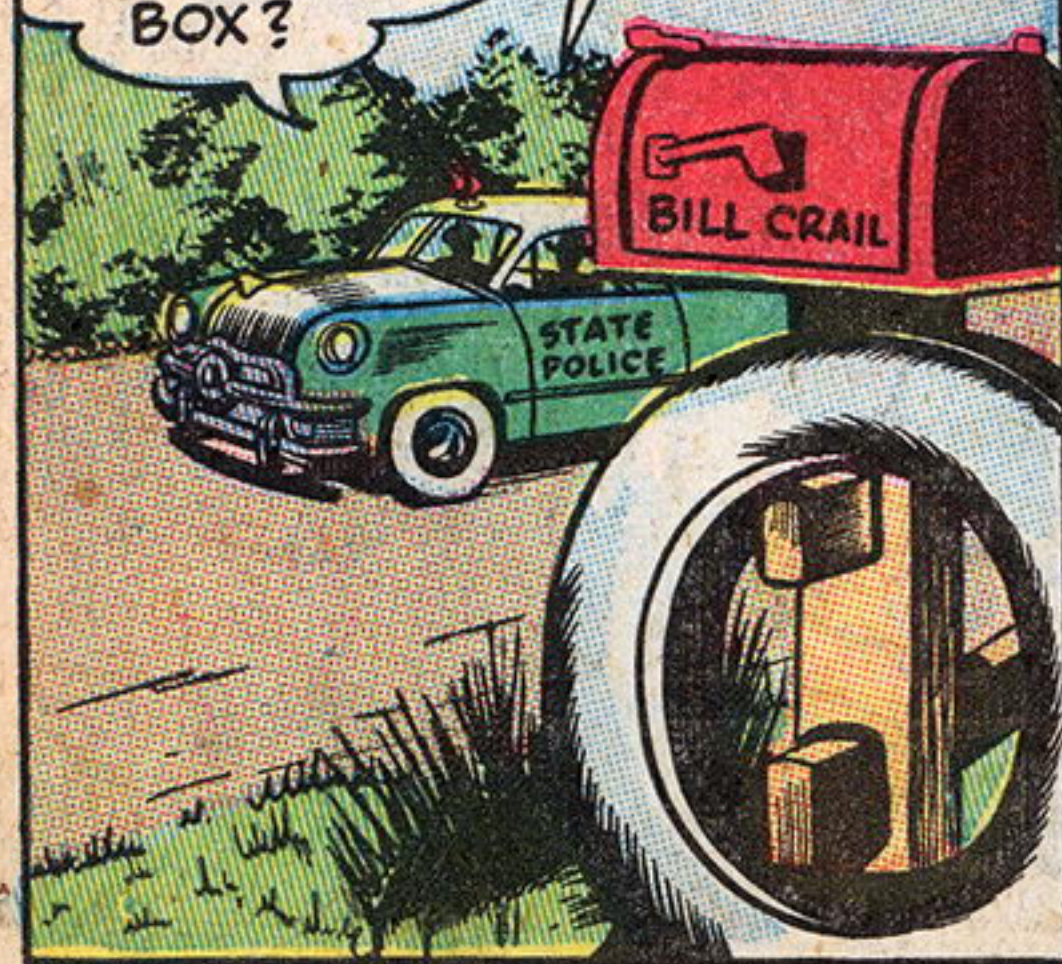
IT'S A SIGNAL, CAPTAIN... A VERY IMPORTANT SIGNAL!

YOU KNOW, SIR, ACCORDING TO SECTION 9, RULE 14 OF THE STATE POLICE CODE, A PATROLMAN IS ENTITLED TO FIVE MINUTES RELIEF AT INTERVALS!

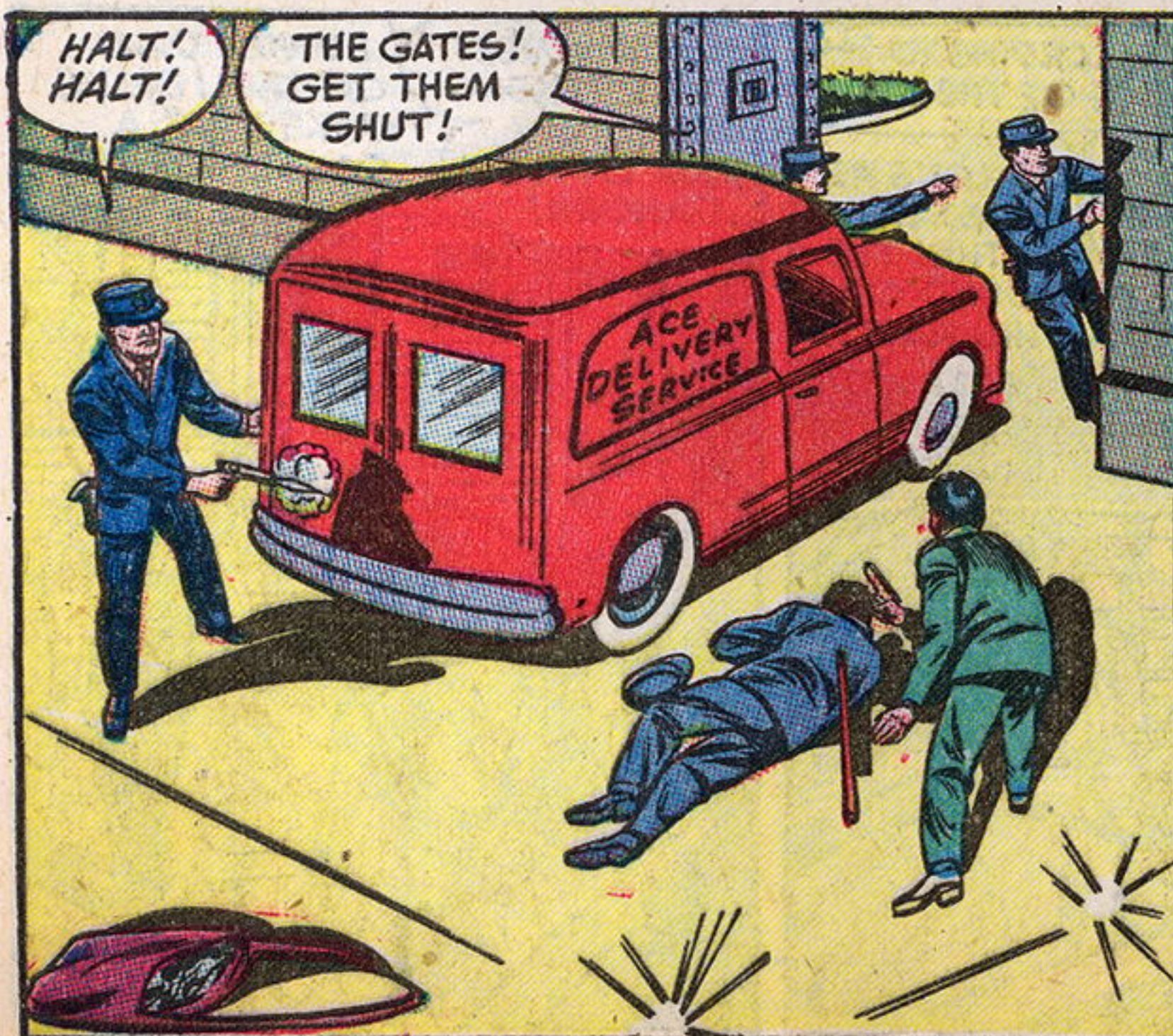
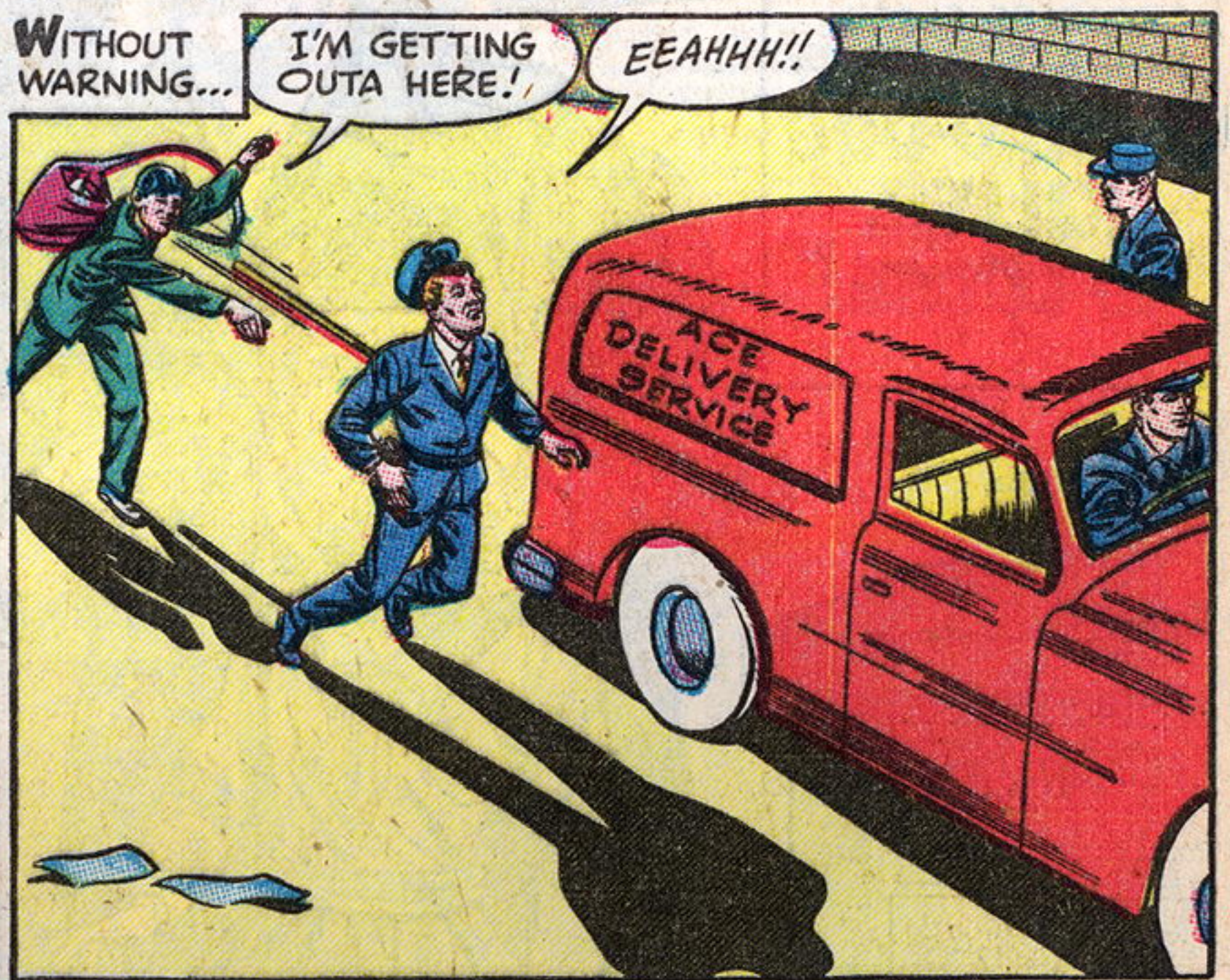
AS LONG AS HE STAYS WITHIN THE SOUND OF HIS RADIO!

CAPTAIN, MEET THE CRAILS--- BILL, SALLY AND LITTLE SANDRA!

HOWDY, DAN, CAPTAIN! SALLY, MAKE THAT A DOUBLE ORDER!

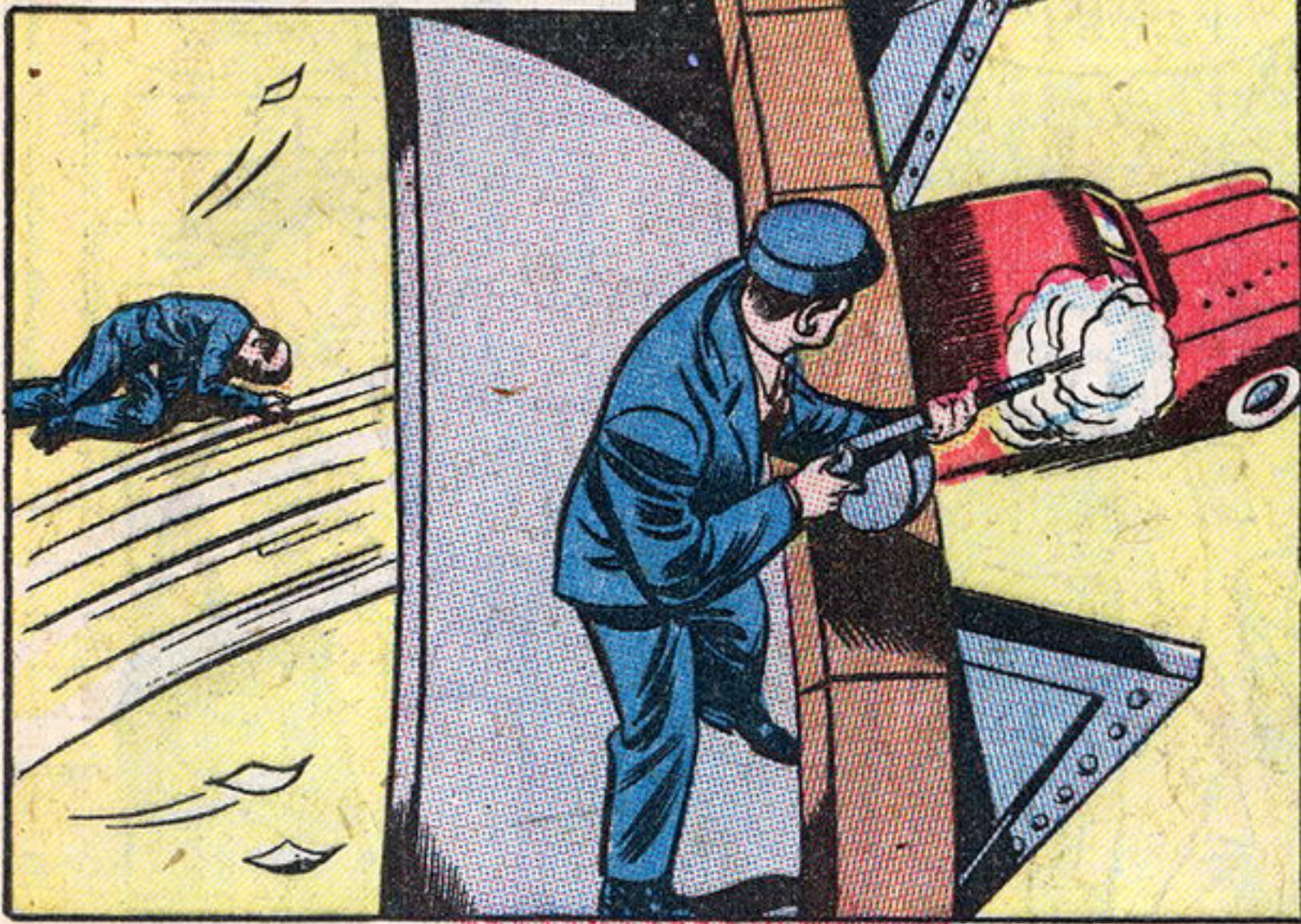


POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

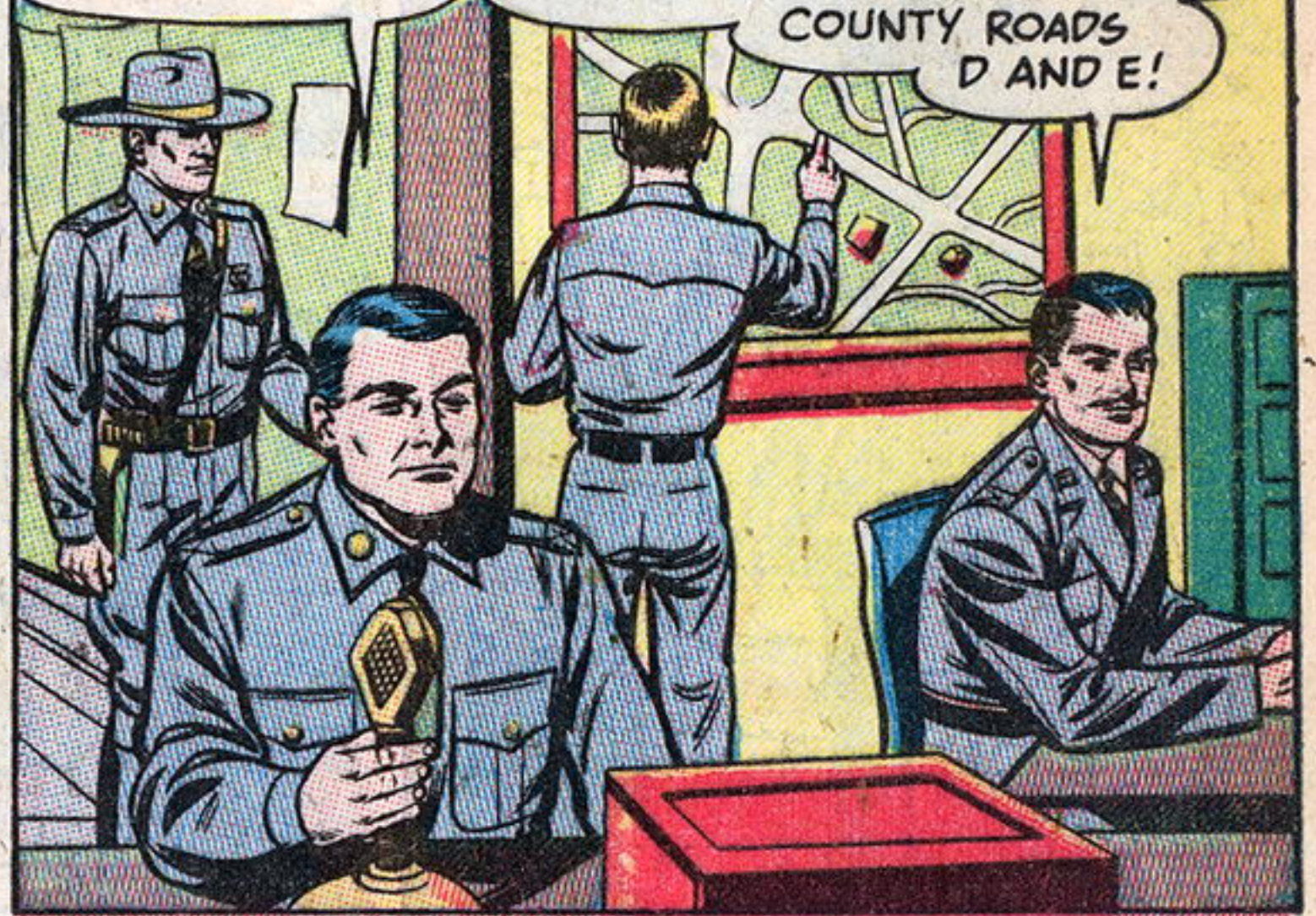
IT WAS OVER IN A DOZEN SECONDS! THE TOLL...TWO DEAD AND ONE DYING... AND A MAD-DOG KILLER ON THE LOOSE!



STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS GOT THE NEWS JUST AFTER DAN HAD DROPPED CAPT. MEARS AT HIS OFFICE!

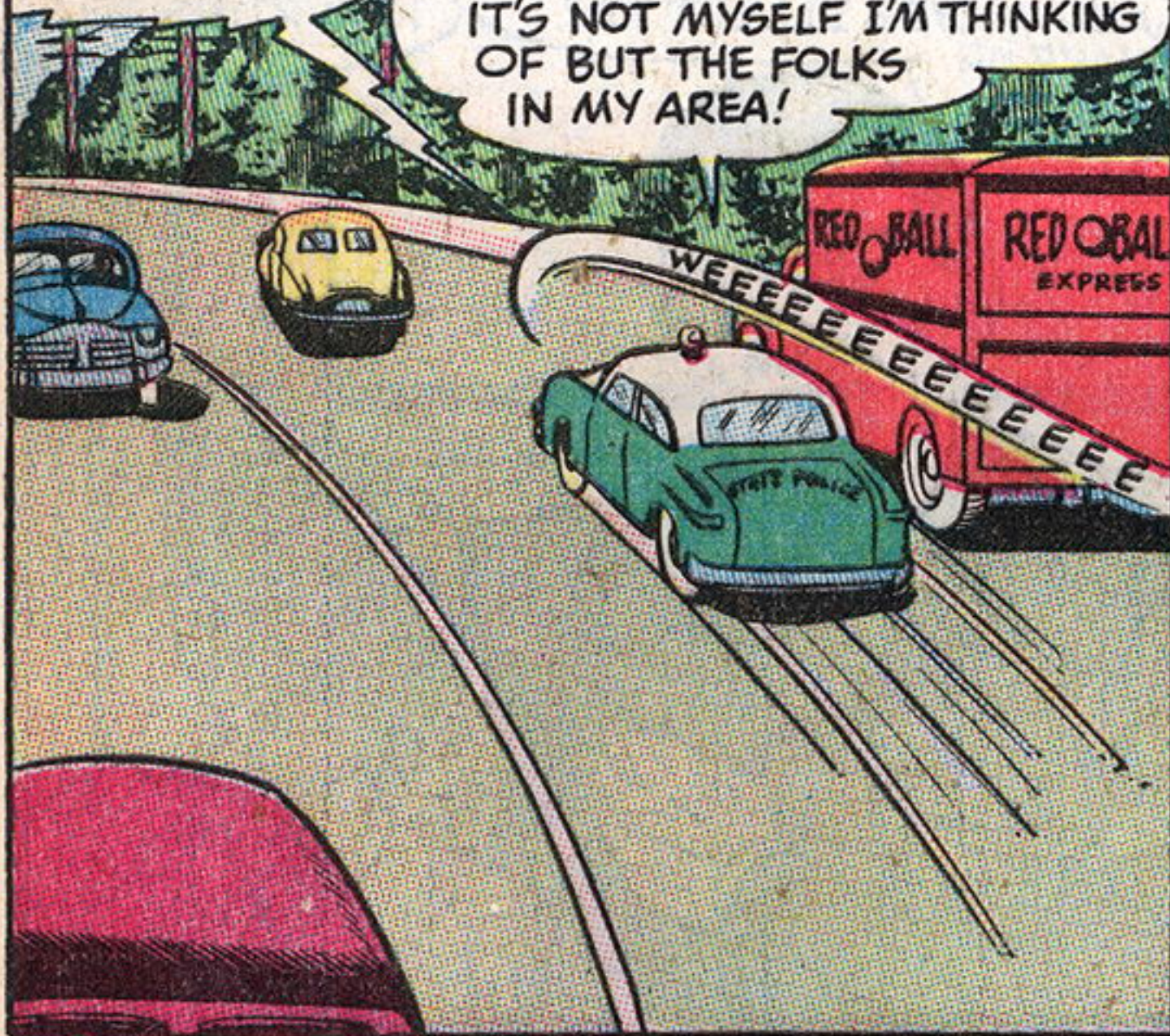
ATTENTION ALL CARS! SIGNAL 5! ALL CARS ALERT!

A FULL-NET ROAD BLOCK, NORTH AND EAST! CONCENTRATE EXTRA CARS ON HIGHWAYS 118 AND COUNTY ROADS D AND E!



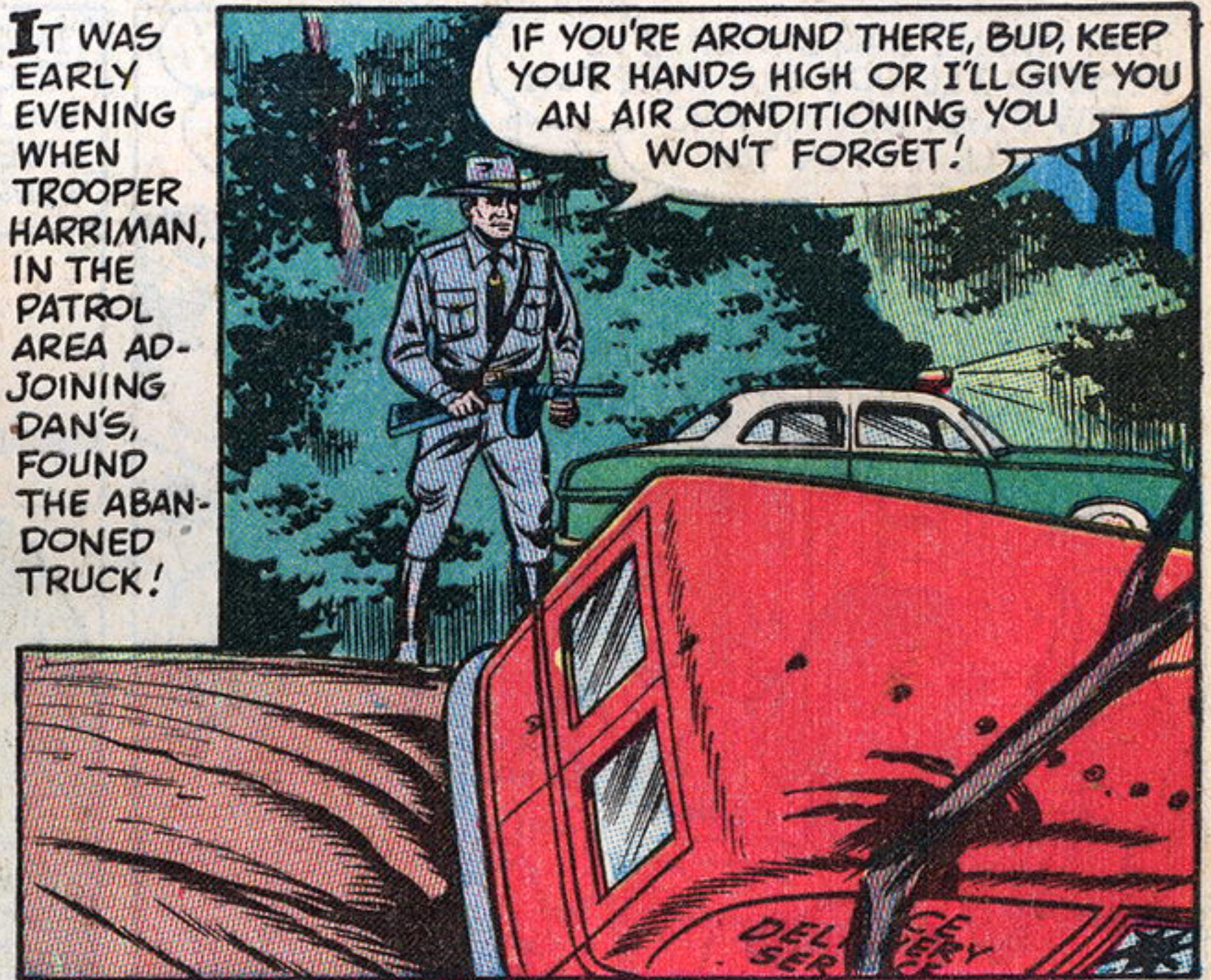
REPEAT...A.A.D. AND T.N.C.!

THAT MEANS ARMED AND DANGEROUS...TAKE NO CHANCES! IT'S NOT MYSELF I'M THINKING OF BUT THE FOLKS IN MY AREA!



IT WAS EARLY EVENING WHEN TROOPER HARRIMAN, IN THE PATROL AREA ADJOINING DAN'S, FOUND THE ABANDONED TRUCK!

IF YOU'RE AROUND THERE, BUD, KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH OR I'LL GIVE YOU AN AIR CONDITIONING YOU WON'T FORGET!



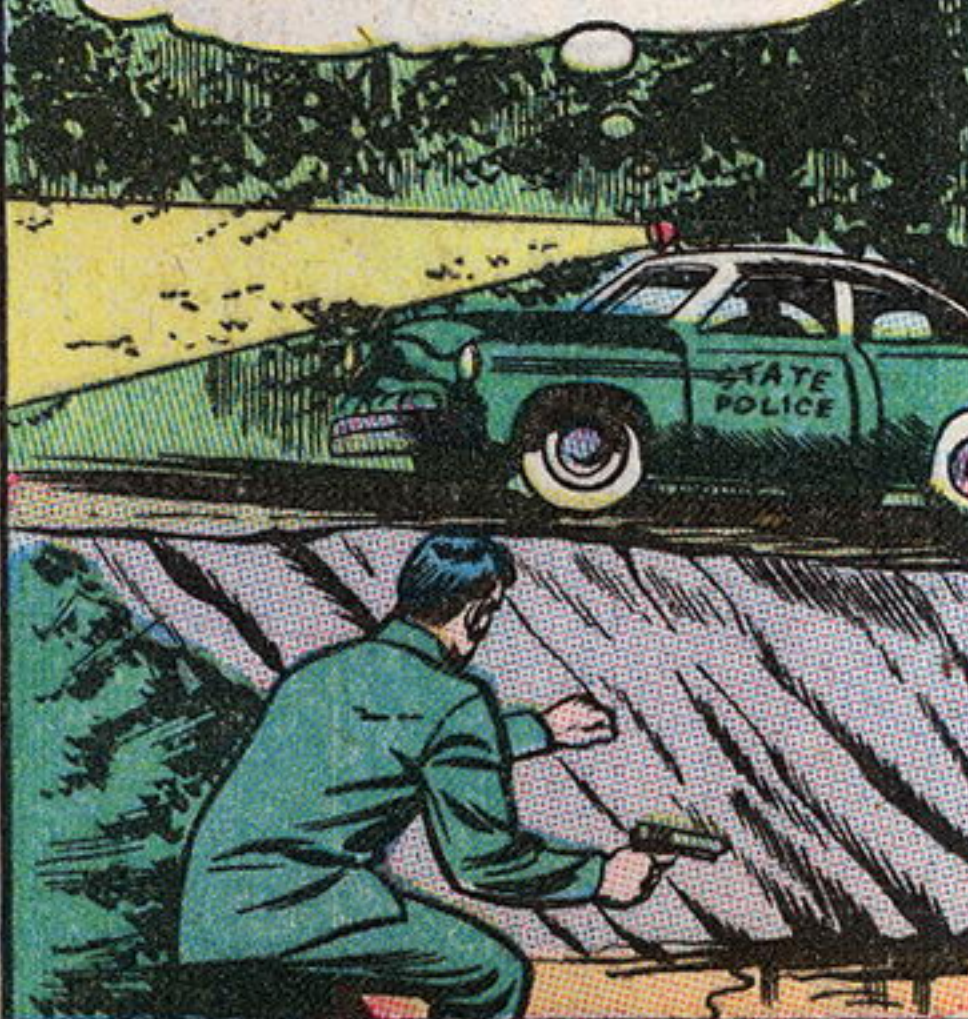
THE FUGITIVE IS BELIEVED TO BE IN YOUR AREA, LEARY! TROOPER CONWAY GOES ON DUTY IN THIRTY MINUTES AND WILL HANDLE!

I WANT TO STAY ON TONIGHT! THIS IS MY AREA AND MY PEOPLE! LET ME KEEP ON TONIGHT! I DON'T NEED ANY SLEEP!



ALL NIGHT, DAN LEARY PATROLLED AND SEARCHED, WITHOUT RESULT!

HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE! MY AREA IS FULL OF SWAMPS AND WOODLANDS THAT WOULD MAKE WONDERFUL HIDEOUTS!



WITH THE NEXT DAWN BOTH DAN LEARY AND THE FUGITIVE WERE NEAR EXHAUSTION, BUT ONE COULD QUIT AND THE OTHER COULDN'T!

GOT...TO REST! THAT HOUSE... HIDING PLACE!



POLICE COMICS

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING...



SANDY, HONEY...IT'S TIME TO FEED YOUR CHICKENS! TELL MOTHER TO GIVE YOU A PAN OF WARM WATER!



KEEP QUIET! ONE YIP OUTA YOU AND THE KID GETS IT!

NO! DON'T HURT SANDRA! FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN!



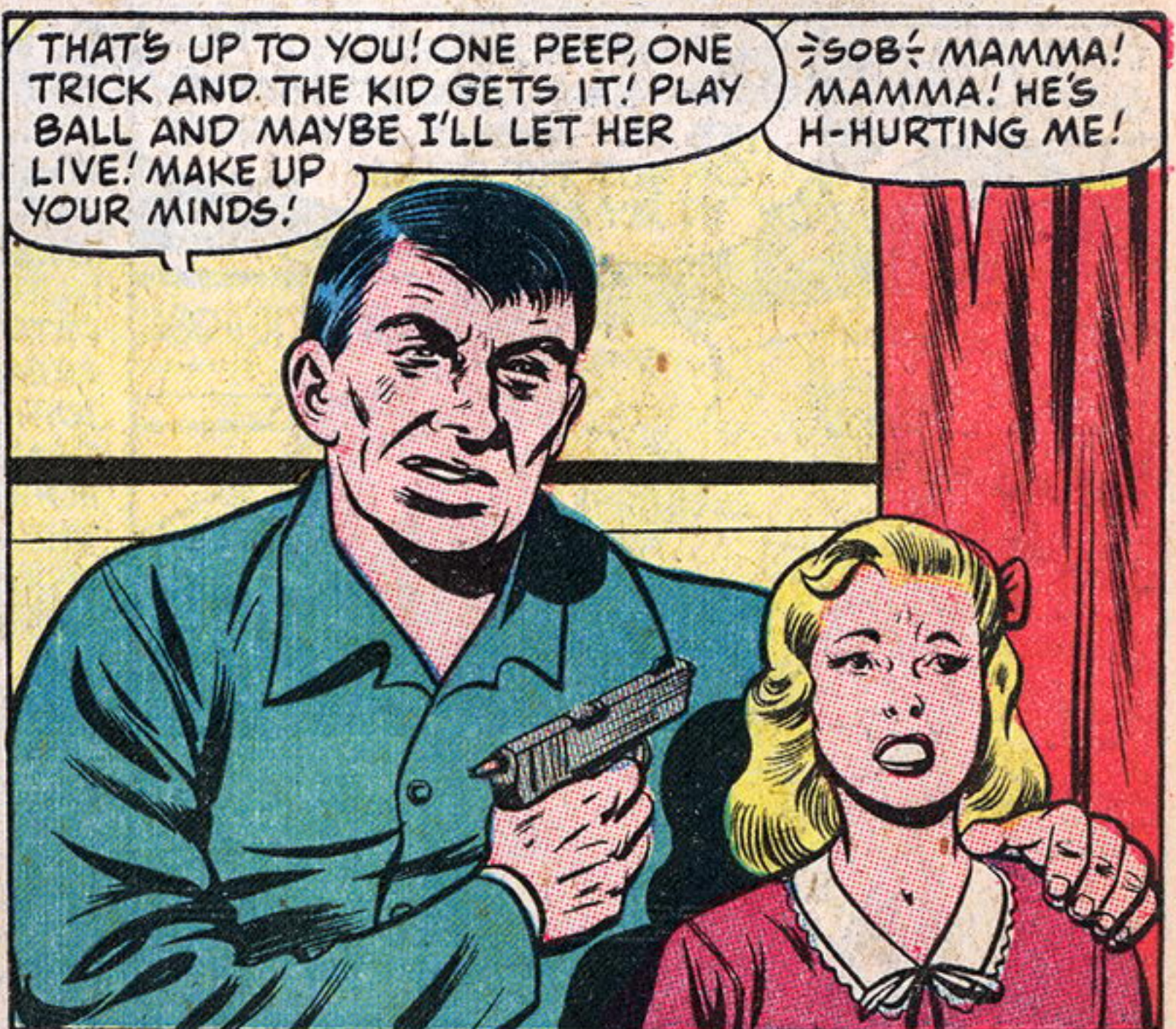
OKAY, SISTER! COOK ME UP A FEED AND MAKE IT GOOD! AND IF YOU TRY ANYTHING...!

SALLY, IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT! HE... HE'LL LEAVE US ALONE, ONCE HE'S HAD A GOOD MEAL!



THAT WASN'T BAD, SISTER! I'VE DECIDED I'LL HIDE OUT HERE FOR A FEW DAYS! BEHAVE AND NOTHING'LL HAPPEN TO THE KID, SEE!

YOU... BEAST! DON'T YOU DARE HARM MY BABY!



THAT'S UP TO YOU! ONE PEEP, ONE TRICK AND THE KID GETS IT! PLAY BALL AND MAYBE I'LL LET HER LIVE! MAKE UP YOUR MINDS!

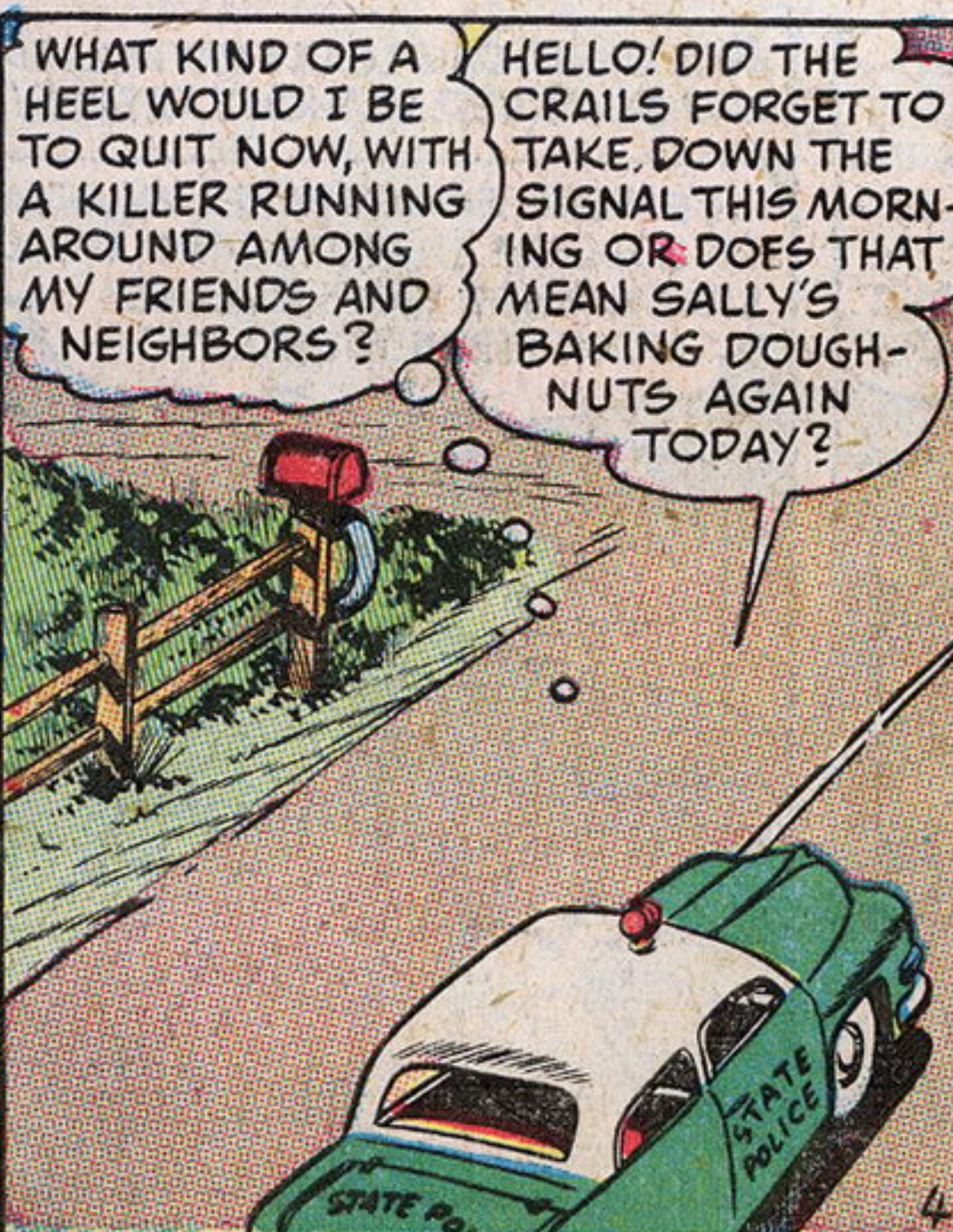
SOB! MAMMA! MAMMA! HE'S H-HURTING ME!

WHILE, TWO MILES UP THE ROAD...



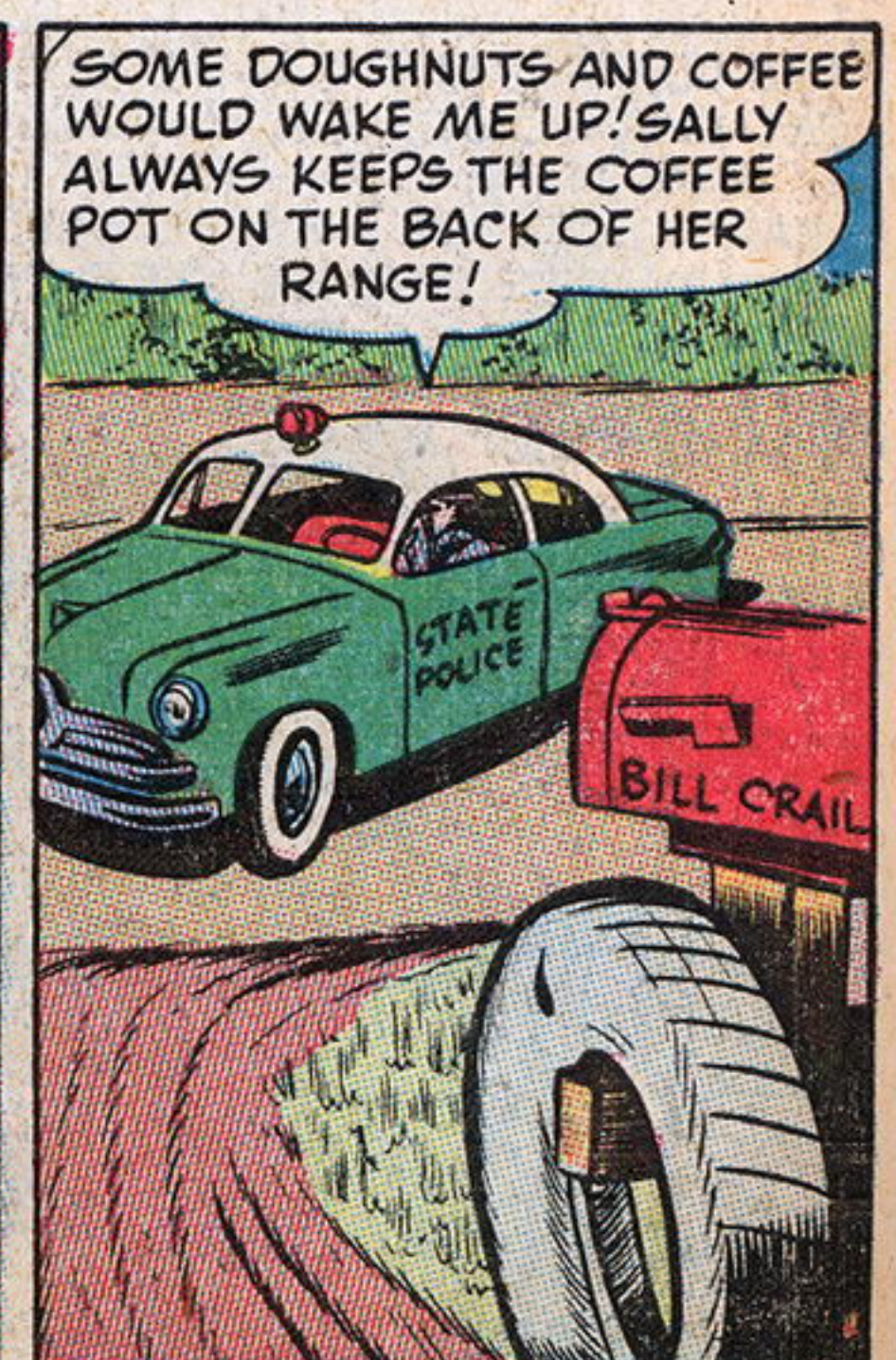
DAN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP! REPORT IN FOR RELIEF AT ONCE! THAT'S AN ORD-- CLICK!

SORRY, CAP, BUT MY RADIO IS OUT OF ORDER! I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HEAR YOU!



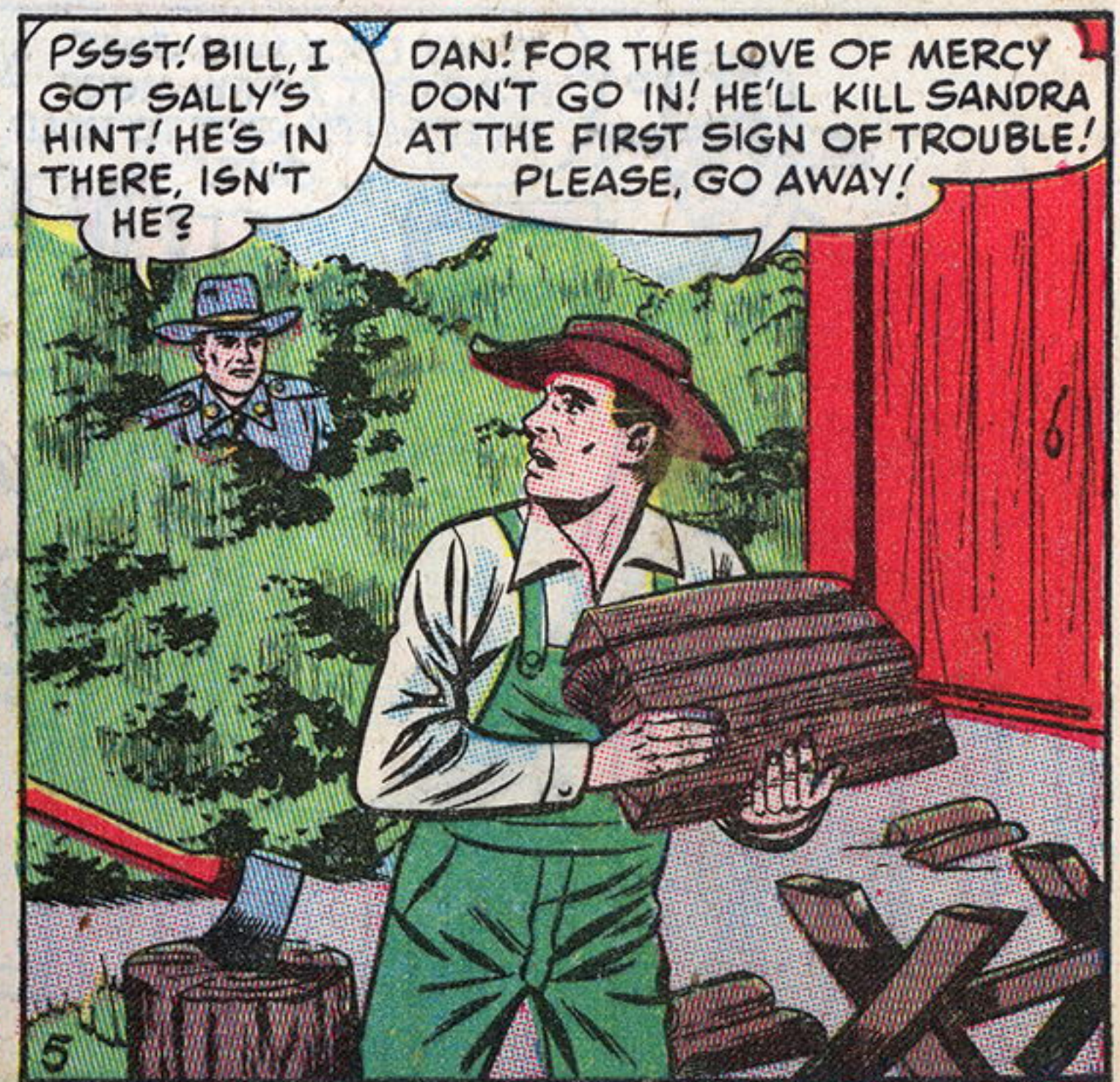
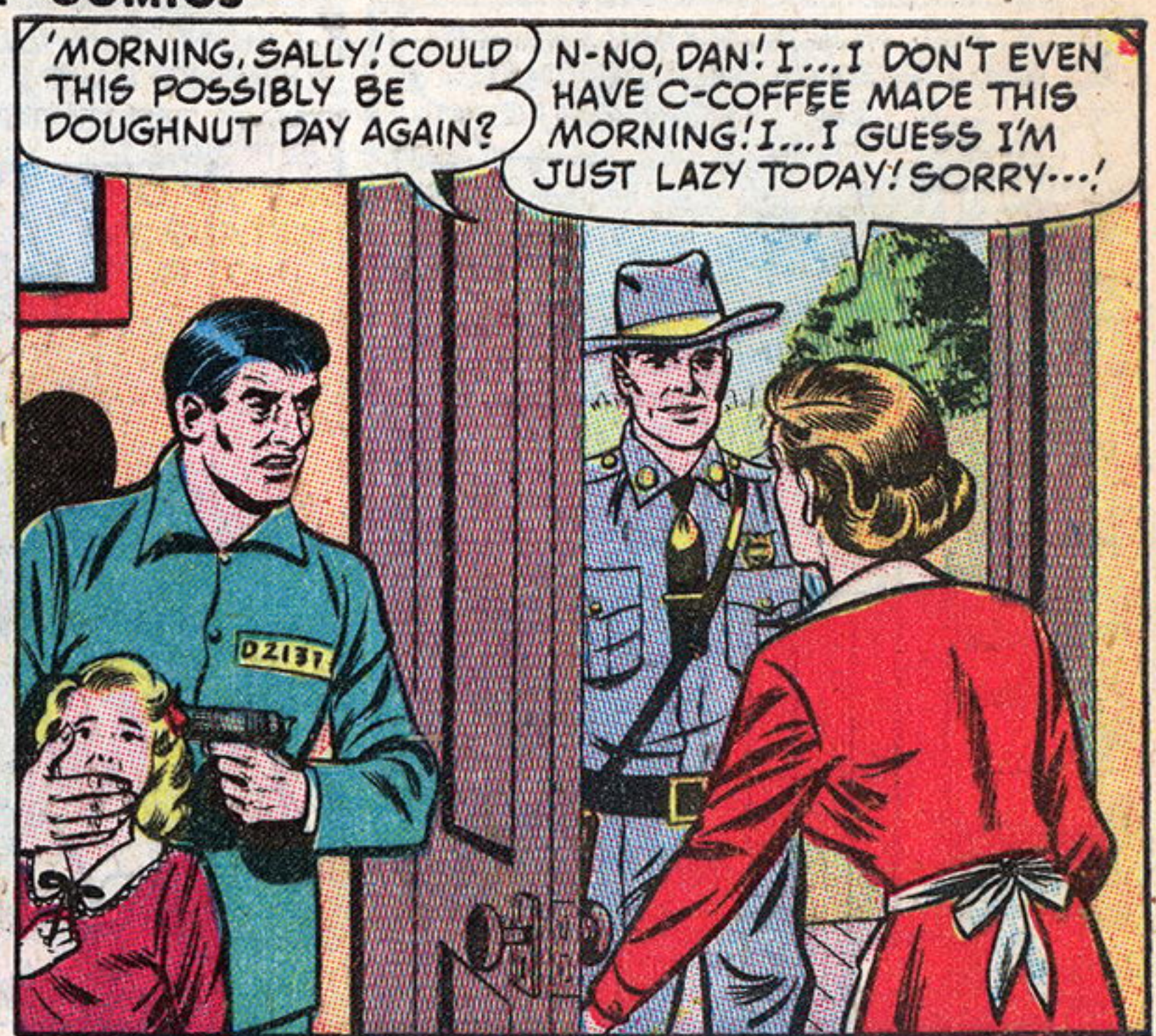
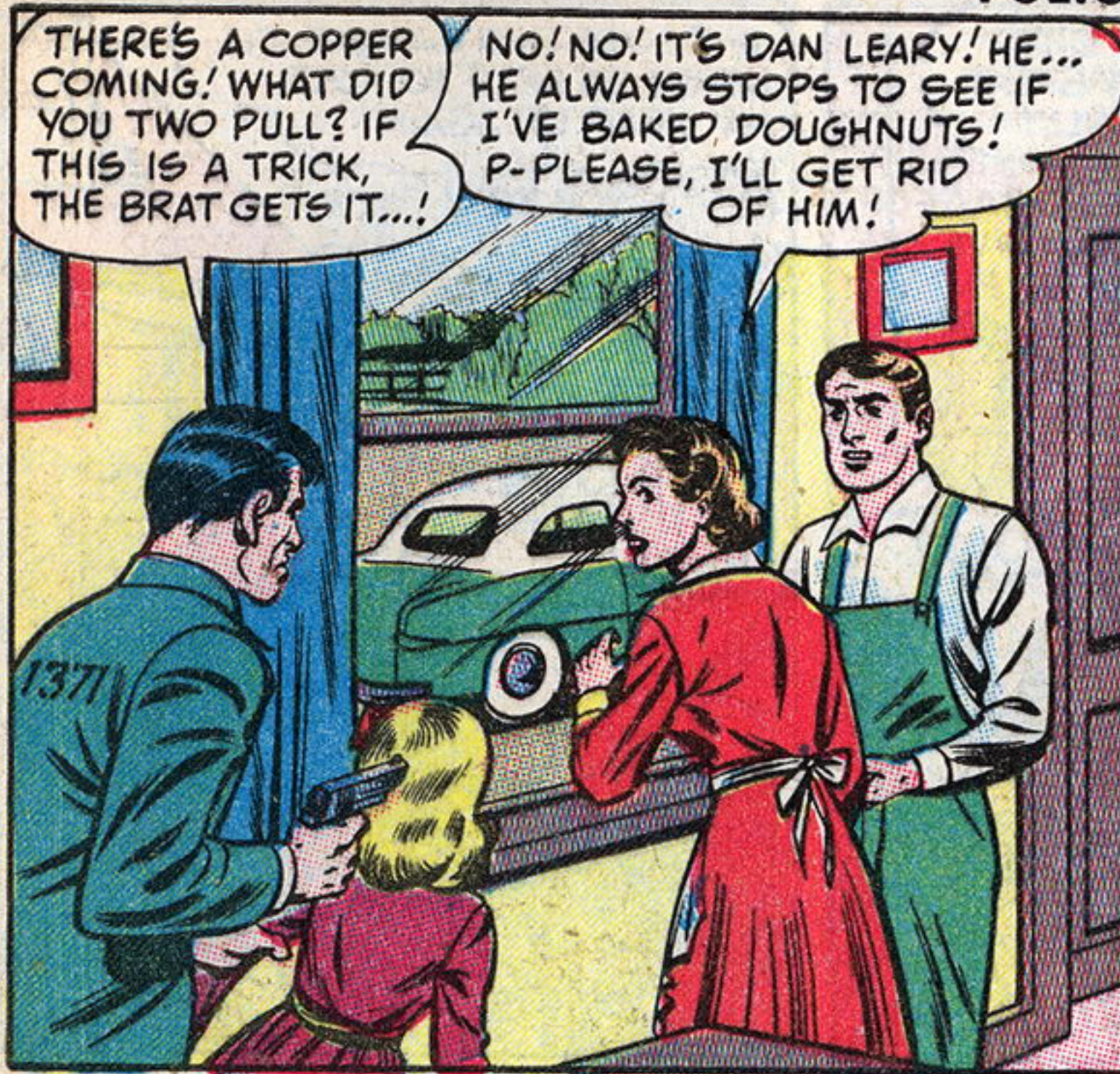
WHAT KIND OF A HEEL WOULD I BE TO QUIT NOW, WITH A KILLER RUNNING AROUND AMONG MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS?

HELLO! DID THE CRAILS FORGET TO TAKE DOWN THE SIGNAL THIS MORNING OR DOES THAT MEAN SALLY'S BAKING DOUGHNUTS AGAIN TODAY?



SOME DOUGHNUTS AND COFFEE WOULD WAKE ME UP! SALLY ALWAYS KEEPS THE COFFEE POT ON THE BACK OF HER RANGE!

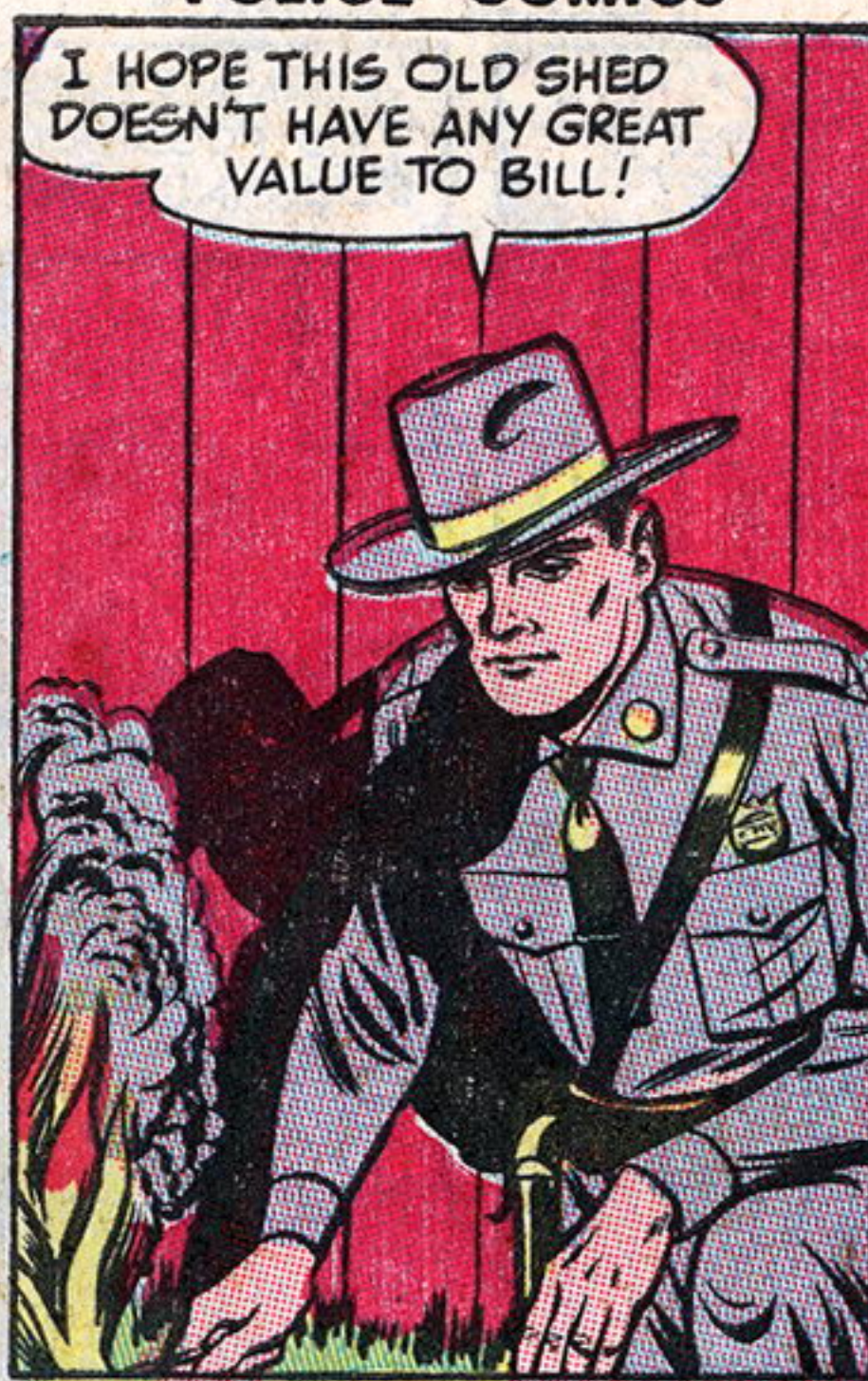
POLICE COMICS



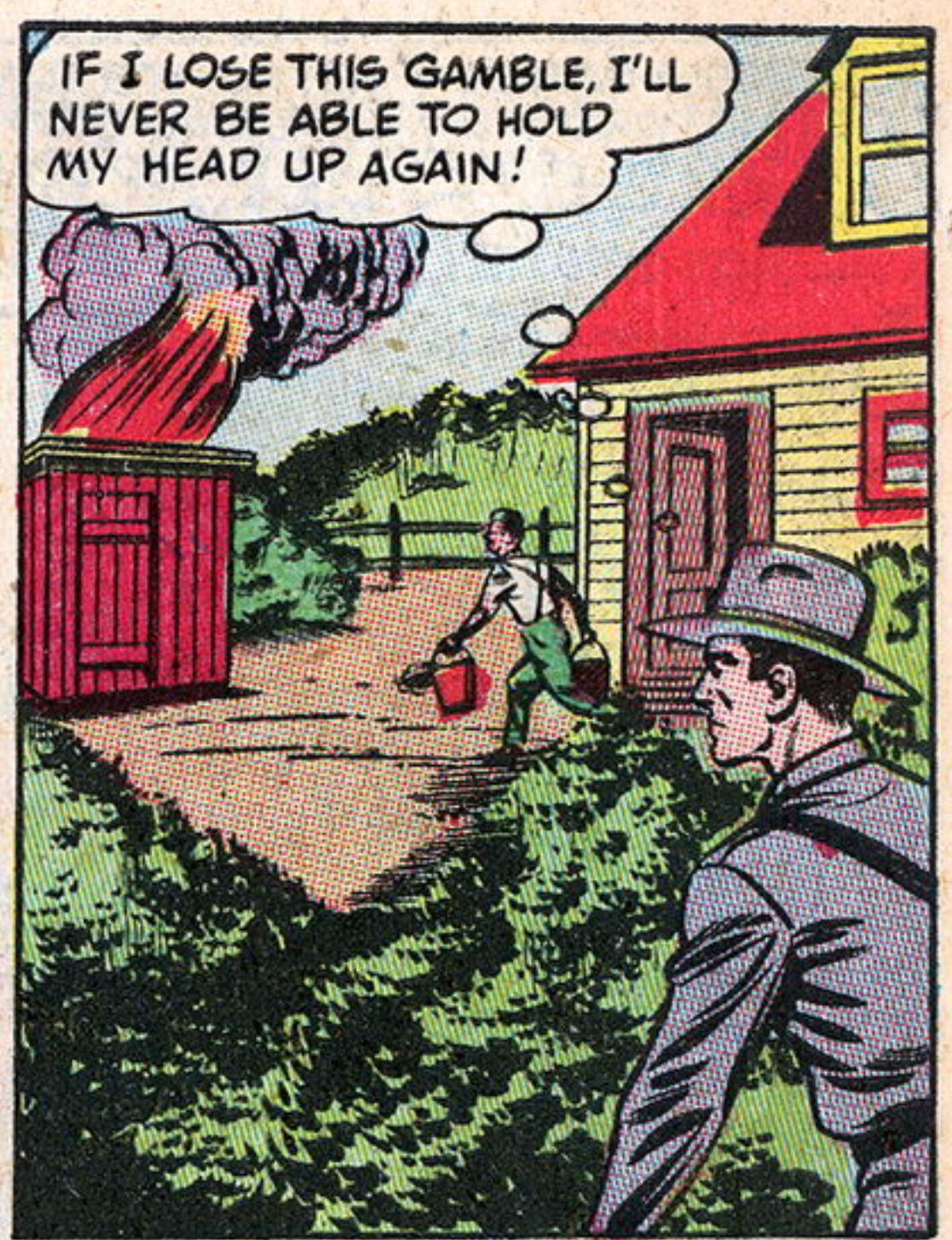
POLICE COMICS



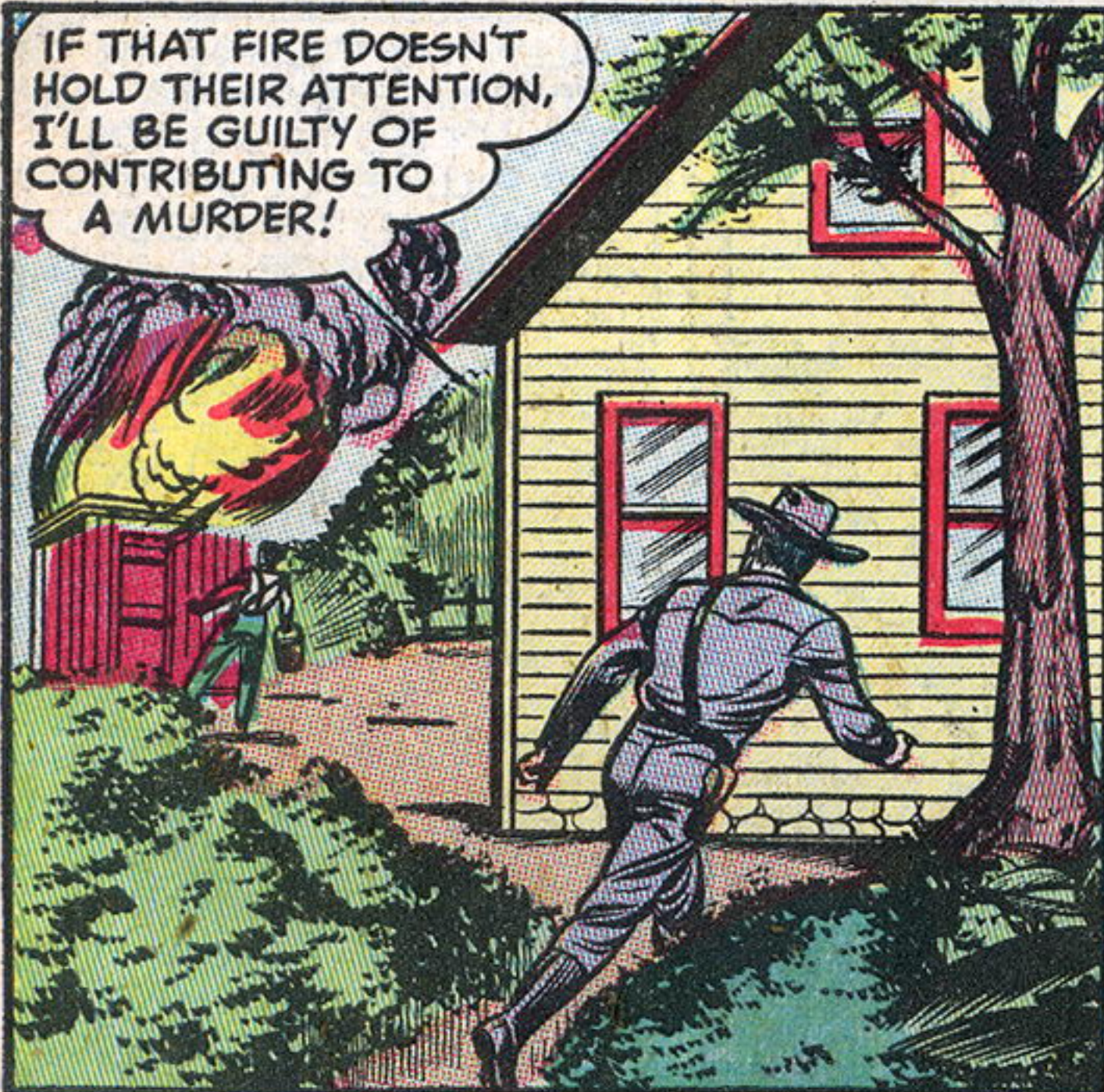
POOR BILL, HE'S IN AGONY! I'VE GOT TO SAVE SANDRA AND NAB THAT DIRTY RAT!



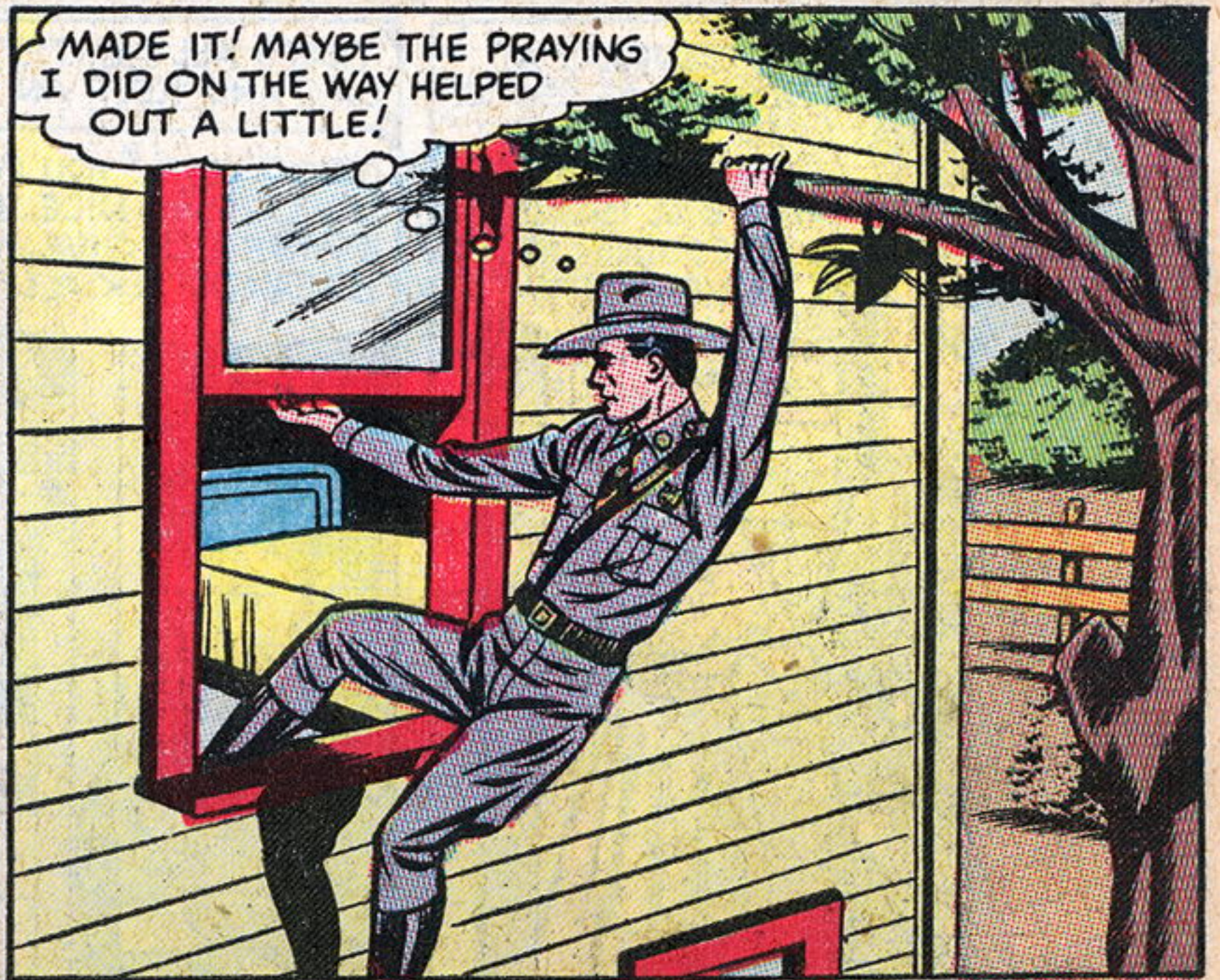
I HOPE THIS OLD SHED DOESN'T HAVE ANY GREAT VALUE TO BILL!



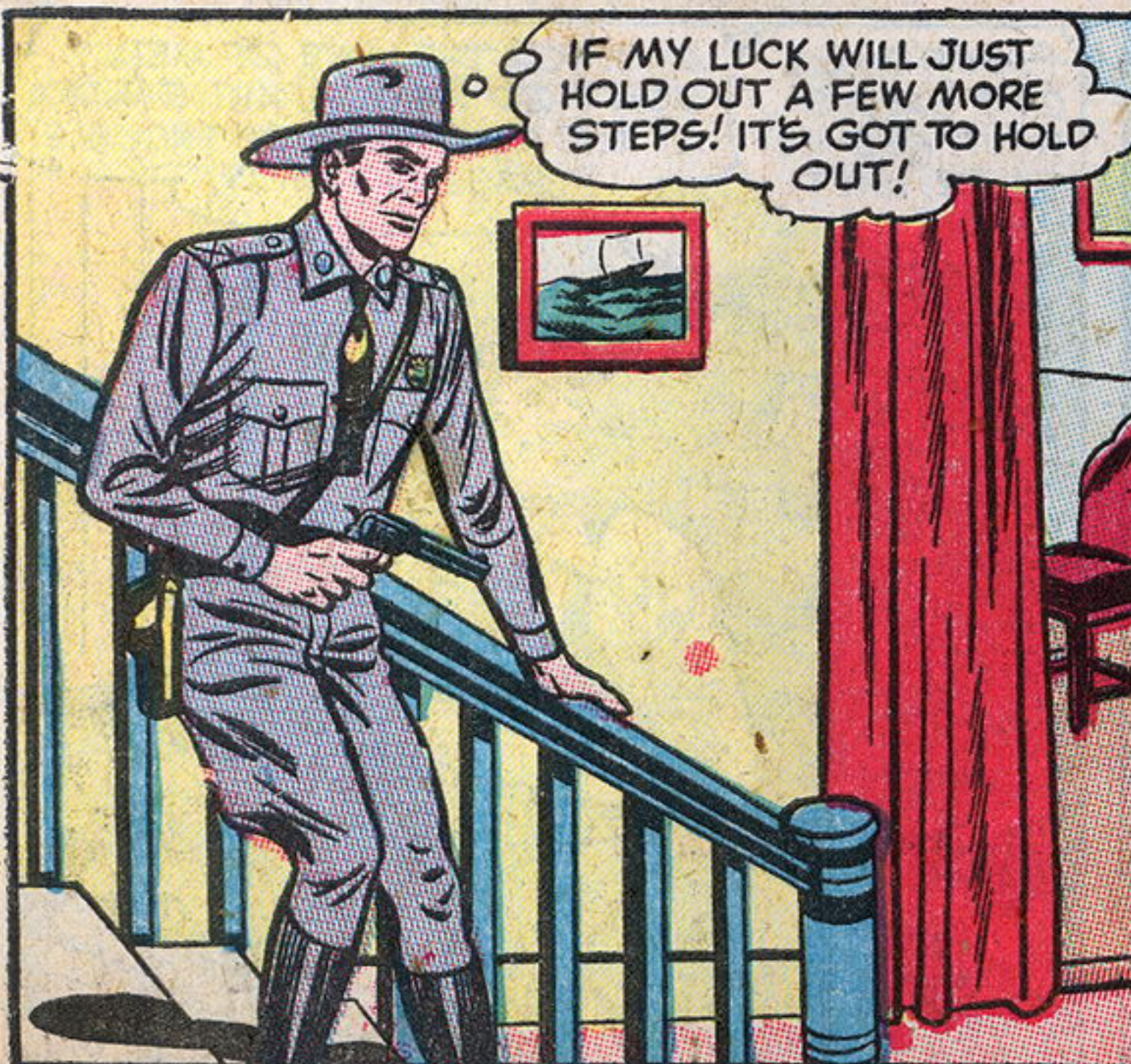
IF I LOSE THIS GAMBLE, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HOLD MY HEAD UP AGAIN!



IF THAT FIRE DOESN'T HOLD THEIR ATTENTION, I'LL BE GUILTY OF CONTRIBUTING TO A MURDER!



MADE IT! MAYBE THE PRAYING I DID ON THE WAY HELPED OUT A LITTLE!



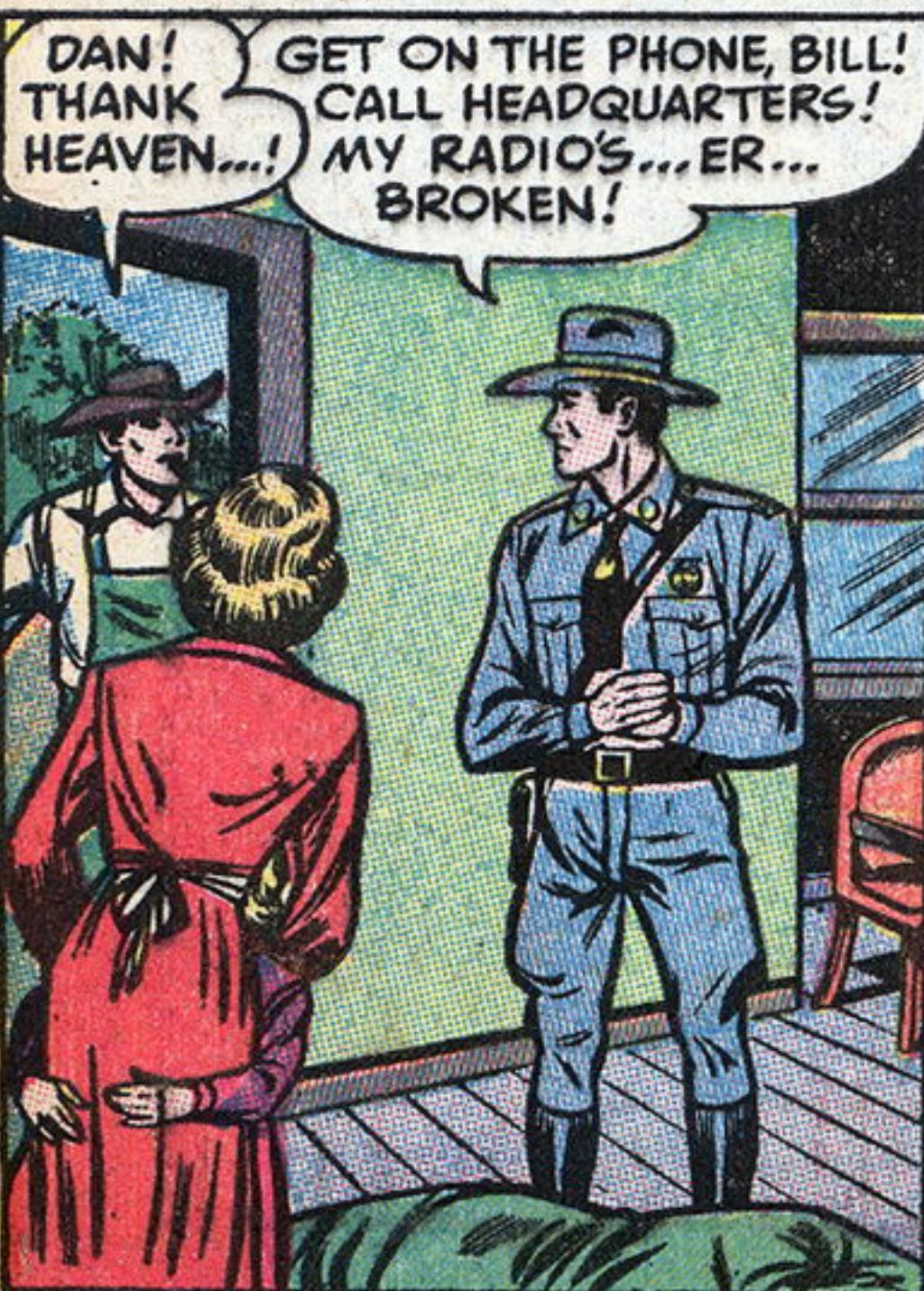
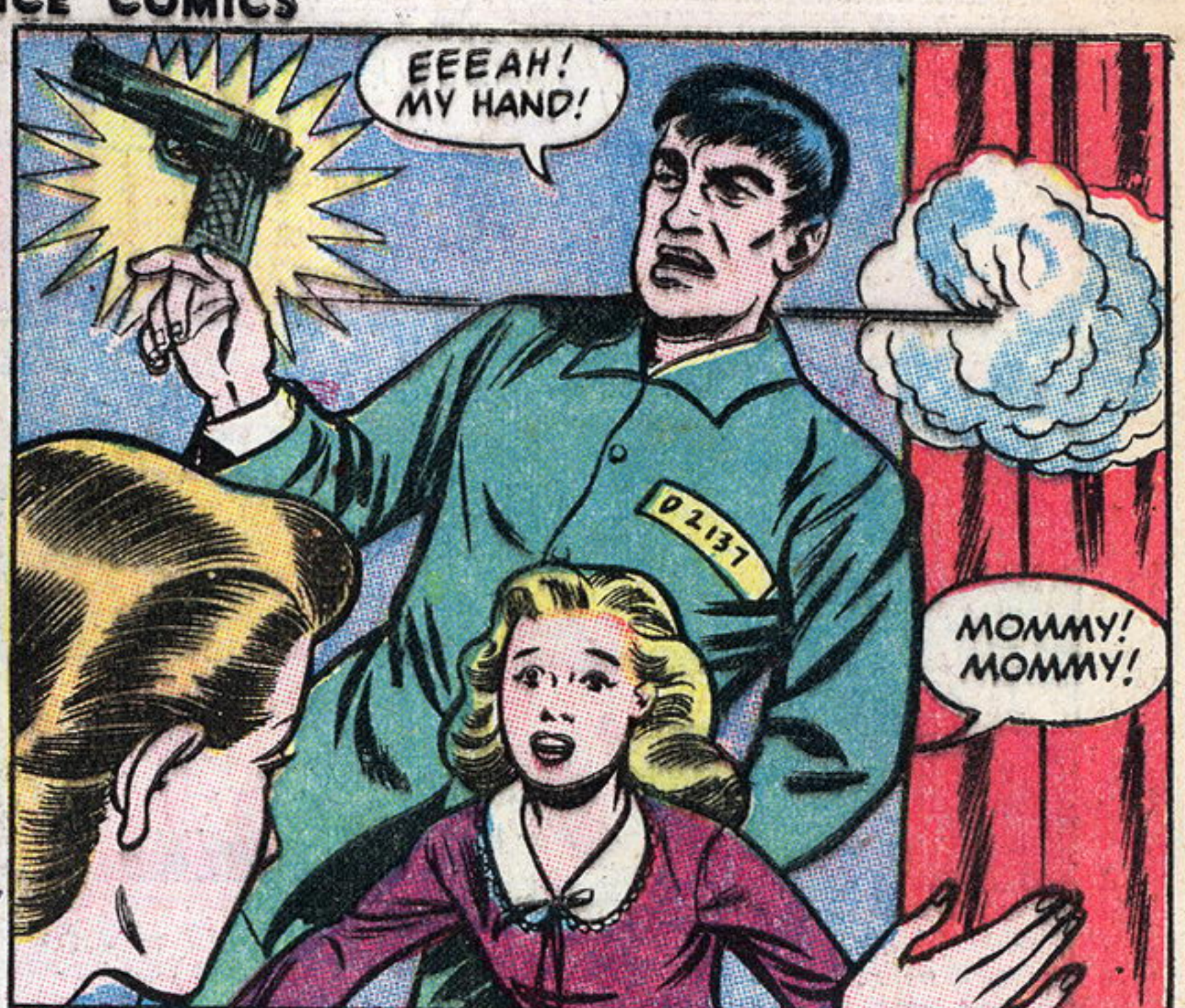
IF MY LUCK WILL JUST HOLD OUT A FEW MORE STEPS! IT'S GOT TO HOLD OUT!



BLAST YOU! I SAY IT'S A TRICK! SHEDS DON'T CATCH ON FIRE BY THEMSELVES! I THINK I'LL PAY YOU OFF BEFORE I CUT AND RUN!

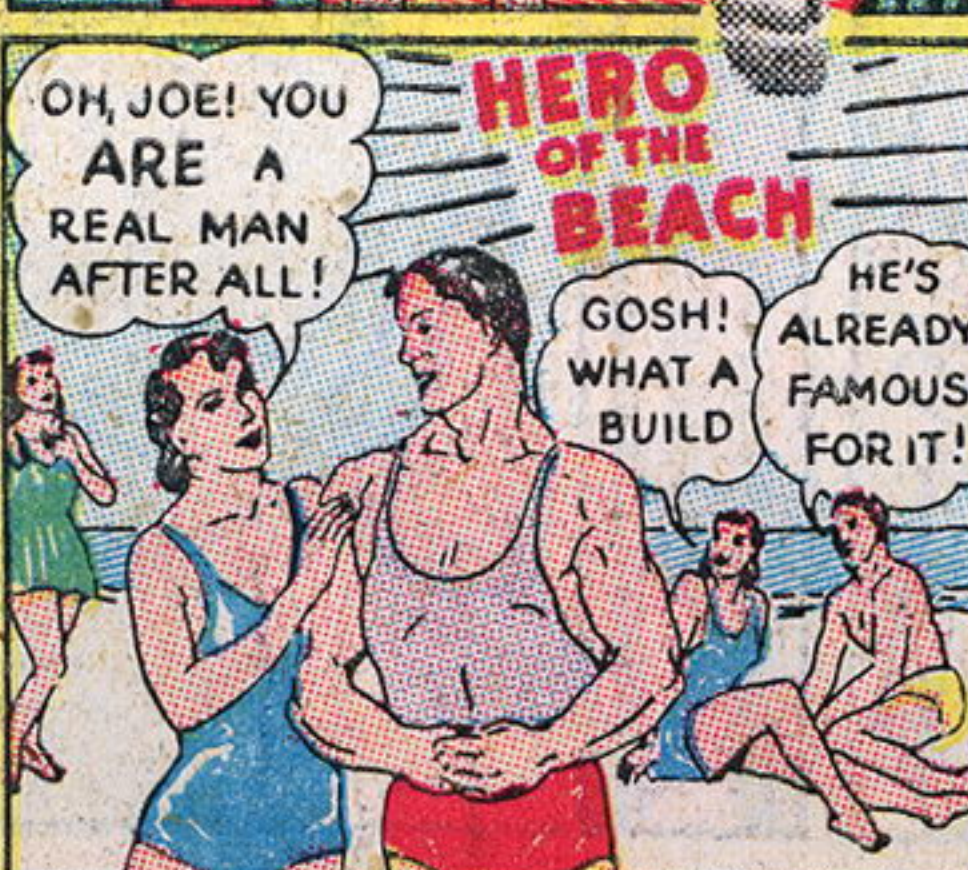
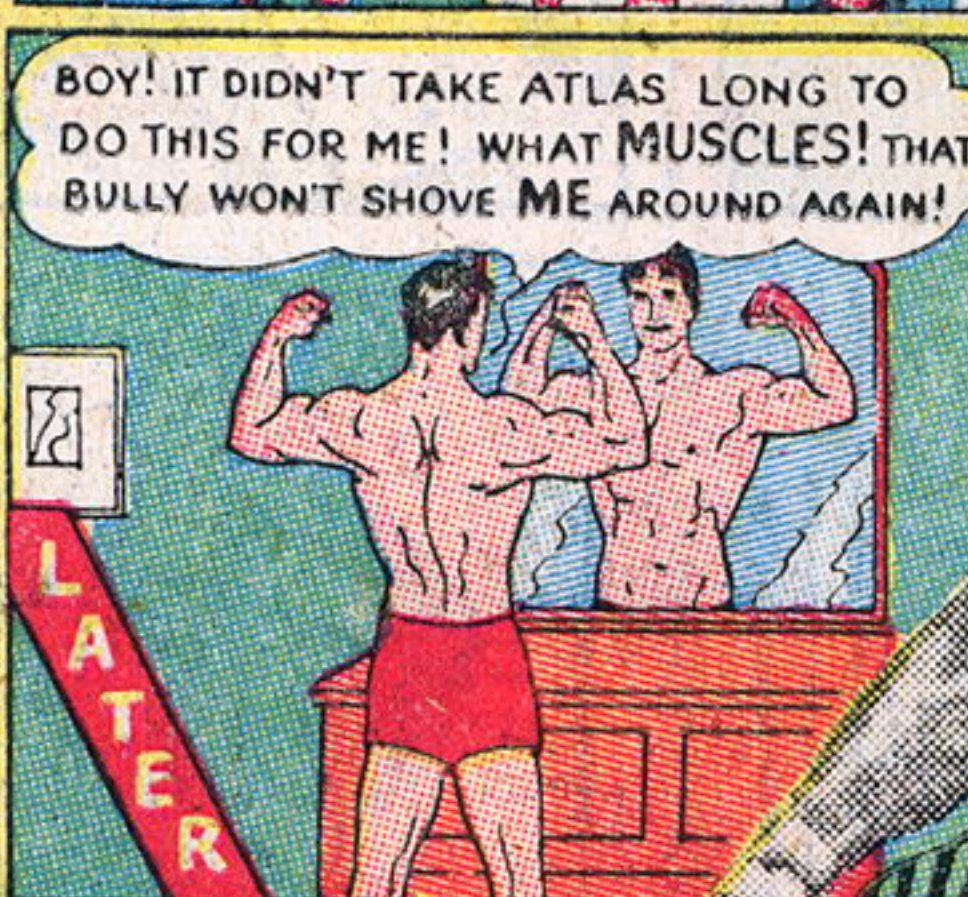
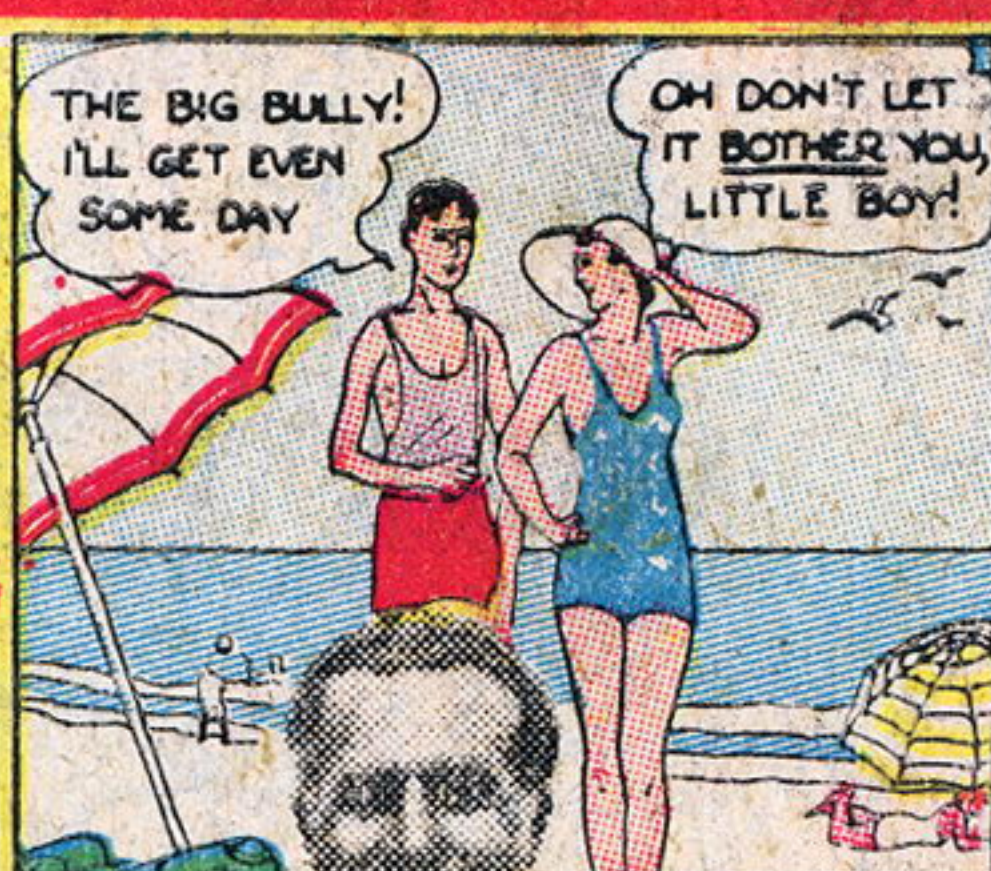
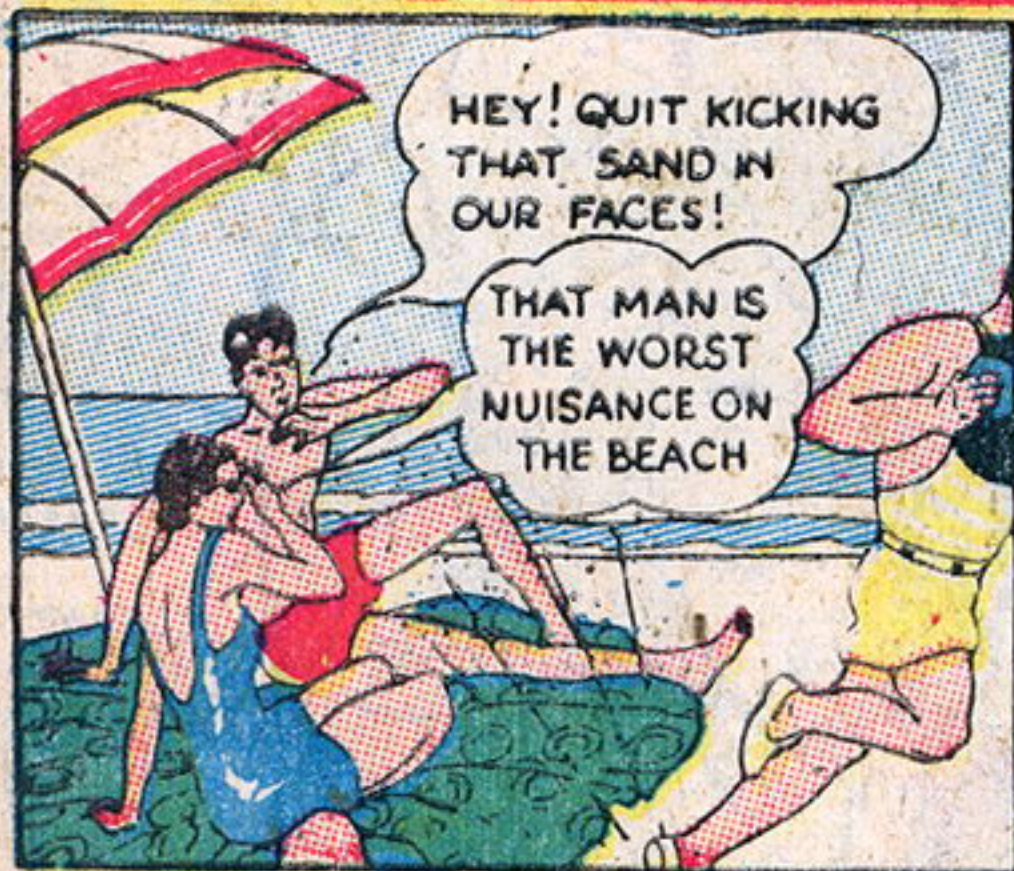
NO! I SWEAR WE DIDN'T START THE FIRE! PLEASE DON'T HURT HER!

POLICE COMICS



HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

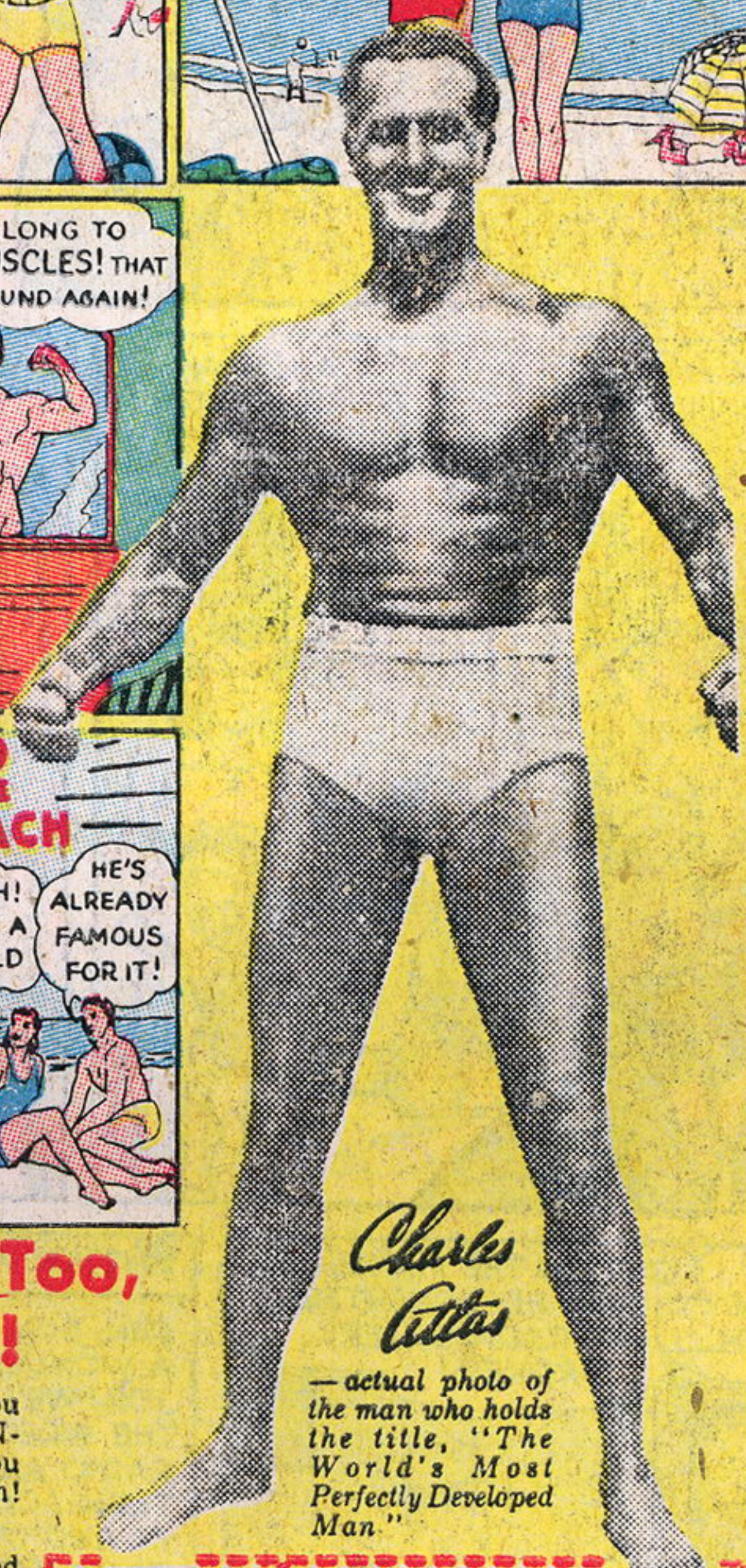
"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 F, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 F

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____
(if any) State _____



J. E. SMITH, Pres.
National Radio
Institute

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Chief Engineer, Police Radio
"Soon after finishing the N.R.I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of WCUN, WNRN, WSPK, two-way FM Police Radio Installations." S.W. DINWIDDIE, Jacksonville, Ill.

Shop Specializes in Television
"Have my own shop. Am authorized serviceman for 5 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers. N.R.I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television." P. MILLER, Maumee, C.

Over \$48 Month Spare Time
"When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop out of spare time earnings. I am clearing about \$40 to \$50 a month. Full credit to N.R.I." J. D. KNIGHT, Denison, Texas.

NRI Graduate Doubles Salary
"Am with Station WKBO as transmitter operator. Have more than doubled salary since starting in Radio. Future looks bright. N. R. I. has been constant help to me." A. HERR, New Cumberland, Pa.

\$16 Week In Spare Time
"Before finishing your course, I earned as much as \$10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in my spare time. I recommend N.R.I. to everyone who shows interest in Radio." S.J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

Years of Success with Shop
"I operate my own shop and have over 500 customers. My profits average about \$250 a month. Have had years of successful experience and I still praise N.R.I. training." J. H. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.

Gets First Job Through N.R.I.
"My first job was operator with KDLR, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQOX." T. S. NORTON, Hamilton, Ohio.

Regrets Not Enrolling Before
"Am proud of my diploma. I cannot say enough for the N. R. I. course. Regret I didn't take it years ago when I used to see your ads. Now I have a spare time shop." FRANK S. TUCKER, Hilton Village, Va.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I Will Train You at Home

Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications
with Many Kits of Parts You Get!



YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N.R.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multimeter (above right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.

This is just part of the equipment my students build. You keep all parts I send.

**NOW! Advanced
Television Practice**

New, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPE... RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply... complete TV SET... many other units. You see pulse, trapezoidal, saw-tooth wave forms. Get valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting TV troubles. Mail coupon for facts and pictures.

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 1EK, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. . . . Our 38th year.

Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1EK
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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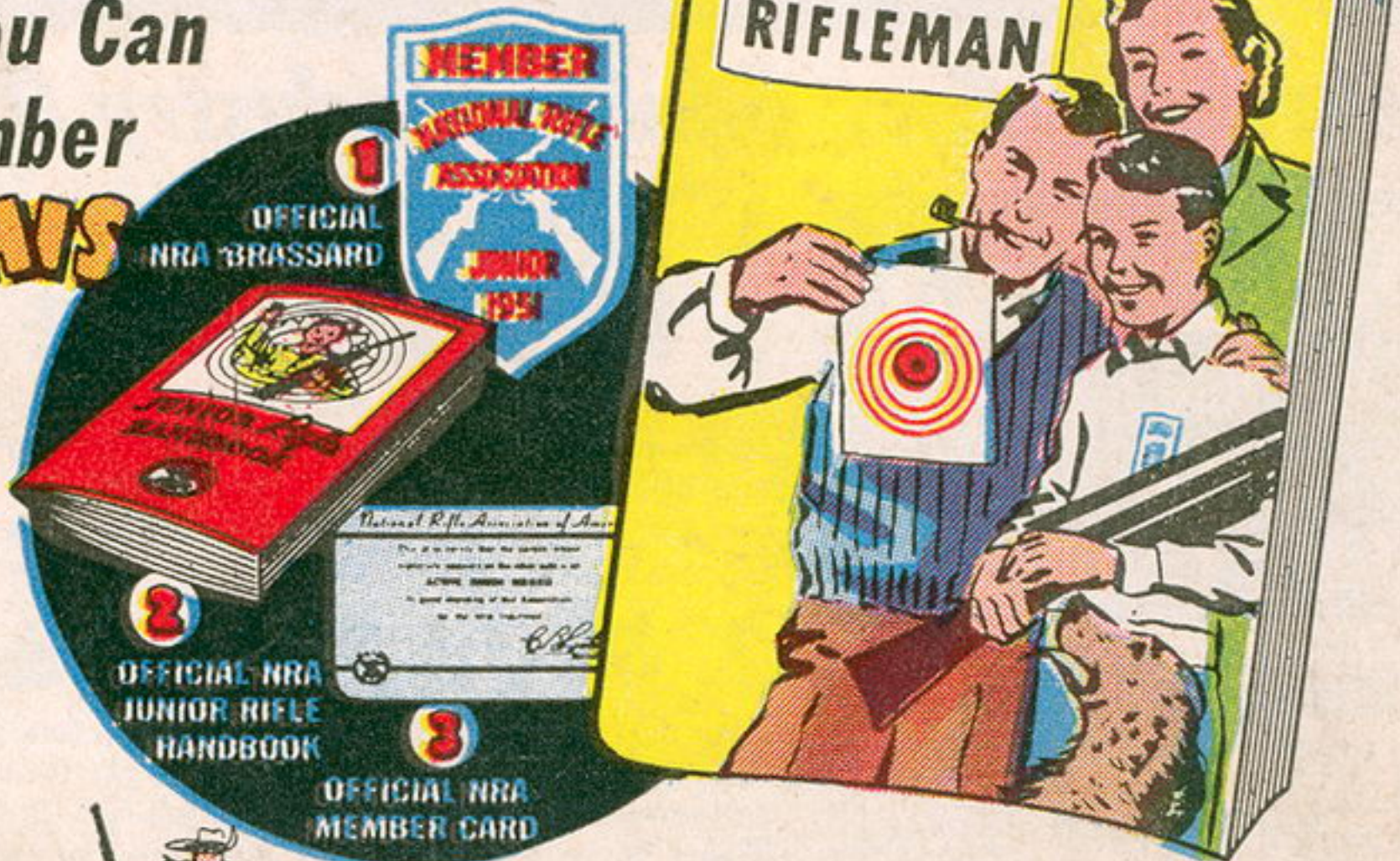


ANNOUNCING

The New DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN

New Book Explains How You Can Be an NRA Junior Member AND GET ALL THIS

It's here, BOYS and GIRLS—your copy of DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN—with the most exciting news in all air rifle history! This brightly colored, handy pocket book tells how easy it is for air rifle owners to join the oldest, largest national sportsmen's association in the United States—the internationally famous NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—as an Active JUNIOR MEMBER! Shows how you can wear the NRA Brassard, carry the NRA Membership Card, own and enjoy the NRA JUNIOR RIFLE HANDBOOK! DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN explains how you can qualify to earn six marksmanship medals, 6 brassards, 6 Lapel Pins and get 6 Free Proficiency Diplomas! Also diagrams new 15 foot Target Backstop, new official NRA Air Rifle Target Card—tells parents about ADULT SUPERVISED TRAINING-SHOOTING PROGRAM. Send only 10¢ (coin), unused 3¢ stamp, coupon!



SHOOT THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

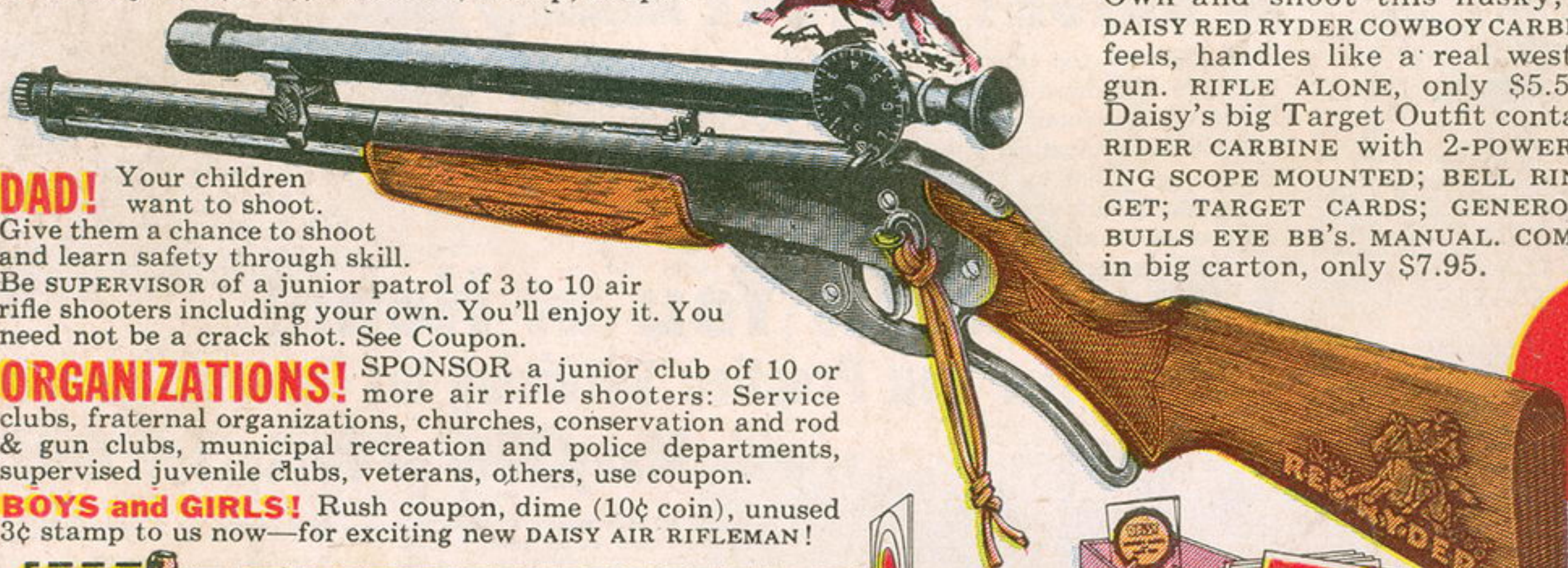
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Own and shoot this husky, improved DAISY RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE! Looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. RIFLE ALONE, only \$5.50. Or buy Daisy's big Target Outfit containing: RED RIDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BB'S. MANUAL. COMPLETE SET in big carton, only \$7.95.

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ORGANIZATIONS! SPONSOR a junior club of 10 or more air rifle shooters: Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rod & gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others, use coupon.

BOYS and GIRLS! Rush coupon, dime (10¢ coin), unused 3¢ stamp to us now—for exciting new DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN!



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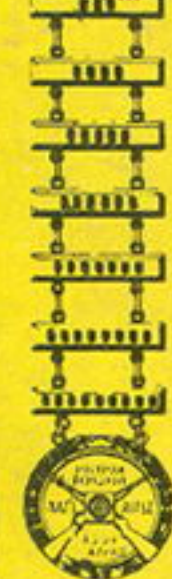
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